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SPECIMENS of the

British Poets

FROM

Lord Surrey to Cowper

VOL. I.

Henry T. White.

2804 f. 177

Henry T. White.

2804 f. 177

Wide o'er the rooting billow
She cast a wishful look
Her head was crowned with willows
That trembled o'er the brook — &c 1st

Drawn by J. Richard R.A. *Engraved by Geo. N. Ne*

London Published by W. Bailey Nov.r 1809

SPECIMENS of the British Poets

FROM

Lord Surrey to Cowper

Vol. I.

LONDON

Published by W. Suttaby

W. Lindsay, W. Clark, Scatchard and Letterman

1809

Lowndes Printer

Wide o'er the rearing billows
His wond'rous works to view
His hand must prepare the
That trembles o'er the

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OF
British Poets.
VOL. I.

LONDON

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SPECIMENS

OF THE

BRITISH POETS.

LORD SURREY.

ODE.

THE soote season, that bud and bloom forth brings,
With green hath clad the hill, and eke the vale;
The nightingale, with feathers new, she sings,
The turtle to her mate hath told her tale.
Summer is come: for every spray now springs.
The hart hath hung his old head on the pale;
The buck in brake his winter coat he flings,
The fishes float, with new repaired scale;
The adder all her slough away she flings;
The swift swallow pursueth the flies small;
The busy bee, her honey now she mings,
Winter is gone, that was the flower's bale;
And thus I see, among these pleasant things,
Each care decays, and yet my sorrow springs!

GIVE place, ye lovers, here before
That spent your boasts and brags in vain;
My lady's beauty passeth more
The best of yours, I dare well saine,
Than doth the sun the candle light,
Or brightest day the darkest night.

And thereto hath a truth as just,
As had Penelope the fair;
For what she saith, ye may it trust,
As it by writing sealed were.
And virtues hath she many moe
Than I with pen have skill to show.

I could rehearse, if that I would,
The whole effect of nature's plaint;
When she had lost the perfect mould,
The like to whom she could not paint.
With wringing hands how she did cry!
And what she said I know it, I:

I know she swore, with raging mind,
Her kingdom only set apart,
There was no loss by law of kind,
That could have gone so near her heart;
And this was chiefly all her pain,
She could not make the like again.

Sith Nature thus gave her the praise,
To be the chiefest work she wrought;
In faith, methinks, some better ways
On your behalf might well be sought,
Than to compare (as ye have done)
To match the candle with the sun.

SONNETS.

FROM Tuscane came my Lady's worthy race;
Fair Florence was sometime their ancient seat;
The Western Isle, whose pleasant shore doth face
Wild Camber's cliffs, did give her lively heat;
Fostered she was, with milk of Irish breast:
Her Sire an earl, her Dame of princes' blood;
From tender years in Britain she doth rest
With King's child, where she tasteth costly food.

Hunsdon did first present her to my eyne;
Bright is her hue, and *Geraldine* she hight:
Hampton me taught to wish her first for mine;
Windsor, alas! doth chase me from her sight.
Her beauty' of kind, her virtue from above;
Happy is he that can obtain her love!

SET me e'en where the Sun doth parch the green,
Or where his beams do not dissolve the ice;
In temperate heat, where he is felt and seen;
In presence press'd of people, mad or wise;
Set me in high, or yet in low degree;
In longest night, or in the shortest day;
In clearest sky, or where clouds thickest be;
In lusty youth, or when the hairs are grey;
Set me in heaven, in earth, or else in hell,
On hill or dale, or on the foaming flood:
Thrall'd, or at large; wherever so I dwell,
Sick, or in health; in evil fame, or good;
Her's will I be, and only with this thought,
Content myself, although my chance be nought.

ALAS! so all things now do hold their peace,
Heaven and earth disturbed in nothing;
The beasts, the air, the birds their song do cease;
The night's chair now the stars about doth bring;
Calm is the sea, the waves work less and less!
So am not I; whom Love, alas! doth wring,
Bringing before my face the great increase
Of my desires; whereas I weep and sing,
In joy and woe, as in a doubtful case:
For my sweet thoughts, some time do pleasure bring
But, by and by, the cause of my disease
Gives me a pang that inwardly doth sting;
When that I think what grief it is, again,
To live and lack the thing should rid my pain.

LORD ROCHFORD.

MY lute, awake, perform the last
Labour that thou and I shall waste,
And end that I have now begun:
And when this song is sung and past,
My lute be still, for I have done.

The rocks do not so cruelly
Repulse the waves continually,
As she my suit and affection:
So that I am past remedy,
Whereby my lute and I have done.

Proud of the spoil which thou hast got
Of simple Hearts through Love's shot,
By whom (unkind!) thou hast them won
Think not he hath his bow forgot,
Although my lute and I have done.

Vengeance shall fall on thy disdain
That makest but game on earnest pain:
Think not alone under the Sun
Unquit to cause thy Lover's plaine,
Although my lute and I have done.

May chance thee lie withered and old
In winter nights that are so cold,
Plaining in vain unto the moon;
Thy wishes then dare not be told,
Care then who list, for I have done.

And then may chance thee to repent
The time that thou hast lost and spent,
To cause thy Lover's sigh and swoon;
Then shalt thou know beauty but lent,
And wish and want as I have done.

Now cease, my lute: this is the last
Labour that thou and I shall waste,
And ended is that we begun;
Now is this Song both sung and past,
My lute be still, for I have done.

SIR THOMAS WYAT.

SINCE love will needs that I must love,
Of very force I must agree:
And since no chance may it remove,
In wealth and in adversity,
I shall always myself apply,
To serve and suffer patiently.

Though for good-will I find but hate,
And Cruelty my life to waste,
And though that still a wretched state,
Should pine my days unto the last,
Yet I profess it willingly,
To serve and suffer patiently.

There is no grief, no smart, no woe,
That yet I feel, or after shall,
That from this mind may make me go;
And, whatsoever me befal,
I do profess it willingly,
To serve and suffer patiently.

YOUR looks so often cast,
Your eyes so friendly roll'd,
Your sight fixed so fast,
Always one to behold;
Tho' hide it fain ye would,
It plainly doth declare,
Who hath your heart in hold,
And where good-will ye bear.

Fain would ye find a cloak
Your burning fire to hide,
Yet both the flame and smoke
Breaks out on every side.
Ye cannot love so guide
That it no issue win;
Abroad needs must it glide
That burns so hot within.

ANONYMOUS.

A Man may live thrice Nestor's life,
Thrice wander out Ulysses' race,
Yet never find Ulysses' wife;
Such change hath chanced in this case!
Less age will serve than Paris had,
Small pain (if *sons* be small enow)
To find good store of Helen's trade;
Such sap the root doth yield the bough!
For one good wife, Ulysses slew
A worthy knot of gentle blood:
For one ill wife, Greece overthrew
The town of Troy. Sith bad and good
Bring mischief, Lord let be thy will
To keep me free from either ill!

I See there is no sort
Of things that live in grief,
Which at some time may not resort,
Whereas they find relief.
The chaced deer hath soil,
To cool him in his heat;
The ass, after his weary toil,
In stable is up set.
The coney hath its cave,
The little bird its nest,
From heat and cold themselves to save,
At all times as they list.
The owl, with feeble sight,
Lies lurking in the leaves;
The sparrow, in the frosty night,
May shroud her in the eaves.
But, woe to me, alas!
In sun, nor yet in shade,
I cannot find a resting-place
My burthen to unlade.

FROM GAMMER GURTON'S NEEDLE.

DRINKING SONG.

I Cannot eat but little meat,
My stomach is not good;
But sure, I think that I can drink
With him that wears a hood.
Tho' I go bare, take ye no care,
I nothing am a cold,
I stuff my skin so full within
Of jolly good ale and old.
Back and side go bare, go bare,
Both foot and hand go cold;
But, belly, God send thee good ale enough,
Whether it be new or old.

I love no roast but a nut-brown toast,
And a crab laid in the fire;
A little bread shall do me stead,
Much bread I nought desire.
No frost, no snow, no wind, I trow,
Can hurt me if I wold,
I am so wrapp'd, and thoroughly lapp'd,
Of jolly good ale and old.
Back and side, &c.

And Tib, my wife, that as her life
Loveth well good ale to seek,
Full oft drinks she, till ye may see
The tears run down her cheek:
Then doth she troul to me the bowl,
Even as a malkworm should,
And saith, "Sweetheart, I took my part
Of this jolly good ale and old."
Back and side, &c.

John Still
Master of Trinity
& Bishop of Bath & Wells
1542—1607

Now let them drink till they nod and wink,
Even as good fellows should do;
They shall not miss to have the bliss
Good ale doth bring men to.
And all poor souls that have scoured bowls,
Or have them lustily troul'd,
God save the lives of them and their wives,
Whether they be young or old.
Back and side, &c.

GEORGE GASCOIGNE.

A STRANGE PASSION OF A LOVER.

I Laugh sometimes with little lust;
So jest I oft, and feel no joye;
Mine ease is builded all on trust,
And yet mistrust breeds mine annoye.
I live and lack, I lack and have,
I have, and miss the thing I crave.

Then like the lark, that past the night
In heavy sleep with cares opprest,
Yet when she spies the pleasant light,
She sends sweet notes from out her breast:
So sing I now, because I think
How joys approach when sorrows shrink.

And as fair *Philomene* again
Can watch and sing when others sleep,
And taketh pleasure in her pain,
To wray the woe that makes her weep:
So sing I now, for to bewray
The loathsome life I lead alway.

The which to thee, dear wench, I write,
That know'st my mirth, but not my moan;
I pray God grant thee deep delight,
To live in joys when I am gone.
I cannot live; it will not be,
I die to think to part from thee.

THE DOLE OF DESPAIR,

Written by a Lover disdainfully rejected, contrary to former Promises.

I Must alledge, and thou canst tell
How faithfully I vow'd to serve:
And how thou seem'dst to like me well;
And how thou saidst I did deserve
To be thy Lord, thy Knight, thy King,
And how much more I list not sing.

And canst thou now, thou cruel one,
Condemn desert to deep despair?
Is all thy promise past and gone?
Is faith so fled into the air?
If that be so, what rests for me,
But thus, in song, to say to thee:

If *Cressid*'s name were not so known,
And written wide on every wall;
If bruit of pride were not so blown
Upon *Angelica* withall;
For hault disdain, you might be she;
Or Cressid for inconstancy.

And in reward of thy desert,
I hope at last to see thee paid
With deep repentance for thy part
Which thou hast now so lewdly play'd;
Medoro, he must be thy make,
Since thou *Orlando* dost forsake.

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

SONG.

BLOW, blow thou Winter-wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude:
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.

Freeze, freeze thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.

SONNET.

ON a day, (alack the day!)
Love, whose month is ever May,
Spied a blossom, passing fair,
Playing in the wanton air.
Through the velvet leaves the wind
All unseen 'gan passage find,
That the lover, sick to death,
Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.
Air (quoth he) thy cheeks may blow;—
Air, would I might triumph so!
But, alack! my hand is sworn
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn.
Vow, alack! for youth unmeet,
Youth so apt to pluck a sweet;
Do not call it sin in me
That I am forsworn for thee;
Thou, for whom ev'n Jove would swear
Juno but an Æthiop were;
And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love.

SONG OF FAIRIES.

NOW the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf behowls the moon,
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
All with weary task fordone.
Now the wasted brands do glow;
Whilst the scritch-owl, scritching loud,
Puts the wretch that lies in woe
In remembrance of a shroud.
Now it is the time of night
That the graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his spright,
In the churchway paths to glide;
And we Fairies, that do run
By the triple Hecat's team,
From the presence of the sun,
Following darkness like a dream,
Now are frolic. Not a mouse
Shall disturb this hallow'd house;
I am sent with broom before
To sweep the dust behind the door.

WINTER, A SONG.

WHEN icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail;
When blood is nipt, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whit! tu-whoo!
A merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw;

When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whit! tu-whoo!
A merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

A SONG ON FANCY.

TELL me, where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head;
How begot, how nourished?
Reply, reply.

It is engender'd in the eyes;
With gazing fed; and Fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies.
Let us all ring Fancy's knell:
I'll begin it. Ding dong bell.

ARIEL'S SONG.

WHERE the bee sucks, there lurk I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie,
There I couch when owls do cry;
On the bat's back I do fly,
After sun-set merrily;
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

DIRGE.

FEAR no more the heat o' th' sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages,
Golden lads and girls, all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' th' great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke,
Care no more to clothe and eat,
To thee the reed is as the oak.
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning flash,
Nor th' all-dreaded thunder stone;
Fear no slander, censure rash,
Thou hast finish'd joy and moan.

SYMPATHIZING LOVE.

AS it fell upon a day
In the merry month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade
Which a grove of myrtles made;
Beasts did leap, and birds did sing,
Trees did grow, and plants did spring;
Every thing did banish moan,
Save the nightingale alone.
She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
Lean'd her breast up-till a thorn;
And there sung the mournful'st ditty,
That to hear it was great pity:
Fie, fie, fie, now would she cry;
Tereu, tereu, by and by;
That to hear her so complain,
Scarce I could from tears refrain;
For her griefs, so lively shown,
Made me think upon my own.
Ah! (thought I) thou mourn'st in vain;
None takes pity on thy pain:
Senseless trees, they cannot hear thee,
Ruthless bears, they will not cheer thee,
King Pandion he is dead;
All thy friends are lapp'd in lead;
All thy fellow-birds do sing,
Careless of thy sorrowing;

Whilst as fickle fortune smiled,
Thou and I were both beguiled;
Every one that flatters thee,
Is no friend to misery.
Words are easy, like the wind,
Faithful friends are hard to find.
Every man will be thy friend
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend:
But, if store of crowns be scant,
No man will supply thy want.
If that one be prodigal,
Bountiful they will him call;
And with such-like flattering,
"Pity but he was a king."
If he be addict to vice,
Quickly him they will entice;
If to women he be bent,
They have him at commandment;
But if Fortune once do frown,
Then farewell his great renown:
They that fawn'd on him before
Use his company no more.
He that is thy friend indeed,
He will help thee at thy need;
If thou sorrow, he will weep,
If thou wake, he cannot sleep;
Thus, of every grief in heart,
He with thee doth bear a part.
These are certain signs to know
Faithful friend from flattering foe.

JOHN HARRINGTON.

SONNET.

WHENCE comes my love, Oh heart, disclose?
'Twas from cheeks that shame the rose;
From lips that spoil the ruby's praise;
From eyes that mock the diamond's blaze.
Whence comes my woe, as freely own,
Ah me! 'twas from a heart of stone.

The blushing cheek speaks modest mind,
The lips befitting words most kind;
The eye doth tempt to love's desire,
And seems to say 'tis Cupid's fire.
Yet all so fair but speak my moan,
Syth nought doth say the heart of stone.

Why thus my love so kind bespeak
Sweet eye, sweet lip, sweet blushing cheek,
Yet not a heart to save my pain?
O Venus! take thy gifts again.
Make nought so fair to cause our moan,
Or make a heart that's like our own.

SIR PHILIP SYDNEY.

SONNET.

FAINT amorist! what, dost thou think
To taste love's honey, and not drink
One dram of gall? or to devour
A world of sweet, and taste no sour?
Dost thou ever think to enter
Th' Elysian fields, that darest not venture
In Charon's barge? a lover's mind
Must use to sail with every wind!

He that loves, and fears to try,
Learns his mistress to deny.
Doth she chide thee? 'tis to shew it
That thy coldness makes her do it.
Is she silent, is she mute?
Silence fully grants thy suit,
Doth she pout and leave the room?
Then she goes to bid thee come.

Is she sick? why then be sure,
She invites thee to the cure.
Doth she cross thy suit with "No?"
Tush! she loves to hear thee woo.
Doth she call the faith of men
In question? nay, she loves thee then;
And if e'er she makes a blot,
She's lost if that thou hit'st her not.

He that, after ten denials,
Dares attempt no further trials,
Hath no warrant to acquire
The dainties of his chaste desire.

SONNET.

IN a grove most rich of shade,
Where birds wanton music made,
May, then young, his pied weeds showing,
New perfum'd, with flow'rs fresh growing,
Astrophel, with Stella sweet,
Did for mutual comfort meet;
Both within themselves oppress'd,
But each in the other bless'd.
Him great harms had taught much care,
Her fair neck a foul yoke bare;
But her sight his cares did banish,
In his sight her yoke did vanish.
Wept they had, alas, the while!
But now tears themselves did smile;
Sigh they did, but now betwixt
Sighs of woe were glad sighs mix'd;
Their ears hungry of each word,
Which the dear tongue could afford.

"Stella! whose voice, when it singeth,
Angels to acquaintance bringeth;
Stella, in whose body is
Writ each character of bliss;
Whose face all, all beauty passeth,
Save thy mind, which that surpasseth;
Grant—O grant—but speech, alas!
Fails me, fearing on to pass—
Grant, O dear, on knees I pray,
(Knees on ground he then did stay)
That not I, but, since I love you,
Time and place for me may move you!
Never season was more fit,
Never room more apt for it!
Smiling air allows my reason,
The birds sing, "now use the season,"
This small wind, which so sweet is,
See how it the leaves doth kiss;

And, if dumb things be so witty,
Shall a heavenly grace want pity?"

There, his hands, in their speech, fain
Would have made tongue's language plain;
But her hands, his hands repelling,
Gave repulse all grace excelling.
Then she spake; her speech was such
As not ears but heart did touch;
While in suchwise she love denied
As yet love she signified.

"Astrophel! (said she) my love,
Cease in these effects to prove.
Now be still; yet, still believe me,
Thy grief more than death doth grieve me.
If that any thought in me
Can taste comfort, but of thee;
Let me feed with hellish anguish,
And joyless, helpless, endless languish!
If those eyes you praised, be
Half so dear, as you to me,
Let me home return stark-blinded
Of those eyes, and blinder minded!
If to secret of my heart,
I do any wish impart,
Where thou art not foremost placed,
Be both wish and I defaced.

If more may be said, I say
All my life on thee I lay;
If thou love—my love content thee;
For, all love, all faith is meant thee.
Trust me, while I thee deny,
In myself the smart I try.
Tyrant honour thus doth use thee,
Stella's self might not refuse thee.
Therefore, dear, this no more move,
Lest, (though I leave not thy love,
Which too deep in me is framed)
I should blush when thou art named."

Therewithal, away she went;
Leaving him by passion rent
With what she had done and spoken,
That therewith my song is broken.

SONG.

"WHO is it that this dark night,
Underneath my window plaineth?"
It is one, who from thy sight,
Being (ah!) exil'd, disdaineth
Every other vulgar light.

"Why, alas! and are you he?
Are not yet these fancies changed?"
Dear, when you find change in me,
Though from me you be estranged,
Let my change to ruin be.

"What if you new beauties see?
Will not they stir new affection?"
I will think they pictures be
(Image-like of saint perfection)
Poorly counterfeiting thee.

"Peace! I think that some give ear.
Come, no more, lest I get anger."
Bliss! I will my bliss forbear,
Fearing, sweet, you to endanger;
But my soul shall harbour there.

"Well, begone; begone, I say,
Lest that Argus' eyes perceive you."
O! unjust is Fortune's sway,
Which can make me thus to leave you,
And from louts to run away!

SONNETS.

LOCK up, fair lids! the treasure of my heart,
Preserve those beams, this age's only light;
To her sweet sense, sweet sleep! some ease impart,
Her sense too weak to bear her spirit's might.
And while, O Sleep! thou closest up her sight—
Her sight, where Love did forge his fairest dart,
O harbour all her parts in easeful plight:
Let no strange dream make her fair body start.
But yet, O Dream! if thou wilt not depart,
In this rare subject, from thy common right,
But wilt thy self in such a seat delight;
Then take my shape, and play a lover's part:
Kiss her from me; and say, unto her sprite,
Till her eyes shine, I live in darkest night!

O Happy Thames, that didst my Stella bear!
I saw thee, with full many a smiling line,
Upon thy cheerful face joy's livery wear;
While those fair planets on thy streams did shine.
The boat, for joy, could not to dance forbear;
While wanton winds, with beauties so divine,
Ravish'd, staid not till in her golden hair
They did themselves (O sweetest prison!) twine;
And fain those Æol's youth there would their stay
Have made; but fore'd by nature still to fly,
First did with puffing kiss those locks display.
She, so dishevell'd, blush'd: from window I,
With sight thereof, cried out—O fair disgrace,
Let honour's self to thee grant highest place!

SONNET.

BE your words made, good Sir! of Indian ware,
That you allow me them by so small rate?
Or do you courted Spartans imitate?
Or do you mean my tender ears to spare,
That to my questions you so total are?
When I demand of Phœnix-Stella's state,
You say, forsooth, you left her well of late:
O God! think you, *that* satisfies *my* care?
I would know, whether she do sit or walk?
How cloth'd? How waited on? Sigh'd she, or smil'd?
Whereof? with whom? how often did she talk?
With what pastime, time's journey she beguil'd?
If her lips deign'd to sweeten my poor name?
Say all, and all well said, still say the same.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

SONNETS.

LOVE, banish'd Heaven, on earth was held in scorn,
Wand'ring abroad in need and beggary;
And wanting friends, though of a goddess born,
Yet crav'd the alms of such as passed by:
I, like a man devout and charitable,
Clothed the naked, lodg'd this wand'ring Guest;
With sighs and tears still furnishing his table,
With what might make the miserable blest.
But this Ungrateful, for my good desert,
Intic'd my thoughts against me to conspire,
Who gave consent to steal away my heart;
And set my breast, his lodging, on a fire.
Well, well my friends! when beggars grow thus bold,
No marvel, then, though charity grow cold!

DEAR! why should you command me to my rest,
When now the Night doth summon all to sleep?
Methinks, this time becometh lovers best;
Night was ordain'd together friends to keep.
How happy are all other living things,
Which, though the day disjoin by several flight,
The quiet evening yet together brings;
And each returns unto his Love at night!
O, thou that art so courteous else to all,
Why shouldst thou, Night! abuse me only thus;
That ev'ry creature to his kind do'st call,
And yet 'tis thou dost only sever us?
Well could I wish it would be ever day,
If, when night comes, you bid me go away.

JOHN LILLY.

CUPID AND CAMPASPE.

CUPID and my Campaspe play'd
At cards for kisses; Cupid paid:
He stakes his quiver, bow and arrows,
His mother's doves, and team of sparrows;
Loses them too: then down he throws
The coral of his lip, the rose
Growing on 's cheek (but none knows how)
With these the chrystal of his brow,
And then the dimple of his chin;
All these did my Campaspe win.
At last he set her both his eyes,
She won, and Cupid blind doth rise.
O Love! has she done thus to thee?
What shall, alas! become of me!

SONG.

O Yes! O yes! if any maid
Whom leering Cupid has betray'd
To frowns of spite, to eyes of scorn,
And would in madness now see torn
The boy in pieces; let her come
Hither, and lay on him her doom.

O yes! O yes! has any lost
A heart which many a sigh hath cost?
Is any cozen'd of a tear
Which, as a pearl, Disdain doth wear?
Here stands the thief; let her but come
Hither, and lay on him her doom.

Is any one undone by fire,
And turn'd to ashes through desire?
Did ever any lady weep,
Being cheated of her golden sleep,
Stol'n by sick thoughts? the pirate's found,
And in her tears he shall be drown'd.
Read his indictment: let him hear
What he's to trust to: Boy, give ear.

DANIEL.

SONNETS.

BEAUTY, sweet love, is like the morning dew,
Whose short refresh upon the tender green,
Cheers for a time, but till the sun doth shew,
And straight 'tis gone as it had never been.

Soon doth it fade that makes the fairest flourish,
Short is the glory of the blushing rose:
The hue which thou so carefully dost nourish,
Yet which at length thou must be forc'd to lose.

When thou, surcharg'd with burthen of thy years,
Shall bend thy wrinkles homeward to the earth,
And when in beauty's lease, expir'd, appears
The date of age, the calends of our death—
But ah! no more—this must not be foretold,
For women grieve to think they must be old.

I Must not grieve my love, whose eyes would read
Lines of delight whereon her youth might smile,
Flowers have time before they come to seed,
And she is young, and now must sport the while.

And sport (sweet maid) in season of these years,
And learn to gather flowers before they wither,
And where the sweetest blossom first appears,
Let love and youth conduct thy pleasures thither.

Lighten forth smiles to cheer the clouded air,
And calm the tempest which my sighs do raise;
Pity and smiles do best become the fair,
Pity and smiles must only yield thee praise.
Make me to say, when all my griefs are gone,
Happy the heart that sigh'd for such a one.

SONNETS.

LOOK, Delia, how we esteem the half-blown rose,
The image of thy blush, and summer's honour;
Whilst yet her tender bud doth undisclose
That full of beauty time bestows upon her!
No sooner spreads her glory in the air,
But straight her wide-blown pomp comes to decline;
She then is scorn'd, that late adorn'd the fairest
So fade the roses of these cheeks of thine!
No April can revive thy wither'd flow'rs,
Whose springing grace adorns thy glory now;
Swift speedy Time, feather'd with flying hours,
Dissolves the beauty of the fairest brow.
Then do not thou such treasure waste in vain;
But love now, whilst thou may'st be lov'd again.

LET others sing of knights and palladines,
In aged accents and untimely words,
Paint shadows in imaginary lines,
Which well the reach of their high wits records;
But I must sing of thee, and those fair eyes
Authentic shall my verse in time to come;
When yet the unborn shall say—"Lo, where she lies,
Whose beauty made him speak, that else was dumb!"
These are the arks, the trophies I erect,
That fortify thy name against old age;
And these thy sacred virtues must protect
Against the dark, and time's consuming rage.
Though the' error of my youth they shall discover;
Suffice they shew—I liv'd, and was thy lover!

SONNETS.

RESTORE thy tresses to the golden ore;
To Cytherea's son those arks of love;
Bequeath the Heavens the stars that I adore;
And to the Orient do thy pearls remove:
Yield thy hands' pride unto the ivory white;
To Arabian odours give thy breathing sweet;
Restore thy blush unto Aurora bright;
To Thetis give the honour of thy feet:
Let Venus have thy graces her resign'd;
And thy sweet voice give back unto the Spheres;
But then restore thy fierce and cruel mind
To Hyrcan tigers, and to ruthless bears:
Yield to the marble thy hard heart again;
So shalt thou cease to plague, and I to plain.

AND whither, poor Forsaken, will thou go,
To go from sorrow, and thine own distress;
When ev'ry place presents like cause of woe,
And no retrieve can make thy sorrows less?
Yet go, Forsaken! leave these woods, these plains;
Leave her and all, and all for her that leaves
Thee and thy love forlorn, and both disdains;
And of both wrongful deeds, and like deceives.
Seek out some place, and see if any place
Can give the least release unto thy grief;
Convey thee from the thought of thy disgrace,
Steal from thyself, and be thy sore's own thief.
But yet what comfort shall I hereby gain?
Bearing the wound, I needs must feel the pain!

N. BRETON.

PHILLIDA AND CORYDON.

IN the merry month of May,
In a morn by break of day,
With a troop of damsels playing,
Forth I yode forsooth a maying.
When anon by a wood side,
Where that May was in his pride,
I espied, all alone,
Phillida and Corydon.
Much ado there was, God wot,
He would love and she would not;
She said, never man was true;
He says, none was false to you.
He said, he had lov'd her long;
She says, love should have no wrong.
Corydon would kiss her then;
She says, maids must kiss no men,
Till they do for good and all;
When she made the shepherd call
All the heavens to witness truth
Never lov'd a truer youth;
Then with many a pretty oath,
Yea and nay, and faith and troth,
Such as seely shepherds use
When they will not love abuse;
Love that had been long deluded,
Was with kisses sweet concluded;
And Phillida with garlands gay,
Was made the lady of the May.

THE SHEPHERD's ADDRESS TO HIS MUSE.

GOOD muse, rock me asleep
With some sweet harmony:
This weary eyes is not to keep
Thy wary company.

Sweet love, begone a while,
Thou seest my heaviness:
Beauty is born but to beguile
My heart of happiness.

See how my little flock,
That lov'd to feed on high,
Do headlong tumble down the rock,
And in the valley die.

The bushes and the trees,
That were so fresh and green,
Do all their dainty colours leese,
And not a leaf is seen.

The black-bird and the thrush,
That made the woods to ring,
With all the rest, are now at hush,
And not a note they sing.

Sweet Philomel, the bird
That hath the heavenly throat,
Doth now, alas! not once afford
Recording of a note.

The flowers have had a frost,
The herbs have lost their savour;
And Phillida the fair hath lost
For me her wonted favour.

Thus all these careful sights
So kill me in conceit,
That now to hope upon delights
It is but mere deceit.

And therefore, my sweet muse,
That know'st what help is best,
Do now thy heavenly cunning use
To set my heart at rest.

And in a dream bewray
What fate shall be my friend;
Whether my life shall still decay,
Or when my sorrows end.

ANONYMOUS.

THE STURDY ROCK.

From Percy's Collection.

THE sturdy rock, for all his strength,
By raging seas is rent in twain;
The marble stone is pierc'd, at length,
With little drops of drizzling rain;
The ox doth yield unto the yoke,
The steel obeyeth the hammer stroke.

The stately stag, that seems so stout,
By yelping hounds at bay is set;
The swiftest bird that flies about,
At length is caught in fowler's net:
The greatest fish, in deepest brook,
Is soon deceived by subtle hook.

Yea, man himself, unto whose will
All things are bounden to obey,
For all his wit and worthy skill,
Doth fade at length, and fall away.
There is nothing but time doth waste,
The heav'ns, the earth, consume at last.

But virtue sits triumphing still
Upon the throne of glorious fame;
Though spiteful death man's body kill,
Yet hurts he not his virtuous name.
By life or death whate'er betides,
The state of virtue never slides.

THE PRAISE OF AMARGANA.

THE sun, the season, in each thing
Revives new pleasures; the sweet spring
Hath put to flight the winter keen,
To glad our lovely summer queen.

The paths where Amargana treads
With flow'ry tapestries Flora spreads,
And nature clothes the ground in green,
To glad our lovely summer queen.

The groves put on their rich array,
With hawthorn-blooms embroider'd gay,
And sweet perfumed with eglantine,
To glad our lovely summer queen.

The silent river stays his course,
Whilst, playing in the chrystal source,
The silver-scaled fish are seen
To glad our lovely summer queen.

The woods at her fair sight rejoice,
The little birds, with their loud voice,
In concert on the branches been,
To glad our lovely summer queen.

Great Pan, our god, for her dear sake,
This feast and meeting bids us make,
Of shepherd lads, and lasses sheen,
To glad our lovely summer queen.

And every swain his chaste doth prove,
To win fair Amargana's love;
In sporting strifes, quite void of spleen,
To glad our lovely summer queen.

All happiness bet Heav'n her lend,
And all the Graces her attend;
Thus bid me pray the Muses nine,
Long live our lovely summer queen.

C. MARLOW.

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD.

COME live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dale and field,
And all the craggy mountains yield.
There will we sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks;
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.
There will I make thee beds of roses,
With a thousand fragrant posies;
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle,
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle;
A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Slippers lin'd choicely for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold;
A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs:
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Then live with me, and be my love.
The shepherd swains shall dance and sing,
For thy delight, each May morning:
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

THE NYMPH's REPLY TO THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD.

IF that the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

But time drives flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage, and rocks grow cold;
And Philomel becometh dumb,
And all complain of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward winter's reckoning yield;
A honey tongue—a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cup, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw, and ivy buds,
Thy coral clasps and amber studs;
All these in me no means can move
To come to thee and be thy love.

But could youth last and love still breed,
Had joys no date—nor age no need,
Then these delights my mind might move
To live with thee and be thy love.

THE SOUL's ERRAND.

GO, soul, the body's guest,
Upon a thankless errand,
Fear not to touch the best,
The truth shall be thy warrant;
Go, since I needs must die,
And give the world the lie.

Go, tell the court it glows,
And shines like rotten wood,
Go, tell the church it shows
What's good, and doth no good;
If church and court reply,
Then give them both the lie.

Tell potentates, they live
Acting by others actions,
Not lov'd unless they give,
Not strong but by their factions.
If potentates reply,
Give potentates the lie.

Tell men of high condition,
That rule affairs of state,
Their purpose is ambition,
Their practice only hate.
And if they once reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell them that brave it most,
They beg for more by spending,
Who in their greatest cost,
Seek nothing but commending.
And if they make reply,
Spare not to give the lie.

Tell zeal it lacks devotion,
Tell love it is but lust,
Tell time it is but motion,
Tell flesh it is but dust.
And wish them not reply,
For thou must give the lie.

Tell age it daily wasteth,
Tell honour how it alters,
Tell beauty how she blasteth,
Tell favour how she falters:
And as they shall reply
Give each of them the lie.

Tell wit how much it wrangles
In tickle points of niceness;
Tell wisdom she entangles
Herself in over wiseness.
And if they do reply,
Straight give them both the lie.

Tell physic of her boldness,
Tell skill it is pretension,
Tell charity of coldness,
Tell law it is contention.
And as they yield reply,
So give them still the lie.

Tell fortune of her blindness,
Tell nature of decay,
Tell friendship of unkindness,
Tell justice of delay.
And if they dare reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell arts they have no soundness,
But vary by esteeming,
Tell schools they want profoundness,
And stand too much on seeming.
If arts and schools reply,
Give arts and schools the lie.

Tell faith it's fled the city,
Tell how the country erreth,
Tell manhood shakes off pity,
Tell virtue least preferreth;
And if they do reply,
Spare not to give the lie.

So when thou hast, as I
Commanded thee, done blabbing;
Although to give the lie
Deserves no less than stabbing;
Yet stab at thee who will,
No stab the soul can kill.

THE SILENT LOVER.

PASSIONS are liken'd best to floods and streams;
The shallow murmur, but the deep are dumb:
So, when affections yield discourse, it seems
The bottom is but shallow whence they come.
They that are rich in words must needs discover,
They are but poor in that which makes a lover.
Wrong not, sweet mistress of my heart,
The merit of true passion,
With thinking that he feels no smart
Who sues for no compassion.
Since if my plaints were not t'approve
The conquest of thy beauty,
It comes not from defect of love,
But fear t' exceed my duty.
For, knowing that I sue to serve,
A saint of such perfection,
As all desire, but none deserve
A place in her affection,
I rather choose to want relief,
Than venture the revealing,
Where glory recommends the grief,
Despair disdains the healing.

Silence in love betrays more woe
  Than words, though ne'er so witty;
A beggar that is dumb, you know,
  May challenge double pity.
Then wrong not, dearest to my heart,
  My love for secret passion;
He smarteth most who hides his smart,
  And sues for no compassion.

IMITATION OF MARLOW.

COME live with me, and be my dear,
  And we will revel all the year,
In plains and groves, on hills and dales,
Where fragrant air breeds sweetest gales.

There shall you have the beauteous pine,
The cedar and the spreading vine,
And all the woods to be a screen,
Lest Phœbus kiss my summer's green.

The seat at your disposal shall be,
Over some arbor, or some tree,
Where silver sands, and pebbles, sing
Eternal ditties with the spring.

There shall you see the nymphs at play,
And how the satyrs spend the day;
The fishes gliding on the sands,
Offering their bellies to your hands.

The birds with heavenly-tuned throats,
Possess wood's echo with sweet notes;
Which to your senses will impart
A music to inflame the heart.

Upon the bare and leafless oak,
The ring-dove's wooings will provoke
A colder blood than you possess,
To play with me, and do no less.

In bowers of laurel, trimly dight,
We will outwear the silent night,
While Flora busy is to spread
Her richest treasure on our bed.

Ten thousand glow-worms shall attend,
And all their sparkling lights shall spend,
All to adorn and beautify
Your lodging with more majesty.

Then in mine arms will I inclose
Lily's fair mixture with the rose;
Whose nice perfections in love's play
Shall tune me to the highest key.

Thus, as we pass the welcome night
In sportful pleasures and delight,
The nimble fairies on the grounds
Shall dance and sing melodious sounds.

If these may serve for to entice
Your presence to love's paradise,
Then come with me, and be my dear,
And we will straight begin the year.

SHALL I like an hermit dwell,
On a rock, or in a cell?
Calling home the smallest part
That is missing of my heart,
To bestow it where I may
Meet a rival every day?
If she undervalues me,
What care I how fair she be?

Were her tresses angel-gold;
If a stranger may be bold,
Unrebuked, unafraid,
To convert them to a braid,
And, with little more a-do,
Work them into bracelets too:
If the mine be grown so free,
What care I how rich it be?

Were her hands as rich a prise,
As her hairs, or precious eyes;
If she lay them out to take
Kisses for good-manners' sake,
And let every lover skip
From her hand unto her lip:
If she seem not chaste to me,
What care I how chaste she be?

No; she must be perfect snow,
In effect as well as show,
Warming but as snow-balls do,
Not like fire by burning too:
But when she, by change, hath got
To her heart a second lot;
Then, if others share with me,
Farewell her, whate'er she be!

SPENSER.

TO HIS BOOK.*

GOE, little Booke! thy self present,
As child whose parent is unkent,
To him that is the President
Of Noblenesse and Chivalrie:
And if that Envy bark at thee,
As sure it will, for succour flee
Under the shadow of his wing.
And, asked who thee forth did bring?
A shepeheard's swain say did thee sing,
All as his straying flocke he fedde:
And when his Honor hath thee redde,
Crave pardon for thy hardy-head.
But if that any ask thy name,
Say thou wert base begot with blame,
Forthy there of thou takest shame.
And when thou art past jeopardie,
Come tell me what was said of mee,
And I will send more after thee.

Immerito.

MUIOPOTMOS;

OR,

The Fate of the Butterfly.

I Sing of deadly dolorous debate,
Stirr'd up through wrathful Nemesis' despight,
Betwixt two mighty ones of great estate,
Drawn into arms and proof of mortal fight
Through proud ambition and heart swelling hate,
Whilst neither could the other's greater might
And 'sdainful scorn endure, that from small jar
Their wraths at length broke into open war.

* The Shepheard's Calendar, which is dedicated to Sir Philip Sydney.

The root whereof and tragical effect
Vouchsafe, O thou the mournful'st Muse of Nine!
That wont'st the tragick stage for to direct
In funeral complaints and dolorous time,
Reveal to me, and all the means detect
Through which sad Clarion did at last decline
To lowest wretchedness. And is there then
Such rancour in the hearts of mighty men?

Of all the race of silver-winged flies
Which do possess the empire of the air,
Betwixt the centred earth and azure skies,
Was none more favourable nor more fair,
Whilst Heaven did favour his felicities,
Than Clarion, the eldest son and heir
Of Muscarol, and in his father's sight
Of all alive did seem the fairest wight.

With fruitful hope his aged breast he fed
Of future good, which his young toward years,
Full of brave courage and bold hardy-hed,
Above th' ensample of his equal peers,
Did largely promise, and to him fore-red
(Whilst oft his heart did melt in tender tears)
That he in time would sure prove such an one
As should be worthy of his father's throne.

The fresh young Fly, in whom the kindly fire
Of lustful youth began to kindle fast,
Did much disdain to subject his desire
To loathsome sloth, or hours in ease to waste,
But joy'd to range abroad in fresh attire,
Through the wide compass of the airy coast,
And with unwearied wings each part t' inquire
Of the wide rule of his renowned aire:

For he so swift and nimble was of flight,
That from this lower tract he dar'd to fly
Up to the clouds, and thence with pinions light
To mount aloft unto the crystal sky,

To view the workmanship of heaven's light,
Whence down descending, he along would fly
Upon the streaming rivers, sport to find,
And oft would dare to tempt the troublous wind.

So on a summer's day when season mild
With gentle calm the world hath quieted,
And high in heaven Hyperion's fiery child
Ascending, did his beams abroad dispred,
Whiles all the heavens on lower creatures smil'd,
Young Clarion with wanteful lustyhed
After his guise did cast abroad to fare,
And thereto 'gan his furniture prepare.

His breast-plate first, that was of substance pure,
Before his noble heart he firmly bound,
That mought his life from iron death assure,
And ward his gentle corps from cruel wound,
For it by art was framed to endure
The bit of baleful steel and bitter steound,
No less than that which Vulcane made to shield
Achilles' life from fate of Trojan field.

And then about his shoulders broad he threw
An hairy hide of some wild beast, whom he
In salvage forest by adventure slew,
And reft the spoil, his ornament to be;
Which spreading all his back with dreadful view,
Made all that him so horrible did see,
Think him Alcides with the lyon's skin,
When the Nemean conquest he did win.

Upon his head his glistering burganet,
The which was wrought by wonderous device,
And curiously engraven, he did set:
The metal was of rare and passing price;
Not Bilbo steel, nor brass from Corinth fet,
Nor costly Oricalch from strange Phœnice,
But such as could both Phœbus' arrows ward,
And th' hailing darts of heaven beating hard.

Therein two deadly weapons fast he bore,
Strongly outthrust towards either side;
Like two sharp spears, his enemies to gore:
Like as a warlike brigandine applied
To fight, lays forth her threatful pikes afore,
The engines which in them sad death do hide;
So did this Fly outstretch his fearful horns,
Yet so as him their terrour more adorns.

Lastly, his shiny wings, as silver bright,
Painted with thousand colours, passing far
All painters' skill, he did about him dight:
Not half so many sundry colours are
In Iris' bow, ne heaven doth shine so bright,
Distinguished with many a twinkling star,
Nor Juno's bird, in her eye-spotted train,
So many goodly colours doth contain.

Ne (may it be withouten peril spoken)
The archer god the son of Cytheree,
That joys on wretched lovers to be wroken,
And heaped spoils of bleeding hearts to see,
Bears in his wings so many a changeful token.
Ah! my liege Lord, forgive it unto me,
If ought against thine honour I have told;
Yet sure those wings were fairer manifold.

Full many a lady fair, in court full oft
Beholding them, him secretly envide,
And wisht that two such fans, so silken soft,
And golden fair, her love would her provide;
Or that when them the gorgeous Fly had doft,
Some one that would with grace be gratifide,
From him would steal them privily away,
And bring to her so precious a prey.

Report is that Dame Venus, on a day
In spring, when flowres do cloath the fruitful ground,
Walking abroad with all her nymphs to play,
Bade her fair damsels, flocking her around,

The roses reigning in the pride of May,
Sharp isop, good for green wounds' remedies,
Fair marigolds, and bees-alluring thime,
Sweet marjoram, and daisies decking prime;

Cool violets, and orpine growing still,
Embathed balm, and cheerful galingale,
Fresh costmary, and breathful camomil,
Dull popy, and drink-quickning setuale,
Vein-healing vervein, and head-purging dill,
Sound savory, and basil, hearty-hale,
Fat colworts, and comforting perseline,
Cold lettice, and refreshing rosmarine;

And whatso else of vertue good or ill
Grew in this garden, fetch'd from far away
Of every one he takes, and tastes at will,
And on their pleasures greedily doth prey;
Then when he hath both plaid and fed his fill,
In the warm sun he doth himself embay,
And there him rests in riotous suffisance
Of all his gladfulness and kingly joyance.

What more felicity can fall to creature
Than to enjoy delight with liberty,
And to be lord of all the works of Nature,
To reign in th' air from earth to highest sky;
To feed on flowres, and weeds of glorious feature,
To take whatever thing doth please the eye?
Who rests not pleased with such happiness,
Well worthy he to taste of wretchedness.

But what on earth can long abide in state?
Or who can him assure of happy day?
Sith morning fair may bring foul evening late,
And least mishap the most bless alter may?
For thousand perils lie in close await
About us daily, to work our decay,
That none, except a god, or God him guide,
May them avoid, or remedy provide.

And whatso fiduciary in their secret doom
Ordained have, how can frail fleshly wight
Fore-cast, but it must needs to issue come?
The sea, the air, the fire, the day, the night,
And th' armies of their creatures all and some
Do serve to them, and with importune might
War against us, the vassals of their will:
Who then can save what they dispose to spill?

Not thou, O Clarion! though fairest thou
Of all thy kind, unhappy, happy Fly!
Whose cruel fate is woven even now
Of Jove's own hand, to work thy misery;
Ne may thee help the many a hearty vow
Which thy old sire with sacred piety
Hath poured forth for thee, and th' altars sprent;
Nought may thee save from heaven's avengement.

It fortuned (as Heavens had behight)
That in this garden where young Clarion
Was wont to solace him, a wicked wight,
The foe of fair things, the author of confusion,
The shame of Nature, the bondslave of Spight,
Had lately built his hateful mansion,
And lurking closely, in await now lay,
How he might any in his trap betray.

But when he spide the joyous Butterfly
In this fair plot dispacing to and fro,
Fearless of foes and hidden jeopardy,
Lord! how he 'gan for to bestir him tho;
And to his wicked work each part apply!
His heart did yern against his hated fo,
And bowels so with rankling poison swell'd,
That scarce the skin the strong contagion held.

The cause why he this Fly so malived
Was (as in stories it is written found)
For that his mother which him bore and bred,
The most fine fingred workwoman on ground,

Arachne, by his means was vanquished
Of Pallas, and in her own skill confound,
When she with her for excellence contended,
That wrought her shame, and sorrow never ended.

For the Tritonian goddess, having heard
Her blazed fame, which all the world had fill'd,
Came down to prove the truth, and due reward
For her praise-worthy workmanship to yield;
But the presumptuous damsel rashly dar'd
The goddess' self to challenge to the field,
And to compare with her in curious skill
Of works with loom, with needle, and with quill.

Minerva did the challenge not refuse,
But deign'd with her the paragon to make;
So to their work they sit, and each doth chuse
What story she will for her tapet take.
Arachne figur'd how Jove did abuse
Europa like a bull, and on his back
Her through the sea did bear, so lively seen,
That it true sea and true bull ye would ween.

She seem'd still back unto the land to look,
And her play-fellows' aid to call, and fear
The dashing of the waves, that up she took
Her dainty feet, and garments gathered near;
But (Lord!) how she in every member shook,
When as the land she saw no more appear,
But a wild wilderness of waters deep,
Then 'gan she greatly to lament and weep.

Before the bull she pictured winged Love,
With his young brother Sport, light fluttering
Upon the waves, as each had been a dove;
The one his bow and shafts, the other spring
A burning teed about his head did move,
As in their sire's new love both triumphing;
And many nymphs about them flocking round,
And many Tritons, which their horns did sound.

And round about her work she did empale,
With a fair border, wrought of sundry flow'rs,
Enwoven with an ivy-winding trayle;
A goodly work, full fit for kingly bow'rs,
Such as dame Pallas, such as Envy pale,
That all good things with venemous tooth devours,
Could not accuse. Then 'gan the goddess bright
Her self likewise unto her work to dight.

She made the story of the old debate
Which she with Neptune did for Athens try;
Twelve gods do sit around in royal state,
And Jove in midst with awful majesty,
To judge the strife between them stirred late;
Each of the gods by his like visnomy
Eath to be known, but Jove above them all,
By his great looks and power imperial.

Before them stands the god of seas in place,
Claiming that sea-coast city as his right,
And strikes the rocks with his three-forked mace,
Whenceforth issues a warlike steed in sight,
The sign by which he challengeth the place,
That all the gods, which saw his wondrous might
Did surely deem the victory his due;
But seldom seen forejudgment proveth true.

Then to her self she gives her Ægide shield,
And steel-head spear, and morion on her head,
Such as she oft is seen in warlike field;
Then sets she forth, how with her weapon dred
She smote the ground, the which straight forth did yield
A fruitful olive-tree, with berries spred,
That all the gods admir'd; then all the story
She compass'd with a wreath of olives hoary.

Emongst those leaves she made a Butterfly
With excellent device and wondrous slight,
Fluttring among the olives wantonly,
That seem'd to live, so like it was in sight;

The velvet nap which on his wings doth lie,
The silken down with which his back is dight,
His broad out-stretched horns, his airy thighs,
His glorious colours, and his glistering eyes.

Which when Arachne saw, as overlaid
And mastered with workmanship so rare,
She stood astonied long, ne ought gainsaid,
And with fast fixed eyes on her did stare,
And by her silence, sign of one dismaid,
The victory did yield her as her share;
Yet did she inly fret and felly burn,
And all her blood to poisonous rancour turn.

That shortly from the shape of womanhed,
Such as she was when Pallas she attempted,
She grew to hideous shape of drerihed,
Pined with grief of folly late repented:
Eftsoons her white strait legs were altered
To crooked crawling shanks, of marrow empted,
And her fair face to foul and loathsom hue,
And her fine corps to a bag of venom grew.

This cursed creature, mindful of that old
Enfestred grudge the which his mother felt,
So soon as Clarion he did behold,
His heart with vengeful malice inly swelt,
And weaving straight a net with many a fold
About the cave, in which he lurking dwelt,
With fine small cords about it stretched wide,
So finely spun that scarce they could be spide.

Not any damsel, which her vaunteth most
In skilful knitting of soft silken twine,
Nor any weaver, which his work doth boast
In diaper, in damask, or in lyne;
Nor any skill'd in workmanship embosa'd;
Nor any skill'd in loups of fingring fine,
Might in their divesse cunning ever dare
With this so curious net-work to compare.

So do I think that that same subtile gin
The which the Lemnian god fram'd craftily,
Mars sleeping with his wife to compass in,
That all the gods, with common mockery,
Might laugh at them, and scorn their shameful sin,
Was like to this: this same he did apply
For to entrap the careless Clarion,
That rang'd each where without suspicion.

Suspicion of friend, nor fear of foe,
That hasarded his health, had he at all,
But walk'd at will and wandred to and fro,
Is the pride of his freedom principal:
Little wist he his fatal future woe,
But was secure; the liker he to fall!
He likest is to fall into mischance
That is regardless of his governance.

Yet still Argiust (so his foe was hight)
Lay lurking covertly him to surprise,
And all his gins that him entangle might,
Dress'd in good order as he could devise.
At length the foolish Fly, without foresight,
As he that did all danger quite despise,
Towards those parts came flying carelessly,
Where hidden was his fatal enemy.

Who seeing him, with secret joy therefore
Did tickle inwardly in every vein,
And his false heart, fraught with all treason's store,
Was fill'd with hope his purpose to obtain:
Himself he close upgathered more and more
Into his den, that his deceitful train
By his there being might not be bewraid,
Ne any noise, ne any motion, made.

Like as a wily fox, that having spide
Where on a sunny bank the lambs do play,
Full closely creeping by the hinder side,
Lies in ambushment of his hoped prey,

Ne stirreth limb, till seeing ready tide
He rusheth forth, and snatcheth quite away
One of the little younglings unawares;
So to his work Aragnol him prepares.

Who now shall give unto my heavy eyes
A well of tears, that all may overflow?
Or where shall I find lamentable cryes
And mournful tunes enough my grief to show?
Help, O thou tragick Muse! me to devise,
Notes sad enough t' express this bitter throw,
For loe! the direry stownd is now arrived,
That of all happiness hath us deprived.

The luckless Clarion, whether cruel Fate
Or wicked Fortune faultless him misled,
Or some ungracious blast out of the gate
Of Æole's reign perforce him drove on hed,
Was (O sad hap, and hour unfortunate!)
With violent swift flight forth carried
Into the cursed cobweb which his foe
Had framed for his final overthrow.

There the fond Fly entangled, struggled long,
Himself to free thereout; but all in vain;
For striving more, the more in laces strong
Himself he tide, and wrapt his winges twain
In limy snares the subtil loops among,
That in the end he breathless did remain,
And all his youthly forces idly spent,
Him to the mercy of th' avenger lent.

Which when the griesly tyrant did espy,
Like a grim lion rushing with fierce might
Out of his den, he seized greedily
On the resistless prey, and with fell spight,
Under the left wing strook his weapon sly
Into his heart, that his deep-groaning spright
In bloody streams forth fled into the air,
His body left the spectacle of care.

EPITHALAMION.

YE learned Sisters! which have oftentimes
Been to me aiding, others to adorn,
Whom ye thought worthy of your graceful rimes,
That ev'n the greatest did not greatly scorn
To hear their names sung in your simple layes,
But joyed in their praise;
And when ye list your own mishap to mourn,
Which death, or love, or fortune's wreck, did raise,
Your string could soon to sadder tenour turn,
And teach the woods and waters to lament
Your doleful dreriment:
Now lay those sorrowful complaints aside,
And having all your heads with girlands crown'd,
Help me mine own love's praises to resound,
Ne let the same of any be envide:
So Orpheus did for his own bride;
So I unto my self alone will sing,
The woods shall to me answer, and my eccho ring.

Early before the world's light-giving lamp
His golden beam upon the hills doth spred,
Having disperst the night's unchearful damp,
Do ye awake, and with fresh lustihed,
Go to the bowre of my beloved love,
My truest turtle-dove,
Bid her awake, for Hymen is awake,
And long since ready forth his mask to move,
With his bright tead that flames with many a flake,
And many a batchelor to wait on him,
In their fresh garments trim;
Bid her awake, therefore, and soon her dight,
For lo, the wished day is come at last,
That shall for all the pains and sorrows past
Pay to her usury of long delight;
And whilst she doth her dight,
Do ye to her of joy and solace sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your eccho ring.

Bring with you all the nymphs that you can hear,
Both of the rivers and the forests green,
And of the sea that neighbours to her near,
All with gay girlands goodly well beseen;
And let them also with them bring in hand
Another gay girland,
For my fair love, of lillies and of roses,
Bound true-love wise with a blue silk riband;
And let them make great store of bridal posies,
And let them eke bring store of other flowers
To deck the bridal bowers;
And let the ground whereas her foot shall tread,
For fear the stones her tender foot should wrong,
Be strew'd with fragrant flowers all along,
And diapred like the discoloured mead:
Which done, do at her chamber-door await,
For she will waken strait;
The whiles do ye this song unto her sing,
The woods shall to you answer, and your eccho ring.

"Ye Nymphs of Mulla, which with careful head
The silver scaly trouts do tend full well,
And greedy pikes which use therein to feed,
(Those trouts and pikes all others do excel)
And ye likewise, which keep the rushie lake,
Where none do fishes take,
Bind up the locks the which hang scatterd light,
And in his waters, which your mirror make,
Behold your faces as the crystal bright,
That when you come whereas my love doth lie,
No blemish she may spie.
And eke, ye lightfoot Maids! which keep the deer,
That on the hoary mountain use to towre,
And the wild wolves which seek them to devour,
Which your steel darts do chace from coming neer,
Be also present here
To help to deck her, and to help to sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your eccho ring.

"Wake now, my *Love*! awake, for it is time;
The rosie Morn long since left Tithon's bed,
All ready to her silver coach to clime,
And Phœbus 'gins to shew his glorious head.
Hark! how the cheerful birds do chaunt their layes,
And carrol of Love's praise.
The merry lark her mattins sings aloft,
The thrush replies, the mavis descant plays,
The ouzel shrills, the ruddock warbles soft;
So goodly all agree, with sweet consent,
To this day's merriment.
Ah! my dear *Love*! why do ye sleep thus long,
When meeter were that ye should now awake,
T' await the coming of your joyous make,
And hearken to the bird's love-learned song,
The dewie leaves among?
For they of joy and pleasance to you sing,
That all the woodsthem answer, and their eccho ring.

"My love is now awake out of her dreams,
And her fair eyes, like stars that dimmed were
With darksome cloud, now shew their goodly beams,
More bright than Hesperus his head doth rere.
Come now, ye Damsels! daughters of Delight,
Help quickly her to dight;
But first come, ye fair Houres! which were begot
In Jove's sweet paradise of day and night,
Which do the seasons of the year allot,
And all that ever in this world is fair
Do make and still repair:
And ye three Handmaids of the Cyprian queen,
The which do still adorn her beauty's pride,
Help to adorn my beautifullest bride,
And as ye her array, still throw between
Some grace to be seen;
And as ye use to Venus, to her sing,
The whiles the woods shall answer, and your eccho ring.

"Now is my love all ready forth to come,
Let all the virgins therefore well await;
And ye, fresh Boys, that tend upon her groom,
Prepare yourselves, for he is coming strait:
Set all your things in seemly good aray,
Fit for so joyful day,
The joyfulst day that ever sun did see.
Fair Sun! shew forth thy favourable ray,
And let thy life-ful heat not fervent be,
For fear of burning her sun-shiny face,
Her beauty to disgrace.
O fairest Phœbus! father of the Muse,
If ever I did honour thee aright,
Or sing the thing that mote thy mind delight,
Do not thy servant's simple boon refuse,
But let this day, let this one day be mine,
Let all the rest be thine:
Then I thy soveraign praises loud will sing,
That all the woods shall answer, and their eccho ring.

"Hark! how the minstrels 'gin to shrill aloud
Their merry musick that resounds from far,
The pipe, the taber, and the trembling croud,
That well agree withouten breach or jar:
But most of all the damzels do delite
When they their timbrels smite,
And thereunto do daunce and carrol sweet,
That all the senses they do ravish quite;
The whiles the boys run up and down the street,
Crying aloud, with strong confused noise,
As if it were one voice,
Hymen, Iõ Hymen! Hymen they do shout,
That even to the heavens their shouting shrill
Doth reach, and all the firmament doth fill;
To which the people standing all about,
As in approvance, do thereto applaud,
And loud advance her laud,
And ever more they Hymen, Hymen sing,
That all the woods them answer, and their eccho ring.

"Loe, where she comes along with portly pace,
Like Phœbe, from her chamber of the East,
Arising forth to run her mighty race,
Clad all in white, that seems a virgin best:
So well it her beseems, that ye would ween
Some angel she had been:
Her long loose yellow locks, like golden wire,
Sprinkled with pearl, and perling flowres atween,
Do like a golden mantel her attire,
And being crowned with a girland green,
Seem like some maiden queen.
Her modest eyes, abashed to behold
So many gazers as on her do stare,
Upon the lowly ground affixed are,
Ne dare lift up her countenance too bold,
But blush to hear her praises sung so loud,
So far from being proud.
Nathless do ye still loud her praises sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your eccho ring.

"Tell me, ye merchants' daughters! did ye see
So fair a creature in your town before,
So sweet, so lovely, and so mild as she,
Adorn'd with beauty's grace and vertue's store?
Her goodly eyes like saphires shining bright,
Her forehead ivory white,
Her cheeks like apples which the sun hath rudded,
Her lips like cherries, charming men to bite,
Her brest like to a bowl of cream uncrudded,
Her paps like lillies budded,
Her snowy neck like to a marble towre,
And all her body like a palace fair,
Ascending up with many a stately stair
To Honour's seat, and Chastity's sweet bowre.
Why stand ye still, ye virgins! in amase,
Upon her so to gaze;
Whiles ye forget your former lay to sing,
To which the woods did answer, and your eccho ring.

"But if ye saw that which no eyes can see,
The inward beauty of her lively spright;
Garnish'd with heavenly gifts of high degree,
Much more then would ye wonder at that sight,
And stand astonish'd like to those which red
Medusa's mazeful head.
There dwells sweet Love and constant Chastity,
Unspotted Faith, and comely Womanhood,
Regard of Honour, and mild Modesty;
There Vertue reigns as queen in royal throne,
And giveth laws alone,
The which the base affections do obey,
And yield their services unto her will;
Ne thought of things uncomely ever may
Thereto approach, to tempt her mind to ill.
Had ye once seen these her celestial treasures,
And unrevealed pleasures,
Then would ye wonder, and her praises sing,
That all the woods should answer, and your eccho
ring.

"Open the temple-gates unto my love,
Open them wide that she may enter in,
And all the posts adorn as doth behove,
And all the pillars deck with girlands trim,
For to receive this saint with honour due,
That cometh in to you.
With trembling steps and humble reverence
She cometh in before th' Almighty's view;
Of her, ye Virgins! learn obedience,
Whenso ye come into thse holy places,
To humble your proud faces,
Bring her up to th' high altar that she may
The sacred ceremonies there partake,
The which do endless matrimony make;
And let the roaring organs loudly play
The praises of the Lord in lively notes,
The whiles with hollow throats
The choristers the joyous anthem sing,
That all the woods may answer, and their eccho ring.

" Behold, whiles she before the altar stands,
Hearing the holy priest that to her speaks,
And blesses her with his two happy hands,
How the red roses flush up in her cheeks!
And the pure snow with goodly vermil stain,
Like crimsin dy'd in grain,
That even the angels, which continually
About the sacred altar do remain,
Forget their service, and about her fly,
Oft peeping in her face, that seems more fair
The more they on it stare;
But her sad eyes, still fastned on the ground,
Are governed with goodly modesty,
That suffers not one look to glaunce awry,
Which may let in a little thought unsound.
Why blush ye, Love! to give to me to your hand,
The pledge of all our band?
Sing, ye sweet angels! Alleluya sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your eccho ring.

" Now all is done; bring home the bride again,
Bring home the triumph of our victory;
Bring home with you the glory of her gain,
With joyance bring her, and with jollity.
Never had man more joyful day than this,
Whom Heaven would heap with bliss.
Make feast, therefore, now all this live-long day,
This day for ever to me holy is:
Pour out the wine without restraint or stay,
Pour not by cups, but by the belly-full;
Pour out to all that wull,
And sprinkle all the posts and walls with wine,
That they may sweat and drunken be withal:
Crown ye god Bacchus with a coronal,
And Hymen also crown with wreaths of vine,
And let the graces daunce unto the rest,
For they can do it best;
The whiles the maidens do their carol sing,
To which the woods shall answer, and their eccho ring.

" Ring ye the bells, ye young men of the town,
And leave your wonted labours for this day;
This day is holy; do ye write it down,
That ye for ever it remember may:
This day the sun is in its chiefest might,
With Barnaby the bright;
From whence declining daily by degrees,
He somewhat loseth of his heat and light,
When once the Crab behind his back he sees.
But for this time it ill ordained was,
To chuse the longest day in all the year,
And shortest night, when longest fitter were;
Yet never day so long but late would pass.
Ring ye the bells to make it wear away,
And bonefires make all day,
And daunce about them, and about them sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your eccho
ring.

" Ah! when will this long weary day have end,
And lend me leave to come unto my love?
How slowly do the hours their numbers spend?
How slowly doth sad Time his feathers move?
Haste thee, O fairest Planet! to thy home,
Within the western foame;
Thy tyred steeds long since have need of rest.
Long tho it be, at last I see it gloom,
And the bright evening-star, with golden crest,
Appear out of the east.
Fair child of beauty, glorious lamp of love,
That all the host of heaven in ranks doost lead,
And guidest lovers through the night's sad dread,
How cheerfully thou lookest from above,
And seem'st to laugh atween thy twinkling light,
As joying in the sight
Of these glad many, which for joy do sing,
That all the woods them answer, and their eccho ring.

Now cease, ye Damsels! your delights forepast,
Enough it is that all the day was yours;
Now day is done, and night is nighing fast,
Now bring the bride into the bridal bowres;
Now night is come, now soon her disarray,
And in her bed her lay;
Lay her in lillies and in violets,
And silken curtains over her display,
And odour'd sheets, and arras coverlets.
Behold how goodly my fair love does lie,
In proud humility;
Like unto Maia, whenas Jove her took
In Tempe, lying on the flowrie grass,
'Twixt sleep and wake, after she weary was
With bathing in the Acidalian brook:
Now it is night, ye damsels may be gone,
And leave my love alone,
And leave likewise your former lay to sing;
The woods no more shall answer, nor your eccho ring.

Now welcome night, thou night so long expected,
That long days labour doth at last defray,
And all my cares, which cruel love collected,
Hast summ'd in one, and cancelled for aye:
Spread thy broad wing over my love and me,
That no man may us see,
And in thy sable mantle us enwrap,
From fear of peril, and foul horror free;
Let no false treason seek us to entrap,
Nor any dread disquiet once annoy
The safety of our joy;
But let the night be calm and quietsome,
Without tempestuous storms or sad affray,
Like as when Jove with fair Alcmena lay,
When he begot the great Tirynthian groom;
Or like as when he with thy self did lie,
And begot Majesty;
And let the maids and young men cease to sing;
Ne let the woods them answer, nor their eccho ring.

Let no lamenting cries nor doleful tears
Be heard all night within, nor yet without;
Ne let false whispers, breeding hidden fears,
Break gentle sleep with misconceived doubt:
Let no deluding dreams, nor dreadful sights,
Make sudden sad affrights;
Ne let house-fires, nor lightnings, helpless harms,
Ne let the pouk, nor other evil sprights,
Ne let mischievous witches with their charms,
Ne let hob-goblins, names whose sense we see not,
Fray us with things that be not:
Let not the skriech-owl nor the stork be heard,
Nor the night-raven, that still deadly yells,
Nor damned ghosts, call'd up with mighty spells,
Nor griesly vultures, make us once affeard:
Ne let th' unpleasant quire of frogs still croking
Make us to wish their choking;
Let none of these their drery accents sing,
Ne let the woods them answer, nor their eccho ring;

But let still Silence true night-watches keep,
That sacred Peace may in assurance reign,
And timely Sleep, when it is time to sleep,
May pour his limbs forth on your pleasant plain;
The whiles an hundred little winged Loves,
Like divers-fethered doves,
Shall fly and flutter round about your bed,
And in the secret dark, that none reproves,
Their pretty stealths shall work, and snares shall spread
To filch away sweet snatches of delight,
Conceal'd through covert night,
Ye Sons of Venus! play your sports at will,
For greedy Pleasure, careless of your toyes,
Thinks more upon her paradise of joyes
Than what ye do, all be it good or ill.
All night, therefore, attend your merry play,
For it will soon be day:
Now none doth hinder you that say or sing,
Ne will the woods now answer, nor your eccho ring.

Who is the same which at my window peepe?
Or whose is that fair face which shines so bright?
Is it not Cynthia, she that never sleepe,
But walks about high heaven all the night?
O! fairest Goddesse! do thou not envy
My love with me to spy;
For thou likewise didst love, though now unthought,
And for a fleece of wool, which privily
The Latmian shepherd once unto thee brought,
His pleasures with thee wrought:
Therefore to us be favourable now,
And sith of womens labours thou hast charge,
And generation goodly dost enlarge,
Encline thy will t' effect our wishful vow,
And the chaste womb inform with timely seed,
That may our comfort breed;
Till which we cease our hopeful hap to sing,
Ne let the woods us answer, nor our eccho ring.

And thou, great Juno! which with aweful might
The laws of wedlock still dost patronize,
And the religion of the faith first plight,
With sacred rites hast taught to solemnize,
And eke for comfort often called art
Of women in their smart,
Eternally bind thou this lovely band,
And all thy blessing unto us impart.
And thou, glad Genius! in whose gentle hand
The bridale bowre and genial bed remain,
Without blemish or stain,
And the sweet pleasures of their love's delight
With secret aid dost succour and supply,
Till they bring forth the fruitful progeny,
Send us the timely fruit of this same night.
And thou, fair Hebe! and thou, Hymen! free
Grant that it so may be.
Till which we cease your further praise to sing,
Ne any woods shall answer, nor your eccho ring.

And ye, high Heavens! the temple of the gods,
In which a thousand torches flaming bright
Do burn, that to us wretched earthly clods
In dreadful darkness lend desired light;
And all ye Powers which in the same remain,
More than we men can feign,
Pour out your blessing on us plenteously,
And happy influence upon us rain,
That we may rise a large posterity,
Which from the earth, which they may long possess
With lasting happiness,
Up to your haughty palaces may mount,
And for the guerdon of their glorious merit
May heavenly tabernacles there inherit,
Of blessed saints for to encrease the count:
So let us rest, sweet Love! in hope of this,
And cease till then our timely joys to sing,
The woods no more us answer, nor our eccho ring.

Song made in lieu of many ornaments
With which my love should duly have been deckt.
Which cutting off through hasty accidents,
Ye would not stay your due time to expect,
But promis'd both to recompence,
Be unto her a goodly ornament,
And for short time an endless monument.

SONNET.

FAIR is my love, when her fair golden hairs
With the loose wind ye waving chance to mark,
Fair when the rose in her red cheek appears,
Or in her eyes the fire of love doth spark;
Fair when her brest, like a rich laden bark
With precious merchandise, she forth doth lay;
Fair when that cloud of pride, which oft doth dark
Her goodly light, with smiles she drives away;

But dainet she when so she doth display
The gate with pearls and rubies richly dight,
Through which her words so wise do make their way,
To bear the message of her gentle spright:
The rest be works of Nature's wonderment,
But this the work of hearts' astonishment.

SONNETS.

THE doubt which ye misdeem, fair love! is vain,
That fondly fear to lose your liberty,
When losing one, two liberties ye gain,
And make him bound that bondage erst did fly.
Sweet be the bands the which true Love doth tye,
Without constraint or dread of any ill;
The gentle bird feels no captivity
Within her cage, but sings and feeds her fill.
There pride dare not approach, nor discord spill
The league 'twixt them, that loyal love hath bound,
But simple truth and mutual good-will
Seeks with sweet peace to salve each other's wound;
There Faith doth fearless dwell in brasen towre,
And spotless Pleasure builds her sacred bowre.

RUDELY thou wrongest my dear heart's desire,
In finding fault with her too portly pride:
The thing which I do most in her admire,
Is of the world unworthy most envide;
For in those lofty looks is close implide
Scorn of base things and 'sdeign of foul dishonour,
Threatning rash eyes which gaze on her so wide,
That loosely they ne dare to look upon her.
Such pride is praise, such portliness is honour,
That boldness innocence bears in her eyes,
And her fair countenance, like a goodly banner,
Spreads in defiance of all enemies.
Was never in this world ought worthy tride,
Without some sparke of such self-pleasing pride.

SONNETS.

FRESH Spring, the herald of love's mighty king,
In whose coat-armour richly are displaid
All sorts of flowres the which on earth do spring,
In goodly colours gloriously array'd,
Go to my love, where she is careless laid,
Yet in her winter's bowre not well awake,
Tell her the joyous Time will not be staid,
Unless she do him by the fore-lock take:
Bid her, therefore, her self soon ready make
To wait on Love amongst his lovely crew,
Where every one that misseth then her make
Shall be by him amearst with penance dew.
Make haste, therefore, sweet Love! whilst it is prime,
For none can call again the passed time.

LIKE as a huntsman after weary chace,
Seeing the game from him escape away,
Sits down to rest him in some shady place,
With painting hounds beguiled of their prey;
So after long pursute and vain assay,
When I all weary had the chace forsook,
The gentle deer return'd the self-same way,
Thinking to quench her thirst at the next brook;
There she beholding me with milder look,
Sought not to fly, but fearless still did bide,
Till I in hand her yet half trembling took,
And with her own good-will her firmly tide:
Strange thing me seem'd to see a beast so wild
So goodly wone, with her own will beguil'd.

JOHN DONNE.

SEND home my long-stray'd eyes to me,
Which, oh! too long have dwelt on thee;
But if they there have learn'd such ill,
Such forc'd fashions,
And false passions,
That they be
Made by thee
Fit for no good sight, keep them still,

Send home my harmless heart again,
Which no unworthy thought could stain;
But if it be taught, by thine,
To make jestings
Of protestings,
And break both
Word and oath,
Keep it still—'tis none of mine.

Yet send me back my heart and eyes,
That I may know and see thy lies;
And may laugh and joy when thou
Art in anguish,
And dost languish
For some one
That will none,
Or prove as false as thou dost now.

GEORGE WITHER.

SONG.

SHALL I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman's fair?
Or make pale my cheeks with care,
'Cause another's rosy are?
Be she fairer than the day,
Or the flowery meads in May;
If she be not so for me,
What care I how fair she be?

Shall my foolish heart be pin'd,
'Cause I see a woman kind;
Or a well-disposed nature
Joined with a lovely feature?
Be she meeker, kinder, than
The turtle-dove or pelican;
If she be not so to me,
What care I how kind she be?

Shall a woman's virtues move
Me to perish for her love?
Or her well-deservings known,
Make me quite forget mine own?
Be she with that goodness blest
Which may merit name of best;
If she be not kind to me,
What care I how good she be?

Cause her fortune seems too high,
Shall I play the fool and die?
Those that bear a noble mind
Where they want of riches find,
Think what with them they would do,
Who without them dare to woo;
And unless that mind I see,
What care I how great she be?

Great or good, or kind or fair,
I will ne'er the more despair;
If she love me, this believe,
I will die e'er she shall grieve;
If she slight me when I woo,
I can scorn and let her go;
If she be not fit for me,
What care I for whom she be?

AMARYLLIS I did woo,
And I courted Phillis too;
Daphne for her love I chose;
Chloris, for that damask rose
In her cheek, I held as dear,
Yea, a thousand liked, well-near;
And, in love with all together,
Feared the enjoying either;
'Cause to be of one possess'd,
Barr'd the hope of all the rest.

LORDLY gallants, tell me this:
Though my safe content you weigh not,
In your greatness what one bliss
Have you gain'd, that I enjoy not?
You have honours, you have wealth,
I have peace, and I have health;
All the day I merry make,
And at night no care I take.

Bound to none my fortunes be;
This or that man's fall I fear not;
Him I love that loveth me;
For the rest a pin I care not.
You are sad when others chafe,
And grow merry as they laugh;
I, that hate it, and am free,
Laugh and weep as pleaseth me.

WANTONS! 'tis not your sweet eyings,
Forced passions, feigned dyings,
Gestures, temptings, tears, beguilings,
Dancings, singings, kissings, smilings,
Nor those painted sweets, with which
You unwary men bewitch,
(All united, nor asunder)
That can compass such a wonder,
Or to win you love prevail,
Where her moving virtues fail.

Beauties! 'tis not all those features
Placed in the fairest creatures,
Though their best they should discover,
That can tempt, from her, a lover.
'Tis not those soft snowy breasts,
Where love, rock'd by pleasure, rests,
Nor the nectar that we sip
From a honey-dropping lip;
Nor those eyes whence beauty's lances
Wound the heart with wanton glances;
Nor those sought delights, that lie
In love's hidden treasury,
That can liking gain, where she
Will the best-beloved be.

For, should those who think they may
Draw my love from her away,
Bring forth all their female graces,
Wrap me in their close embraces;
Practise all the arts they may,
Weep, or sing, or kiss, or pray;
One poor thought of her would arm me
So as *Circe* could not harm me.
Since, besides those excellencies,
Wherewith others charm the senses,
She whom I have praised so,
Yields delight for reason too.
Who could doat on thing so common,
As mere outward-handsome woman?

Those half-beauties only win
Fools to let affection in;
Vulgar wits, from reason shaken,
Are with such impostures taken;
And, with all their art in love,
Wantons can but wantons move.

THE STEDFAST SHEPHERD.

HENCE, away, thou syren, leave me,
Pish! unclasp these wanton arms;
Sugar'd words can ne'er deceive me,
(Though thou prove a thousand charms);
Fie, fie, forbear,
No common snare
Can ever my affection chain:
Thy painted baits,
And poor deceits,
Are all bestow'd on me in vain.

I'm no slave to such as you be,
Neither shall that snowy breast,
Rolling eye, and lip of ruby,
Ever rob me of my rest:
Go, go, display
Thy beauty's ray
To some more-soon-enamour'd swain:
Those common wiles,
Of sighs and smiles,
Are all bestow'd on me in vain.

I have elsewhere vow'd a duty;
Turn away thy tempting eye:
Shew not me a painted beauty,
These impostures I defy:
My spirit loaths
Where gaudy cloaths,
And feigned oaths, may love obtain:
I love her so,
Whose look swears no;
That all thy labours will be vain.

Can he prize the tainted posies
Which on every breast are worn,
That may pluck the virgin roses
From their never-touched thorns?
I can go rest
On her sweet breast,
That is the pride of Cynthia's train:
Then stay thy tongue,
Thy mermaid song
Is all bestow'd on me in vain.

He's a fool that basely dallies
Where each peasant mates with him;
Shall I haunt the thronged valleys,
Whilst there's nobler hills to climb?
No, no; though clowns
Are scar'd with frowns,
I know the best can but disdain:
And those I'll prove,
So will thy love
Be all bestow'd on me in vain.

I do scorn to vow a duty,
Where each lustful lad may woo:
Give me her, whose sun-like beauty
Buzzards dare not soar unto:
She, she it is
Affords that bliss
For which I would refuse no pain:
But such as you,
Fond fools, adieu;
You seek to captive me in vain.

Leave me then, you syrens, leave me,
Seek no more to work my harms;
Crafty wiles cannot deceive me,
Who am proof against your charms:
You labour may
To lead astray
The heart that constant shall remain;
And I the while
Will sit and smile
To see you spend your time in vain.

BEN JONSON.

SONG.

COME, my Celia, let us prove,
While we may, the sweets of love;
Time will not be ours for ever,
He at length our good will sever;
Spend not then his gifts in vain,
Suns that set may rise again;
But if once we lose the light,
'Tis with us perpetual night.
Why should we defer our joys?
Fame and rumour are but toys;
Cannot we delude the eyes
Of a few poor household spies?
Or his easier ears beguile
So removed by our wile?
'Tis no sin love's fruits to steal;
But the sweet theft to reveal,
To be taken, to be seen,
These have crimes accounted been.

THE SWEET NEGLECT.

STILL to be neat, still to be dreast,
As you were going to a feast;
Still to be powder'd, still perfum'd;
Lady, it is to be presum'd,
Tho' art's hid causes are not found,
All is not sweet, all is not sound.
Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes simplicity a grace;
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free;
Such sweet neglect more taketh me
Than all th' adulteries of art
That strike mine eye, but not mine heart.

HUE AND CRY AFTER CUPID.

BEAUTIES, have ye seen a toy,
Called Love; a little boy
Almost naked, wanton, blind,
Cruel now, and then as kind?
If he be among ye, say;
He is Venus' run-away.

She that will but now discover
Where the winged wag doth hover,
Shall to-night receive a kiss,
How and where herself would wish:
But who brings him to his mother,
Shall have that kiss, and another.

Marks he hath about him plenty,
You may know him among twenty:
All his body is a fire,
And his breath a flame entire:
Which, being shot like lightning in,
Wounds the heart, but not the skin.

Wings he hath, which though ye clip,
He will leap from lip to lip:
Over liver, lights, and heart,
Yet not stay in any part.
And if chance his arrow misses,
He will shoot himself in kisses.

He doth bear a golden bow,
And a quiver, hanging low,
Full of arrows, which outbrave
Dian's shafts, where, if he have
Any head more sharp than other,
With that first he strikes his mother.

Still the fairest are his fuel,
When his days are to be cruel;
Lovers' hearts are all his food,
And his baths their warmest blood:
Nought but wounds his hand doth season,
And he hates none like to reason.

Trust him not; his words, though sweet,
Seldom with his heart do meet.
All his practice is deceit,
Every gift is but a bait:
Not a kiss but poison bears,
And most treason's in his tears.

Idle minutes are his reign,
Then the straggler makes his gain,
By presenting maids with toys,
And would have you think them joys:
'Tis th' ambition of the elf
To have all childish as himself.

If by these ye please to know him,
Beauties, be not nice, but shew him,
Though ye had a will to hide him:
Now, we hope ye'll not abide him,
Since ye hear this falser's play,
And that he is Venus' run-away.

WILLIAM BROWN.

SONG.

SHALL I tell you whom I love?
Hearken then a while to me:
And if such a woman move
As I now shall versifie,
Be assur'd 'tis she, or none,
That I love, and love alone.

Nature did her so much right,
As she scorns the help of art;
In as many virtues dight,
As e'er yet embraced a heart;
So much good, so truly tried,
Some for less were deified.

Wit she hath, without desire
To make known how much she hath:
And her anger flames no higher
Than may fitly sweeten wrath.
Full of pity as may be,
Though, perhaps, not so to me.

Reason masters every sense,
And her virtues grace her birth;
Lovely as all excellence,
Modest in her most of mirth;
Likelihood enough to prove
Only worth could kindle love.

Such she is; and if you know
Such a one as I have sung,
Be she brown, or fair, or so,
That she be but somewhile young;
Be assur'd 'tis she, or none,
That I love, and love alone.

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.

SONG

In the Nice Valour.

HENCE all you vain delights,
As short as are the nights
Wherein you spend your folly;
There's nought in this life sweet,
If men were wise to see't,
But only melancholy,
O sweetest melancholy!

Welcome folded arms and fixed eyes,
A sigh that, piercing, mortifies;
A look that's fasten'd to the ground,
A tongue chain'd up without a sound.

Fountain-heads and pathless groves,
Places which pale passion loves;
Moonlight walks, when all the fowls
Are warmly hous'd, save bats and owls;
A midnight bell, a parting groan,
These are the sounds we feed upon.
Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy valley,
Nothing's so dainty sweet as lovely melancholy.

SONG

In the Queen of Corinth.

WEEP no more, nor sigh, nor groan,
Sorrow recalls not time that's gone;
Violets pluck'd, the sweetest rain
Makes not fresh nor grow again;
Trim thy locks, look cheerfully,
Fate's hidden ends eyes cannot see;
Joys, as winged dreams, fly fast,
Why should sadness longer last?
Grief is but a wound to woe,
Gentlest fair! mourn, mourn, no moe.

SONG.

In a Wife for a Month.

LET those complain that feel love's cruelty,
And in sad legends write their woes;
With roses gently he corrected me;
My war is without rage or blows:
My mistress' eyes shine fair on my desires,
And hope springs up inflam'd with her new fires.

No more an exile will I dwell,
With folded arms and sighs all day,
Reckoning the torments of my hell,
And flinging my sweet joys away.
I am call'd home again to quiet peace,
My mistress smiles, and all my sorrows cease.

Yet what is living in her eye,
Or being blest with her sweet tongue,
If these no other joys imply?
A golden gyve, a pleasing wrong.
To be your own but one poor month, I'd give
My youth, my fortune, and then leave to live.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

SONNETS.

To Sleep.

SLEEP, silence' child, sweet father of soft rest,
Prince, whose approach peace to all mortals brings,
Indifferent host to shepherds and to kings;
Sole comforter to minds with grief opprest.
Lo! by thy charming rod all breathing things
Lie slumbering with forgetfulness possest;
And yet o'er me to spread thy drowsy wings
Thou spares, alas! who cannot be thy guest.
Since I am thine, oh! come, but with that face,
To inward light, which thou art wont to shew,
With feigned solace ease a true felt woe;
Or if, deaf god, thou do deny that grace,
Come as thou will, and what thou wilt bequeathe,
I long to kiss the image of my death.

To his Lute.

MY lute, be as thou wast, when thou didst grow
With thy green mother in some shady grove,
When immelodious winds but made thee move,
And birds on thee their ramage did bestow.
Sith that dear voice which did thy sounds approve,
Which used in such harmonious strains to flow,
Is reft from earth to tune those spheres above,
What art thou but a harbinger of woe?
Thy pleasing notes be pleasing notes no more,
But orphan wailings to the fainting ear,
Each stop a sigh, each sound draws forth a tear;
Be therefore silent as in woods before.
Or that if any hand to touch thee deign,
Like widow'd turtle still her loss complain.

SONNETS.

To the Nightingale.

DEAR quirister, who from those shadows sends,
Ere that the blushing morn dare shew her light,
Such sad lamenting strains, that night attends
(Become all ear), stars stay to hear thy plight;
If one, whose grief even reach of thought transcends,
Who ne'er, not in a dream, did taste delight,
May thee importune, who like case pretends,
And seems to joy in woe, in woe's despight;
Tell me, (so may thou fortune milder try,
And long, long sing!) for what thou thus complains,
Since winter's gone, and sun in dappled sky
Enamoured smiles on woods and flowery plains?
The bird, as if my questions did her move,
With trembling wings sigh'd forth, I love, I love.

THRICE happy he, who by some shady grove
Far from the clamorous world doth live, his own;
Though solitary, who is not alone,
But doth converse with that eternal love.
O how more sweet is birds' harmonious moan,
Or the hoarse sobbings of the widow'd dove,
Than those smooth whisperings near a prince's throne,
Which good make doubtful, do the ill approve!
O how more sweet is zephyr's wholesome breath,
And sighs embalm'd which new-born flow'rs unfold,
Than that applause vain honour doth bequeath!
How sweeter streams than poison drunk in gold!
The world is full of horrors, troubles, slights;
Woods' harmless shades have only true delights.

SONNETS.

SWEET spring, thou turn'st, with all thy goodly train,
Thy head with flames, thy mantle bright with flow'rs;
The zephyrs curl the green locks of the plain,
The clouds for joy in pearls weep down their show'rs.
Dost turn, sweet youth! but (ah!) my pleasant hours
And happy days, with thee come not again!
The sad memorials only of my pain
Do with thee turn, which turn my sweets to sours!
Thou art the same which still thou wert before;
Delicious, lusty, amiable, fair,
But she whose breath embalm'd thy wholesome air
Is gone, nor gold nor gems can her restore.
Neglected virtue! seasons go and come,
While thine, forgot, lie closed in a tomb.

To the Nightingale.

SWEET bird, that sing'st away the early hours,
Of winters past, or coming, void of care,
Well pleased with delights that present are;
Fair seasons, budding sprays, sweet-smelling flow'rs:
To rocks, to springs, to rills, from leafy bow'rs
Thou thy Creator's goodness dost declare,
And what dear gifts on thee he did not spare;
A stain to human sense in sin that low'rs.
What soul can be so sick, which by thy songs
(Attir'd in sweetness) sweetly is not driv'n
Quite to forget earth's turmoils, spites, and wrongs,
And lift a reverend eye and thought to heav'n?
Sweet artless songster, thou my mind dost raise
To airs of spheres, yes, and to angels' lays.

SONNETS.

TRUST not, sweet Soul! those curled waves of gold,
With gentle tides that on your temples flow;
Nor temples spread with flakes of virgin snow;
Nor snow of cheeks, with tyrian grain enroll'd:
Trust not those shining lights, which wrought my woe
When first I did their asure rays behold;
Nor voice, whose sounds more strange effects do show
Than of the thracian harper have been told.
Look to this dying lily, fading rose;
Dark hyacinth, of late whose blushing beams
Made all the neighbouring herbs and grass rejoice;
And think how little is 'twixt life's extremes!
The cruel tyrant, that did kill those flow'rs,
Shall once, Ah me! not spare that Spring of your's.

SWEET Soul! which in the April of thy years,
For to enrich the Heaven, mad'st poor this round;
And now, with flaming rays of glory crown'd,
Most blest abid'st above the sphere of spheres!
If heavenly laws, alas! have not thee bound
From looking to this globe, that all upbears;
If ruth and pity there above be found;
O! deign to lend a look unto these tears,
Do not disdain, dear Ghost! this sacrifice.
And though I raise not pillars to thy praise,
My offerings take; let this for me suffice,
My heart a living pyramid I raise!
And whilst kings' tombs with laurels flourish green,
Thine shall with myrtles and these flowers be seen.*

* This lady was the daughter of a Mr. Cunningham, of Barnes. According to the information respecting her to be gleaned from the praises of her lover, she was not only royally descended, but, with the most animating personal attractions, possessed a highly intelligent mind, a voice of melody, and was constitutionally cheerful. His addresses, fervently offered, being at last accepted, the day was appointed for the celebration of their nuptials; when the expected bride was suddenly seized with a fever, which in a short time terminated her life, in the bloom and "April of her Years!" This shock, that must have seriously affected even an ordinary mind, Drummond never properly recovered.

SONG.

PHOEBUS arise,
And paint the sable skies
With azure, white, and red:
Rouse Memnon's mother from her Tithon's bed,
That she may thy career with roses spread.
The nightingales thy coming each-where sing,
Making eternal spring,
Give life to this dark world that lieth dead.
Spread forth thy golden hair
In larger locks than thou wast wont before,
And, emperor like, decore
With diadem of pearl thy temples fair.
Chase hence the ugly night,
Which serves but to make dear thy glorious light.
This is the morn should bring unto this grove
My Love, to hear, and recompence my love!
Fair king, who all preserves,
But shew thy blushing beams;
And thou two sweeter eyes
Shall see, than those which by Penéus' streams
Did once thy heart surprise.
Now Flora decks herself in fairest guise.
If that, ye winds, would hear
A voice surpassing far Amphion's lyre,
Your furious chiding stay;
Let zephyr only breathe,
And with her tresses play.
The winds all silent are,
And Phœbus in his chair
Ensaffroning sea and air,
Makes vanish every star.
Night, like a drunkard, reels
Beyond the hills, to shun his flaming wheels.
The fields with flowers are deck'd in every hue,
The clouds with orient gold spangle their blue;
Here is the pleasant place,
And nothing wanting is, save she, alas!

THOMAS HEYWOOD.

SHEPHERD's SONG.

WE that have known no greater state
Than this we live in, praise our fate:
For courtly silks in cares are spent,
When country's russet breeds content.
The power of sceptres we admire,
But sheep-hooks for our use desire.
Simple and low is our condition,
For here with us is no ambition;
We with the sun our flocks unfold,
Whose rising makes their fleeces gold.
" Our music from the birds we borrow,
They bidding us, we them, good-morrow."

Our habits are but coarse and plain,
Yet they defend from wind and rain;
As warm toe, in an equal eye,
As those be stain'd in scarlet dye.
The shepherd, with his home-spun lass,
As many merry hours doth pass
As courtiers with their costly girls,
Though richly deck'd in gold and pearls;
And, though but plain, to purpose woo,
Nay often with less danger too.
Those that delight in dainties store,
One stomach feed at once, no more;
And, when with homely fare we feast,
With us it doth as well digest;
And many times we better speed,
For our wild fruits no surfeits breed.
If we sometimes the willow wear,
By subtle swains that dare forswear,
We wonder whence it comes, and fear
They've been at court and learnt it there.

DAVISON.

CUPID'S PASTIME.

From Percy's Collection.

IT chanc'd of late a shepherd swain,
That went to seek his straying sheep,
Within the thicket, on the plain,
Espied a dainty nymph asleep.

Her golden hair o'erspread her face,
Her careless arms abroad were cast,
Her quiver had her pillow's place,
Her breast lay bare to every blast.

The shepherd stood and gaz'd his fill,
Nought durst he do, nought durst he say;
When chance, or else perhaps his will,
Did guide the God of Love that way.

The crafty boy thus sees her sleep,
Whom if she wak'd he durst not see,
Behind her closely seeks to creep,
Before her nap should ended be.

There come, he steals her shafts away,
And puts his own into their place;
Nor dares he any longer stay,
But ere she wakes hies thence apace.

Scarce was he gone but she awakes,
And spies the shepherd standing by,
Her bended bow, in haste she takes,
And at the simple swain lets fly.

Forth flew the shaft, and pierc'd his heart,
That to the ground he fell with pain;
But up again forthwith he starts,
And to the nymph he ran amain.

Amaz'd to see so strange a sight,
She shot, and shot, but all in vain;
The more his wounds, the more his might,
Love yielded strength amidst his pain.

Her angry eyes were great with tears,
She blames her hand, she blames her skill,
The bluntness of her shafts she fears,
And try them on herself she will.

Take heed, sweet nymph, try not thy shaft,
Each little touch will pierce thy heart;
Alas! thou know'st not Cupid's craft,
Revenge is joy, the end is smart.

Yet try she will, and pierce some bare,
Her hands were glov'd, but next her hand
Was that fair breast, that breast so rare,
That made the shepherd senseless stand.

That breast she pierc'd, and through the breast
Love found an entry to her heart;
At feeling of this new-come guest,
Lord! how the gentle nymph did start.

She runs not now, she shoots no more.
Away she throws both shaft and bow;
She seeks for what she shunn'd before,
She thinks the shepherd's haste too slow.

Though mountains meet not, lovers may,
What other lovers do did they;
The God of Love sat on a tree,
And laugh'd that pleasant sight to see.

SOME there are as fair to see to,
But by art and not by nature;
Some as tall and goodly be too,
But want beauty to their stature:
Some have gracious kind behaviour,
But are foul or simple creatures;
Some have wit but want sweet favour,
Or are proud of their good features.
Only you, and you want pity,
Are most fair, tall, kind, and witty.

WILLIAM ALEXANDER.

EXTRACT

From a Chorus in Julius Cæsar.

THIS life of ours is like a rose,
Which, whilst it beauties rare array,
Doth then enjoy the least repose;
When, virgin-like, it blush we see,
Then is't of every hand the prey,
And by each wind is blown away;
Yea, though from violence 'scaped free,
Yet doth it languish and decay.
So, whilst the courage hottest boils,
And that our life seems best to be,
It is with danger compast still,
Of which, though none it chance to kill,
As nature fails the body falls.

SONG

From the Aurora.

O Would to God a way were found,
That by some secret sympathy unknown,
My fair my fancy's depth might sound,
And know my state as clearly as her own!
Then blest, most blest were I,
No doubt, beneath the sky,
I were the happiest wight;
For if my state they knew,
It ruthless rocks would rue,
And mend me if they might.

The deepest rivers make least din,
The silent soul doth most abound in care,
Then might my breast be read within,
A thousand volumes would be written there.

Might silence shew my mind,
Sighs tell how I were pin'd;
Or looks my woes relate,
Then any pregnant wit,
That well remarked it,
Would soon discern my state.

Oft those that do deserve disdain,
For forging fancies get the best reward;
When I, who feel what they do feign,
For too much love am had in no regard.
Behold, by proof we see,
The gallant living free,
His fancies doth extend;
Where he that is o'ercome,
Rein'd with respects, stands dumb,
Still fearing to offend.

Then since in vain I plaints impart
To scornful ears, in a contemned scroll,
And since my tongue betrays my heart,
And cannot tell the anguish of my soul,
Henceforth I'll hide my losses,
And not recount the crosses
That do my joys o'erthrow;
At least, to senseless things,
Mounts, vales, woods, floods, and springs,
I shall them only show.

Ah! unaffected lines,
True models of my heart;
The world may see that in you shines
The power of passion, more than art.

WILLIAM BURTON.

THE ABSTRACT OF MELANCHOLY.

Prefixed to the Anatomy of Melancholy.

WHEN I go musing all alone,
Thinking of divers things foreknown,
When I build castles in the air,
Void of sorrow, and void of care,
Pleasing myself with phantasms sweet,
Methinks the time runs very fleet;
All my joys to this are folly,
Nought so sweet as melancholy.

When I go walking all alone,
Recounting what I have ill done,
My thoughts on me then tyrannize,
Fear and sorrow me surprise;
Whether I tarry still, or go,
Methinks the time moves very slow.
All my griefs to this are jolly,
Nought so sad as melancholy.

When to myself I act, and smile,
With pleasing thoughts the time beguile;
By a brookside, or wood so green,
Unheard, unsought for, and unseen,
A thousand pleasures do me bless,
And crown my soul with happiness.
All my joys besides are folly,
None so sweet as melancholy.

When I lie, sit, or walk alone,
I sigh, I grieve, making great moan,
In a dark grove, or irksome den,
With discontents and fumes, then
A thousand miseries at once
Mine heavy heart and fruitful eyes.
All my griefs to this are jolly,
None so sour as melancholy.

Methinks I hear, methinks I see,
Sweet music, wondrous melody,
Towns, palaces, and cities fine,
Here now, then there, the world is mine;
Rare beauties, gallant ladies shine,
Whate'er is lovely or divine.
All other joys to this are folly,
None so sweet as melancholy.

Methinks I hear, methinks I see
Ghosts, goblins, fiends, my phantasie
Presents a thousand ugly shapes,
Headless bears, black men, and apes,
Doleful outcries, fearful sights,
My sad and dismal soul affrights.
All my griefs to this are jolly,
None so damn'd as melancholy.

Methinks I court, methinks I kiss,
Methinks I now embrace my miss;
O blessed days, O sweet content,
In paradise my time is spent!
Such thought may still my fancy move,
So may I ever be in love!
All my joys to this are folly,
Nought so sweet as melancholy.

When I recount love's many frights,
My sighs and tears, my waking nights,
My jealous fits; O mine hard fate
I now repent, but 'tis too late.
No torment is so bad as love,
So bitter to my soul can prove.
All my griefs to this are jolly,
Nought so harsh as melancholy.

Friends and companions, get you gone:
'Tis my desire to be alone.
Ne'er well, but when my thoughts and I
Do domineer in privacy.

No gem, no treasure like to this,
'Tis my delight, my crown, my bliss.
All my joys to this are folly,
Nought so sweet as melancholy.

'Tis my sole plague to be alone,
I am a beast, a monster grown,
I will no light nor company,
I find it now my misery.
The scene is turn'd, my joys are gone,
Fear, discontent, and sorrows come.
All my griefs to this are jolly,
Nought so fierce as melancholy.

I'll not change life with any king,
I ravish'd am! can the world bring
More joy, than still to laugh and smile,
In pleasant toys time to beguile?
Do not, O do not trouble me,
So sweet content I feel and see.
All my joys to this are folly,
None so divine as melancholy.

I'll change my state with any wretch
Thou canst from jail or dunghill fetch.
My pain's past cure; another hell;
I cannot in this torment dwell;
Now, desperate, I hate my life:
Lend me a halter or a knife.
All my griefs to this are jolly,
Nought so damn'd as melancholy.

Dr. CORBET.

THE FAIRIES FAREWELL.

FAREWELL, rewards and Fairies!
Good housewives now may say;
For now foule sluts in dairies
Doe fare as well as they;
And though they sweepe their hearths no less
Than mayds were wont to doe,
Yet who of late for cleaneliness
Finds six-pence in her shoe?

Lament, lament, old Abbies,
The fairies lost command!
They did but change priests babies,
But some have chang'd your land:
And all your children stoln from thence
Are now growne Puritanes,
Who live as changelings ever since,
For love of your demaines.

At morning and at evening both
You merry were and glad,
So little care of sleepe and sloth
These prettie ladies had.
When Tom came home from labour,
Or Ciss to milking rose,
Then merrily went their tabour,
And nimbly went their toes.

Witness those rings and roundelayes
Of theirs, which yet remaine;
Were footed in queen Maries dayes
On many a grassy playne.
But since of late Elizabeth
And later James came in;
They never danc'd on any heath,
As when the time had been.

By which wee note the fairies
Were of the old profession:
Their songs were Ave Maries,
Their dances were procession.
But now, alas! they all are dead,
Or gone beyond the seas,
Or farther for religion fled,
Or else they take their ease.

A tell-tale in their company
They never could endure;
And whoso kept not secretly
Their mirth, was punish'd sure:
It was a just and christian deed
To pinch such blacke and blue:
O how the common-welth doth need
Such justices as you!

Now they have left our quarters;
A Register they have,
Who can preserve their charters;
A man both wise and grave.
An hundred of their merry pranks
By one that I could name
Are kept in store; con twenty thanks
To William for the same.

To William Churne of Staffordshire
Give laud and praises due,
Who every meale can mend your cheare
With tales both old and true;
To William all give audience,
And pray yee for his noddle;
For all the fairies evidence
Were lost, if it were addle.

SONG.

IF the quick spirits in your eye
Now languish, and anon must die;
If every sweet, and every grace,
Must fly from that forsaken face,
Then, Celia, let us reap our joys,
Ere time such goodly fruit destroys.

Or, if that golden fleece must grow
For ever, free from aged snow;
If those bright suns must know no shade,
Nor your fresh beauties ever fade,
Then fear not, Celia, to bestow
What still being gather'd, still must grow.
Thus, either Time his sickle brings
In vain, or else in vain his wings.

SONG.

HE that loves a rosy cheek,
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from star-like eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain his fires;
As old time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and steadfast mind,
Gentle thoughts, and calm desires,
Hearts with equal love combin'd,
Kindle never-dying fires;
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes.

ASK me why I send you here,
This firstling of the winter year;
Ask me why I send to you
This primrose, all bepearl'd with dew;
I straight will whisper in your ears,
The sweets of love are wash'd with tears.

Ask me why this flow'r doth shew
So yellow, green, and sickly too,
Ask me why the stalk is weak
And bending, yet it doth not break;
I must tell you, these discover
What doubts and fears are in a lover.

THE INQUIRY.

AMONGST the myrtles as I walked,
Love and my sighs thus intertalked:
"Tell me (said I, in deep distress)
"Where may I find my shepherdess?"

"Thou fool (said Love), know'st thou not this,
"In every thing that's good she is?
"In yonder tulip go and seek,
"There may'st thou find her lip, her cheek:

"In yon enamell'd pansy by,
"There thou shalt have her curious eye;
"In bloomy peach, in rosy bud,
"There wave the streamers of her blood."

"'Tis true," said I; and thereupon
I went to pluck them one by one,
To make of parts a union:
But, on a sudden, all was gone,
With that I stopt; said Love, "These be,
"Fond man, resemblances of thee.

"And, as these flow'rs, thy joys shall die,
"Ev'n in the twinkling of an eye:
"And all thy hopes of her shall wither
"Like those short sweets thus knit together."

UNGRATEFUL BEAUTY THREATENED.

KNOW, Celia (since thou art so proud)
'Twas I that gave thee thy renown;
Thou hadst, in the forgotten crowd
Of common beauties, liv'd unknown,
Had not my verse exhal'd thy name,
And with it impt the wings of fame.

That killing power is none of thine,
I gave it to thy voice and eyes;
Thy sweets, thy graces, all are mine;
Thou art my star, shin'st in my skies:
Then dart not from thy borrow'd sphere
Lightning on him that fix'd thee there.

Tempt me with such affrights no more,
Lest what I made I uncreate,
Let fools thy mystic forms adore,
I'll know thee in thy mortal state.
Wise poets, that wrap truth in tales,
Know her themselves through all her veils.

NOW that the Winter's gone, the Earth hath lost
Her snow-white robes; and now no more the Frost
Candies the grass, or casts an icy cream
Upon the silver lake, or crystal stream:
But the warm Sun thaws the benumbed earth,
And makes it tender; gives a second birth
To the dead swallow; wakes in hollow tree
The drowsy cuckoo, and the humble bee.
Now, do a choir of Chirping Minstrels bring
In triumph to the world the youthful Spring;
The valleys, hills and woods, in rich array,
Welcome the Morning of the longed-for May.
Now all things smile! only my Love doth lour!
Nor hath the scalding noonday sun the pow'r

To melt the marble ice that still doth hold
Her heart congeal'd, and make her pity cold.
The ox, which lately did for shelter fly
Into the stall, doth now securely lie
In open fields; and love no more is made
By the fireside; but in the cooler shade
Amyntas now doth with his Chloris sleep,
Under a sycamore; and all things keep
Time with the Season.—Only she doth carry
June in her eyes; in her heart, January!

ASK me no more—where Jove bestows,
When June is past, the fading rose?
For in your beauties' orient deep,
These flowers, as in their causes, sleep.

Ask me no more—whither do stray
The golden atoms of the Day;
For, in pure love, Heaven did prepare
Those powders to enrich your hair.

Ask me no more—whither doth haste
The Nightingale, when May is past;
For in your sweet-dividing throat
She winters, and keeps warm her note.

Ask me no more—where those Stars light,
That downwards fall in dead of night;
For in your eyes they sit, and there
Fixed become, as in their sphere.

Ask me no more—if east or west,
The Phœnix builds her spicy nest;
For unto you, at last, she flies,
And in your fragrant bosom dies!

SHIRLEY.

DEATH's FINAL CONQUEST.

THE glories of our birth and state
  Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armour against fate;
  Death lays his icy hands on kings.
    Sceptre and crown
    Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
  And plant fresh laurels where they kill;
But their strong nerves at last must yield;
  They tame but one another still.
    Early or late,
    They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath,
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow,
  Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
Upon death's purple altar now,
  See where the victor victim bleeds.
    All heads must come
    To the cold tomb;
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust.

HABINGTON.

TO THE SUN.

THOU art return'd, great Light, to that blest hour
In which I first, by marriage' sacred power,
Join'd with Castara hearts; and as the same
Thy lustre is as then, so is our flame:
Which had increas'd, but that by love's decree
'Twas such at first—it ne'er could greater be!
But tell me, glorious Lamp! in thy survey
Of things below thee, what did not decay
By age to weakness? I, since that, have seen
The Rose bud forth and fade; the Tree grow green,
And wither; and the beauty of the field
With Winter wrinkled: even thyself dost yield
Something to Time, and to the grave fall nigher:
But Virtuous Love is one sweet, endless fire!

THE DESCRIPTION OF CASTARA.

LIKE the violet, which alone
Prospers in some happy shade,
My Castara lives unknown,
To no looser eye betray'd;
For she's to herself untrue,
Who delights i'th' public view.

Such is her beauty, as no arts
Have enrich'd with borrow'd grace;
Her high birth no pride imparts,
For she blushes in her place;
Folly boasts a glorious blood—
She is noblest, being good.

She her throne makes reason climb,
Whilst wild passions captive lie;
And, each article of time,
Her pure thoughts to heaven fly.
All her vows religious be,
And her love she vows to me.

TO CASTARA.

GIVE me a heart, where no impure
Disorder'd passions rage;
Which jealousy doth not obscure,
Nor vanity t' expence engage:
Nor woo'd to madness by quaint oaths,
Or the fine rhetoric of cloaths,
Which not the softness of the age
To vice or folly doth incline:
Give me that heart, Castara, for 'tis thine.

Take thou a heart, where no new look
Provokes new appetite;
With no fresh charm of beauty took,
Or wanton stratagem of wit;
Not idly wandering here and there,
Led by an amorous eye or ear,
Aiming each beauteous mark to hit;
Which virtue doth to one confine:
Take thou that heart, Castara, for 'tis mine.

SONG.

FINE young Folly, tho' you were
That fair beauty I did swear,
Yet you ne'er could touch my heart;
For we courtiers learn at school,
Only with your sex to fool—
You're not worth the serious part.

When I sigh and kiss your hand,
Cross my arms, and wond'ring stand,
Holding parley with your eye:
Then dilate on my desires,
Swear the sun ne'er shot such fires,
All is but a handsome lie.

When I eye your curl or lace,
Gentle soul, you think your face

Straight some murder doth commit;
And your virtue doth begin
To grow scrupulous of my sin,
When I talk to shew my wit.

Therefore, Madam, wear no cloud,
Nor to check my love grow proud,
For in sooth, I much do doubt
'Tis the powder on your hair,
Not your breath, perfumes the air,
And your cloaths that set you out.

Yet though truth has this confess'd,
And I vow, I love in jest,
When I next begin to court,
And protest an amorous flame,
You will swear I in earnest am,
Bedlam! this is pretty sport.

TO ROSES, IN THE BOSOM OF CASTARA.

YE, blushing Virgins! happy are
In the chaste nunnery of her breasts;
For he'd profane so chaste a fair,
Who e'er should call them Cupid's nests!

Transplanted thus, how bright ye grow!
How rich a perfume do ye yield!
In some close garden, cowslips so
Are sweeter than in the' open field.

In those white cloysters live secure
From the rude blasts of wanton breath,
Each hour more innocent and pure,
Till you shall wither into death.

Then, that which living gave you room,
Your glorious sepulchre shall be;
There wants no marble for a tomb,
Whose breast hath marble been to me!

RETIREMENT.

DO not their prófane orgies hear,
Who but to wealth no altars rear;
The soul's oft poison'd through the ear:

Castara! rather seek to dwell
In the' silence of a private cell:
Rich Discontent's a glorious hell!

Yet, Hindlip doth not want extent
Of room, though not magnificent,
To give free welcome to content.

There, shalt thou see the early Spring
That wealthy stock of nature bring,
Of which the Sybil's books did sing:

From fruitless palms shall honey flow;
And barren Winter harvest show,
While lilies in his bosom grow:

No north-wind shall the corn infest,
But the soft spirit of the East
Our scent with perfum'd banquets feast:

A Satyr, here and there, shall trip
In hope to purchase leave to sip
Sweet nectar from a Fairy's lip:

The Nymphs, with quivers shall adorn
Their active sides; and rouse the morn
With the shrill music of the horn:

Waken'd with which, and viewing thee,
Fair Daphné her fair self shall free
From the chaste prison of a tree;

And with Narcissus, (to thy face
Who humbly will ascribe all grace)
Shall once again pursue the chase.

So they whose wisdom did discuss
Of these as fictious, shall in us
Find they were more than fabulous!

RANDOLPH.

FAIR Lady, when you see the grace
Of beauty in your looking-glass—
A stately forehead, smooth and high,
And full of princely majesty;
A sparkling eye, no gem so fair,
Whose lustre dims the cyprian star;
A glorious cheek, divinely sweet,
Wherein both roses kindly meet;
A cherry lip that would entice
Even gods to kiss, at any price;
You think no beauty is so rare,
That with your shadow might compare,
That your reflection is alone
The thing that men most doat upon.
Madam, alas! your glass doth lie;
And you are much deceiv'd, for I
A beauty know of richer grace.
Sweet! be not angry—'tis your face.
Hence then, O learn more mild to be,
And leave to lay your blame on me!
If me your real substance move,
When you so much your shadow love.
Wise nature would not let your eye
Look on her own bright majesty,
Which had you once but gaz'd upon,
You could except yourself love none:
What then you cannot love, let me—
That face I can, you cannot see!

"Now, you have what you love (you'll say),
What then is left for me, I pray?"
My face, sweet Heart! if it please thee;
That which you can, I cannot see.
So either love shall gain his due,
Your's, Sweet! in me, and mine in you!

ODE.

COME, spur away,
I have no patience for a longer stay,
But must go down
And leave the chargeable noise of this great town:
I will the country see
Where old simplicity
Tho' hid in grey,
Doth look more gay
Than foppery in plush and scarlet clad.
Farewel you city wits, that are
Almost at civil war;
'Tis time that I grow wise when all the world grows mad.
More of my days
I will not spend to gain an idiot's praise:
Or to make sport
For some slight puny of the inns of court.
Then, worthy Stafford, say,
How shall we spend the day?
With what delights
Shorten the nights
When from this tumult we are got secure;
Where mirth with all her freedom goes,
Yet shall no finger lose
Where every word is thought, and every thought is pure.
There, from the tree
We'll cherries pluck, and pick the strawberry;
And every day
Go see the wholesome girls make hay,
Whose brown bath lovelier grace
Than any painted face
That I do know
Hyde Park can shew;

Where I had rather gain a kiss, than meet
(Though some of them, in greater state,
Might court my love with plate)
The beauties of the Cheape, and wives of Lombard street.
But think upon
Some other pleasures, these to me are none.
Why do I prate
Of women, that are things against my fate?
I never mean to wed
That torture to my bed.
My muse is she
My love shall be:
Let clowns get wealth and heirs!—when I am gone,
And the great bugbear, grisly death,
Shall take this idle breath,
If I a poem leave, that poem is my son.
Of this no more—
We'll rather taste the bright Pomona's store;
No fruit shall 'scape
Our palates, from the damson to the grape.
Then full, we'll seek a shade,
And hear what music's made;
How Philomel
Her tale doth tell,
And how the other birds do fill the quire,
The thrush and blackbird lend their throats,
Warbling melodious notes,
We will all sports enjoy, which others but desire.
Ours is the sky
Where, at what fowl we please, our hawks shall fly.
Nor will we spare
To hunt the crafty fox, or tim'rous hare;
But let our hounds run loose
In any ground they choose:
The buck shall fall,
The stag and all.

Our pleasures must from their own warrants be,
For to my muse, if not to me,
I am sure all game is free;
Heav'n, earth, are all but parts of her great royalty.
And when we mean
To taste of Bacchus' blessings now and then,
And drink by stealth
A cup or two to noble Barkley's health,
I'll take my pipe and try
The Phrygian melody,
Which he that hears
Lets through his ears
A madness to distemper all the brain.
Then I another pipe will take,
And Doric music make,
To civilize with graver notes our wits again.

RICHARD LOVELACE.

SONNET.

WHEN love, with uncoafined wings,
Hovers within my gates;
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at my grates;
When I lie tangled in her hair,
And fetter'd with her eye,
The birds that wanton in the air
Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round,
With no allaying Thames,
Our careless heads with roses crown'd,
Our hearts with loyal flames;
When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
When healths and draughts go free,
Fishes, that tipple in the deep,
Know no such liberty.

When linnet like confined, I
With shriller note shall sing,
The mercy, sweetness, majesty
And glories of my king:
When I shall voice aloud how good
He is, how great should be,
Th' enlarged winds that curl the flood
Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage,
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for a hermitage.
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone that soar above
Enjoy such liberty.

SONG.

WHY dost thou say I am forsworn,
Since thine I vow'd to be?
Lady, it is already morn;
It was last night I swore to thee
That fond impossibility.

Yet have I lov'd thee well, and long;
A tedious twelve-hours' space!
I should all other beauties wrong,
And rob thee of a new embrace,
Did I still doat upon that face.

SONG.

AMARANTHA, sweet and fair,
Ah! braid no more that shining hair;
As my curious hand or eye
Hovering round thee, let it fly.

Let it fly as unconfin'd
As its calm ravisher the wind;
Who hath left his darling east
To wanton o'er that spicy nest.

Every tress, must be confest,
But neatly tangled at the best;
Like a clew of golden thread,
Most excellently ravelled.

Do not then bind up that light
In ribands, and o'ercloud in night,
But, like the sun in's early ray,
Shake your head, and scatter day!

E. SHERBURNE.

EXTRACT

From the Sun-rise; a Poem.

THOU youthful goddess of the morn,
Whose blush they in the east adore,
Daughter of Phœbus, who before
Thy all-enlightening sire art born!
Haste, and restore the day to me,
That my love's beauteous object I may see.

Too much of time the night devours,
The cock's shrill voice calls thee again,
Then quickly mount thy golden wain,
Drawn by the softly-sliding hours,
And make apparent to all eyes
With what enamel thou dost paint the skies.

Ah, now I see the sweetest dawn!
Thrice welcome to my longing sight!
Hail, divine beauty, heavenly light;
I see thee through yon cloud of lawn
Appear, and as thy star does glide,
Blanching with rays the east on every side.

Dull silence, and the drowsy king
Of sad and melancholy dreams,
Now fly before thy cheerful beams,
The darkest shadows vanquishing:
The owl, that all the night did keep
A hooting, now is fled and gone to sleep.

But all those little birds, whose notes
Sweetly the listening ear enthral,
To the clear water's murmuring fall
Accord their disagreeing throats:
The lustre of that greater star
Praising, to which thou art but harbinger.

With holy reverence inspir'd,
When first the day renews its light,
The earth, at so divine a sight,
Seems, as if all one altar fir'd,
Reeking with perfumes to the skies,
Which she presents, her native sacrifice.

The humble shepherd, to his rays
Having his humble homage paid,
And to some cool retired shade
Driven his bleating flocks to graze,
Sits down, delighted with the sight
Of that great lamp, so mild, so fair, so bright.

The bee, through flow'ry gardens goes
Buzzing, to drink the morning's tears,
And from the early lily bears
A kiss commended to the rose,
And, like a wary messenger,
Whispers some amorous story in her ear.*
&c. &c. &c.

* The remainder of this poem would now be thought forced and unnatural.

SIR ROBERT HOWARD.

SONG

To the inconstant Cynthia.

IN thy fair breast, and once fair soul,
I thought my vows were writ alone:
But others' oaths so blurred the scroll,
That I no more could read my own.
And am I still oblig'd to pay
When you had thrown the bond away?

Nor must we only part in joy,
Our tears as well must be unkind;
Weep you, that could such truth destroy,
And I that did such falseness find.
Thus we must unconcern'd remain
In our divided joys and pain.
Yet we may love, but on this different score,
You what I am, I what you were before.

THE RESOLUTION.

NO, Cynthia, never think I can
Love a divided heart and mind;
Your sunshine love to every man,
Appears alike as great as kind.

None but the duller Persians kneel,
And the bright god of beams implore;
Whilst others equal influence feel,
That never did the god adore.

Though I resolve to love no more,
Since I did once, I will advise:
The love of conquests now give o'er;
Disquiets wait on victories.

To your much injured peace and name,
  Love's farewel as a tribute pay;
Grow more reserv'd, and raise your fame
  By your own choice, not your decay.

She that to age her charms resigns,
  And then at last turns votary,
Though virtue much the change inclines,
  'Tis sullied by necessity.

ROBERT HEATH.

STANZAS

On Clarastella saying she would commit herself to a Nunnery.

STAY, Clarastella, prithee stay!
Recal those frantic vows again!
Wilt thou thus cast thyself away,
As well as me, in fond disdain?
Wilt thou be cruel to thyself? chastise
Thy harmless body, 'cause thy powerful eyes
Have charm'd my senses by a strange surprise?

Is it a sin to be beloved?
If but the cause you could remove
Soon the effect would be removed;
Where beauty is, there will be love.
Nature, that wisely nothing made in vain,
Did make you lovely to be lov'd again,
And, when such beauty tempts, can love refrain?

When Heaven was prodigal to you,
And you with beauty's glory stored,
He made you like himself for view,
To be beheld and then adored.
Why should the gold then fear to see that sun
That form'd it pure? Why should you live a nun,
And hide those rays Heav'n gave to you alone?

Thyself a holy temple art,
Where love shall teach us both to pray;
I'll make an altar of my heart,
And incense on thy lips I'll lay.
Thy mouth shall be my oracle, and then
For beads we'll tell our kisses o'er again,
Till they, breath'd from our souls, shall cry, amen.

SONG.

ANACREONTIC.

INVEST my head with fragrant rose,
That on fair Flora's bosom grows!
Distend my veins with purple juice,
That mirth may through my soul diffuse.
'Tis wine and love, and love in wine,
Inspires our youth with flames divine.

Thus, crown'd with Paphian myrtle, I
In Cyprian shades will bathing lie;
Whose snows if too much cooling, then
Bacchus shall warm my blood again.
'Tis wine and love, and love in wine,
Inspires our youth with flames divine.

Life's short and winged pleasures fly;
Who mourning live, do living die.
On down and floods then, swan-like, I
Will stretch my limbs, and singing die.
'Tis wine and love, and love in wine,
Inspires our youth with flames divine.

ROBERT HERRICK.

THE MAD MAID's SONG.

GOOD-morrow to the day so fair;
Good-morrow, Sir, to you;
Good-morrow to mine own torn hair,
Bedabbled with the dew.

Good-morrow to this primrose too;
Good-morrow to each maid,
That will with flow'rs the tomb bestrew
Wherein my love is laid.

I'll seek him there! I know, ere this,
The cold, cold earth doth shake him;
But I will go, or send a kiss
By you, Sir, to awake him.

Pray, hurt him not; though he be dead
He knows well who do love him;
And who with green-turfs rear his head,
And who do rudely move him.

He's soft and tender—pray, take heed—
With bands of cowslips bind him;*
And bring him home—but 'tis decreed
That I shall never find him.

AS Julia once a slumbering lay
It chanc'd a Bee did fly that way,
After a dew, or dew-like shower,
To tipple freely in a flower.
For some rich flower, he took the lip
Of Julia, and began to sip;
But when he felt he suck'd from thence
Honey, and in the quintessence,
He drank so much he scarce could stir,
So Julia took the Pilferer.

And thus surpris'd, as filchers use,
He thus began himself to' excuse:
Sweet *Lady-Flower*, I never brought
Hither the least one thieving thought;
But taking those rare lips of yours
For some fresh, fragrant, luscious flowers,
I thought I might there take a taste,
Where so much Syrup ran at waste.
Besides, know this, I never sting
The flower that gives me nourishing;
But with a kiss, or thanks, do pay
For honey that I bear away.
This said, he laid his little scrip
Of honey 'fore her Ladyship:
And told her, as some tears did fall,
That *that* he took, and that was all.
At which she smil'd, and bade him go
And take his bag; but thus much know,
When next he came a pilfering so,
He should from her full lips derive,
Honey enough to fill his hive.

SIR HENRY WOTTON.

SONNET.

YOU meaner beauties of the night,
Which poorly satisfy our eyes
More by your number than your light,
You common people of the skies,
What are you when the sun doth rise?

Ye violets that first appear,
By your pure purple mantles known,
Like the proud virgins of the year,
As if the spring were all your own,
What are you when the rose is blown?

Ye curious chanters of the wood,
That warble forth dame nature's lays,
Thinking your passions understood
By your weak accents, what's your praise
When Philomel her voice doth raise?

So, when my mistress shall be seen
In sweetness of her looks, and mind;
By virtues first, then choice, a queen,
Tell me, if she was not design'd
Th' eclipse and glory of her kind?

STANZAS

From the Reliquiæ Wottonianæ, 1672.

HEART-TEARING cares, and quivering fears,
Anxious sighs, untimely tears,
Fly, fly to courts,
Fly to fond worldlings' sports,
Where strain'd Sardonic smiles are glosing still,
And grief is fore'd to laugh against her will;
Where mirth's but mummery,
And sorrows only real be!

Fly from our country pastimes! fly,
Sad troop of human misery!
Come, serene looks,
Clear as the crystal brooks,

Or the pure azured heav'n, that smiles to see
The rich attendance of our poverty.
Peace and a secure mind,
Which all men seek, we only find.

Abused mortals! did you know
Where joy, heart's-ease, and comforts grow,
You'd scorn proud towers,
And seek them in these bowers.
Where winds sometimes our woods perhaps may shake,
But blust'ring care could never tempest make,
Nor murmurs e'er come nigh us,
Saving of fountains that glide by us.

Here's no fantastic mask, nor dance,
But of our kids, that frisk and prance;
Nor wars are seen,
Unless upon the green
Two harmless lambs are butting one another,
Which done, both bleating run each to his mother;
And wounds are never found
Save what the plough-share gives the ground.

Go! let the diving Negro seek
For gems, hid in some forlorn creek,
We all pearls scorn,
Save what the dewy morn
Congeals upon each little spire of grass,
Which careless shepherds beat down as they pass;
And gold ne'er here appears
Save what the yellow Ceres bears.

Blest, silent groves! O may ye be
For ever mirth's best nursery!
May pure contents
For ever pitch their tents
Upon these downs, these meads, these rocks, these mountains,
And peace still slumber by these purling fountains!
Which we may every year
Find, when we come a-fishing here.

Ignoto.

WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT.

SONG

In the Lady Errant.

TO carve our loves in myrtle rinds,
And tell our secrets to the woods;
To send our sighs by faithful winds,
And trust our tears unto the floods;
To call where no man hears,
And think that rocks have ears,
To walk, and rest, to live and die,
And yet not know how, whence, or why;
To have our hopes with fear still check'd,
To credit doubts, and truth suspect,
This, this is what we may
A lover's absence say.

FALSEHOOD.

STILL do the stars impart their light
To those that travel in the night;
Still time runs on, nor doth the hand
Or shadow of the dial stand:
The streams still glide and constant are;
Only thy mind
Untrue I find,
Which carelessly
Neglects to be
Like stream or shadow, hand or star.

LESBIA ON HER SPARROW.

TELL me not of joys, there's none
Now my little sparrow's gone;
He, just as you,
Would sigh and woo,

He would chirp and flatter me;
He would hang the wing awhile,
Till at length he saw me smile,
Lord! how sullen he would be!

He would catch a crumb, and then
Sporting let it go again;
He from my lip,
Would moisture sip;
He would from my trencher feed,
Then would hop, and then would run,
And cry *Philip* when h' had done;
Oh! whose heart can choose but bleed?

Oh! how eager would he fight,
And ne'er hurt tho' he did bite;
No morn did pass,
But on my glass
He would sit, and mark and do
What I did; now ruffle all
His feathers o'er, now let them fall,
And then straightway sleek them too.

Where will Cupid get his darts
Feather'd now, to pierce our hearts?
A wound he may,
Not love, convey;
Now this faithful bird is gone,
Oh! let mournful turtles join
With loving redbreasts, and combine
To sing dirges o'er his stone.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING. 1609-1641

SONG.

WHY so pale and wan, fond lover?
Prithee, why so pale?
Will, if looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Prithee, why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
Prithee, why so mute?
Will, if speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing do't?
Prithee, why so mute?

Quit, quit for shame; this will not move,
This cannot take her;
If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her.
The Devil take her!

SONG.

HONEST lover whosoever,
If in all thy love there ever
Was one wavering thought, if thy flame
Were not still even, still the same;
Know this,
Thou lov'st amiss,
And to love true,
Thou must begin again, and love anew.

If, when she appears i'th' room,
Thou dost not quake, and art struck dumb,
And in striving this to cover
Dost not speak thy words twice over;
Know this,
Thou lov'st amiss,
And to love true,
Thou must begin again, and love anew.

If fondly thou dost not mistake,
And all defects for graces take;
  Persuad'st thyself that jests are broken,
  When she hath little or nothing spoken;
    Know this,
    Thou lov'st amiss,
And to love true,
Thou must begin again, and love anew.

If when thou appear'st to be within,
Thou let'st not men ask, and ask again,
  And when thou answer'st, if it be
  To what was ask'd thee properly;
    Know this,
    Thou lov'st amiss,
And to love true,
Thou must begin again, and love anew.

If when thy stomach calls to eat,
Thou cut'st not fingers 'stead of meat;
  And, with much gazing on her face,
  Dost not rise hungry from the place;
    Know this,
    Thou lov'st amiss,
And to love true,
Thou must begin again, and love anew.

If by this thou dost discover
That thou art no perfect lover;
  And, desiring to love true,
  Thou dost begin to love anew,
    Know this,
    Thou lov'st amiss,
And to love true,
Thou must begin again, and love anew.

SONG.

'TIS now, since I sat down before
  That foolish fort, a heart,
(Time strangely spent!) a year and more,
And still I did my part.

Made my approaches, from her hand
Unto her lip did rise;
And did already understand
The language of her eyes.

Proceeded on with no less art,
My tongue was engineer;
I thought to undermine the heart,
By whispering in the ear.

When this did nothing, I brought down
Great cannon oaths and shot,
A thousand thousand to the town,
And still it yielded not.

I then resolv'd to starve the place,
By cutting off all kisses,
Praising and gazing on her face,
And all such little blisses.

To draw her out and from her strength,
I drew all batteries in;
And brought myself to lie, at length,
As if no siege had been.

When I had done what man could do,
And thought the place my own,
The enemy lay quiet too,
And smil'd at all was done.

I sent to know from whence, and where,
These hopes and this relief?
A spy inform'd, honour was there,
And did command in chief.

March, march (quoth I); the word straight give,
Let's lose no time, but leave her;
That giant upon air will live,
And hold it out for ever.

To such a place our camp remove
As will no siege abide;
I hate a fool that starves her love,
Only to feed her pride.

ANONYMOUS.

SONG.

I Do confess thou'rt smooth and fair,
And I might have been brought to love thee;
But that I found the slightest pray'r
That breath could move, had power to move thee;
But I can leave thee now alone
As worthy to be lov'd by none.

I do confess thou'rt sweet, but find
Thee such an unthrift of thy sweets,
Thy favours are but like the wind
That kisseth every thing it meets.
Then, since thou canst with more than one,
Thou'rt worthy to be kiss'd by none.

The virgin rose, that untouch'd stands,
Arm'd with its briers, how sweet it smells!
But pluck'd and strain'd through ruder hands,
Its sweet no longer with it dwells.
But scent and beauty both are gone,
And leaves drop from it one by one.

Such fate, ere long, will thee betide,
When thou hast handled been a while;
With sear-flow'rs to be thrown aside,
And I shall sigh, while some will smile.
To see thy love for every one
Hath brought thee to be lov'd by none!

COWLEY.

THE MOTTO.

" Tentanda via est, &c."

WHAT shall I do to be for ever known,
And make the age to come my own?
I shall, like beasts or common people, die,
Unless you write my elegy;
Whilst others great, by being born, are grown;
Their mothers' labour, not their own.
In this scale gold, in th' other fame does lie,
The weight of that mounts this so high.
These men are Fortune's jewels, moulded bright;
Brought forth with their own fire and light:
If I, her vulgar stone, for either look,
Out of myself it must be strook.
Yet I must on; What sound is't strikes mine ear?
Sure I Fame's trumpet hear:
It sounds like the last trumpet; for it can
Raise up the buried man.
Unpast Alps stop me; but I 'll cut them all,
And march, the Muses' Hannibal.
Hence, all the flattering vanities that lay
Nets of roses in the way!
Hence, the desire of honours or estate,
And all that is not above Fate!
Hence, Love himself, that tyrant of my days!
Which intercepts my coming praise.
Come, my best friends, my books! and lead me on;
'Tis time that I were gone.
Welcome, great Stagyrite! and teach me now
All I was born to know:
Thy scholar's victories thou dost far out-do;
He conquer'd th' earth, the whole world you.
Welcome, learn'd Cicero! whose blest tongue and wit
Preserves Rome's greatness yet:

Thou art the first of Orators ; only he
Who best can praise thee, next must be.
Welcome the Mantuan swan, Virgil the wise!
Whose verse walks highest, but not flies ;
Who brought green Poesy to her perfect age,
And made that Art which was a Rage.
Tell me, ye mighty Three! what shall I do
To be like one of you?
But you have clim'd the mountain's top, there sit
On the calm flourishing head of it,
And, whilst with wearied steps we upward go,
See us, and clouds, below.

ODE.

OF WIT.

TELL me, O tell, what kind of thing is Wit,
Thou who master art of it?
For the first matter loves variety less;
Less women love't, either in love or dress.
A thousand different shapes it bears,
Comely in thousand shapes appears.
Yonder we saw it plain; and here 't is now,
Like spirits, in a place we know not how.

London, that vents of false ware so much store,
In no ware deceives us more;
For men, led by the colour and the shape,
Like Zeuxis' birds, fly to the painted grape.
Some things do through our judgment pass
As through a multiplying-glass;
And sometimes, if the object be too far,
We take a falling meteor for a star.

Hence 't is a Wit, that greatest word of fame,
Grows such a common name;
And Wits by our creation they become,
Just so as titular bishops made at Rome.

'T is not a tale, 't is not a jest
Admir'd with laughter at a feast,
Nor florid talk, which can that title gain;
The proofs of Wit for ever must remain.

'T is not to force some lifeless verses meet
With their five gouty feet.
All, every-where, like man's, must be the soul,
And Reason the inferior powers control.
Such were the numbers which could call
The stones into the Theban wall.
Such miracles are ceas'd; and now we see
No towns or houses rais'd by poetry.

Yet 't is not to adorn and gild each part;
That shows more cost than art.
Jewels at nose and lips but ill appear;
Rather than all things Wit, let none be there.
Several lights will not be seen,
If there be nothing else between.
Men doubt, because they stand so thick i' th' sky,
If those be stars which paint the Galaxy.

'T is not when two like words make up one noise
(Jests for Dutch men and English boys);
In which who finds out Wit, the same may see
In an'grams and acrostick poetry:
Much less can that have any place
At which a virgin hides her face;
Such dross the fire must purge away: 't is just
The author blush there, where the reader must.

'T is not such lines as almost crack the stage
When Bajazet begins to rage;
Nor a tall metaphor in the bombast way;
Nor the dry chips of short-lung'd Seneca;
Nor upon all things to obtrude
And force some odd similitude.
What is it then, which, like the Power Divine,
We only can by negatives define?

In a true piece of Wit all things must be,
Yet all things there agree;
As in the ark, join'd without force or strife,
All creatures dwelt; all creatures that had life:
Or, as the primitive forms of all
(If we compare great things with small)
Which, without discord or confusion, lie
In that strange mirror of the Deity.

But Love, that moulds one man up out of two,
Makes me forget, and injure you:
I took you for myself, sure, when I thought
That you in any thing were to be taught.
Correct my error with thy pen;
And, if any ask me then
What thing right Wit and height of Genius is,
I'll only shew your lines, and say, 'T is this.

ON THE DEATH OF Mr. W. HERVEY.

" Immodicis brevis est ætas, & rara senectus." Mart.

IT was a dismal and a fearful night,
Scarce could the morn drive on th' unwilling light,
When sleep, death's image, left my troubled breast,
By something liker death possest.
My eyes with tears did uncommanded flow,
And on my soul hung the dull weight
Of some intolerable fate.
What bell was that? ah me! too much I know.

My sweet companion, and my gentle peer,
Why hast thou left me thus unkindly here,
Thy end for ever, and my life, to moan?
O, thou hast left me all alone!
Thy soul and body, when Death's agony
Besieg'd around thy noble heart,
Did not with more reluctance part,
Than I, my dearest friend! do part from thee.

My dearest friend, would I had dy'd for thee!
Life and this world henceforth will tedious be.
Nor shall I know hereafter what to do,
If once my griefs prove tedious too.
Silent and sad I walk about all day,
As sullen ghosts stalk speechless by
Where their hid treasures lie;
Alas! my treasure's gone! why do I stay?

He was my friend, the truest friend on earth;
A strong and mighty influence join'd our birth;
Nor did we envy the most sounding name
By friendship given of old to fame.
None but his brethren he and sisters knew,
Whom the kind youth preferr'd to me;
And ev'n in that we did agree,
For much above myself I lov'd them too.

Say, for you saw us, ye immortal lights,
How oft unweary'd have we spent the nights,
Till the Ledæan stars, so fam'd for love,
Wonder'd at us from above!
We spent them not in toys, in lusts, or wine;
But search of deep Philosophy,
Wit, Eloquence, and Poetry,
Arts which I lov'd, for they, my friend, were thine.

Ye fields of Cambridge, our dear Cambridge, say
Have ye not seen us walking every day?
Was there a tree about which did not know
The love betwixt us two?
Henceforth, ye gentle trees, for ever fade;
Or your sad branches thicker join,
And into darkesome shades combine,
Dark as the grave wherein my friend is laid!

Henceforth, no learned youths beneath you sing,
Till all the tuneful birds to' your boughs they bring;
No tuneful birds play with their wonted chear,
And call the learned youths to hear;

No whistling winds through the glad branches fly:
But all, with sad solemnity,
Mute and unmoved be,
Mute as the grave wherein my friend does lie.

To him my Muse made haste with every strain,
Whilst it was new and warm yet from the brain:
He lov'd my worthless rhymes, and, like a friend,
Would find out something to commend.
Hence now, my Muse! thou canst not me delight:
Be this my latest verse,
With which I now adorn his hearse;
And this my grief, without thy help, shall write.

Had I a wreath of bays about my brow,
I should contemn that flourishing honour now;
Condemn it to the fire, and joy to hear
It rage and crackle there.
Instead of bays, crown with sad cypress me;
Cypress, which tombs does beautify:
Not Phœbus griev'd, so much as I,
For him who first was made that mournful tree.

Large was his soul; as large a soul as e'er
Submitted to inform a body here;
High as the place 't was shortly' in heaven to have,
But low and humble as his grave:
So high, that all the Virtues there did come,
As to their chiefest seat
Conspicuous and great;
So low, that for me too it made a room.

He scorn'd this busy world below, and all
That we, mistaken mortals! pleasure call;
Was fill'd with innocent gallantry and truth,
Triumphant o'er the sins of youth.
He, like the stars, to which he now is gone,
That shine with beams like flame,
Yet burn not with the same,
Had all the light of youth, of the fire none.

Knowledge he only sought, and so soon caught,
As if for him Knowledge had rather sought:
Nor did more Learning ever crowded lie
In such a short mortality.
Whene'er the skilful youth discours'd or writ,
Still did the notions throng
About his eloquent tongue,
Nor could his ink flow faster than his wit.

So strong a wit did Nature to him frame,
As all things but his judgment overcame;
His judgment like the heavenly moon did show,
Tempering that mighty sea below.
Oh! had he liv'd in Learning's world, what bound
Would have been able to control
His over-powering soul!
We 've lost in him arts that not yet are found.

His mirth was the pure spirits of various wit,
Yet never did his God or friends forget;
And, when deep talk and wisdom came in view,
Retir'd, and gave to them their due:
For the rich help of books he always took,
Though his own searching mind before
Was so with notions written o'er
As if wise Nature had made that her book.

So many virtues join'd in him, as we
Can scarce pick here and there in history;
More than old writers' practice e'er could reach;
As much as they could ever teach.
These did Religion, Queen of virtues! sway;
And all their sacred motions steer,
Just like the first and highest sphere,
Which wheels about, and turns all heaven one way.

With as much zeal, devotion, piety,
He always liv'd, as other saints do die.
Still with his soul severe account he kept,
Weeping all debts out ere he slept:

Then down in peace and innocence he lay,
Like the sun's laborious light,
Which still in water sets at night,
Unsullied with his journey of the day.

Wondrous young man! why wert thou made so good,
To be snatch'd hence ere better understood?
Snatch'd before half of thee enough was seen!
Thou ripe, and yet thy life but green!
Nor could thy friends take their last sad farewell;
But danger and infectious death
Maliciously seiz'd on that breath
Where life, spirit, pleasure, always us'd to dwell.

But happy thou, ta'en from this frantic age,
Where ignorance and hypocrisy does rage!
A fitter time for heaven no soul ere chose,
The place now only free from those.
There 'mong the blest thou dost for ever shine,
And, wheresoe'er thou casts'st thy view,
Upon that white and radiant crew,
See'st not a soul cloth'd with more light than thine.

And, if the glorious saints cease not to know
Their wretched friends who fight with life below,
Thy flame to me does still the same abide,
Only more pure and rarefy'd.
There, whilst immortal hymns thou dost rehearse,
Thou dost with holy pity see
Our dull and earthly poesy,
Where grief and misery can be join'd with verse.

THE COMPLAINT.

IN a deep vision's intellectual scene,
Beneath a bower for sorrow made,
Th' uncomfortable shade
Of the black yew's unlucky green,

Mixt with the mourning willow's careful grey,
Where reverend Cham cuts out his famous way,
The melancholy Cowley lay:
And lo! a Muse appear'd to 's closed sight,
(The Muses oft in lands of vision play)
Body'd, array'd, and seen, by an internal light.
A golden harp with silver strings she bore;
A wondrous hieroglyphick robe she wore,
In which all colours and all figures were,
That nature or that fancy can create,
That art can never imitate;
And with loose pride it wanton'd in the air.
In such a dress, in such a well-cloth'd dream,
She us'd, of old, near fair Ismenus' stream,
Pindar, her Theban favourite, to meet;
A crown was on her head, and wings were on her feet.

She touch'd him with her harp, and rais'd him from the ground;
The shaken strings melodiously resound.
"Art thou return'd at last," said she,
"To this forsaken place and me?
"Thou prodigal! who didst so loosely waste
"Of all thy youthful years the good estate;
"Art thou return'd here, to repent too late,
"And gather husks of learning up at last,
"Now the rich harvest-time of life is past,
"And winter marches on so fast?
"But, when I meant t' adopt thee for my son,
"And did as learn'd a portion assign,
"As ever any of the mighty Nine
"Had to their dearest children done;
"When I resolv'd t' exalt thy' anointed name,
"Among the spiritual lords of peaceful fame;
"Thou changeling! thou, bewitch'd with noise and show
"Wouldst into courts and cities from me go;
"Wouldst see the world abroad, and have a share
"In all the follies and the tumults there:

" Thou wouldst, forsooth, be something in a state,
" And business thou wouldst find, and wouldst create:
" Business! the frivolous pretence
" Of human lusts, to shake off innocence;
" Business! the grave impertinence;
" Business! the thing which I of all things hate;
" Business! the contradiction of thy fate.

" Go, renegado! cast up thy account,
" And see to what amount
" Thy foolish gains by quitting me:
" The sale of Knowledge, Fame, and Liberty,
" The fruits of thy unlearn'd apostacy.
" Thou thought'st, if once the public storm were past,
" All thy remaining life should sun-shine be:
" Behold! the public storm is spent at last,
" The sovereign 's tost at sea no more,
" And thou, with all the noble company,
" Art got at last to shore.
" But, whilst thy fellow-voyagers I see
" All march'd up to possess the promis'd land,
" Thou still alone, alas! dost gaping stand
" Upon the naked beach, upon the barren sand!

" As a fair morning of the blessed spring,
" After a tedious stormy night,
" Such was the glorious entry of our king;
" Enriching moisture dropp'd on every thing;
" Plenty he sow'd below, and cast about him light!
" But then, alas! to thee alone
" One of old Gideon's miracles was shown;
" For every tree and every herb around
" With pearly dew was crown'd,
" And upon all the quicken'd ground
" The fruitful seed of heaven did brooding lie,
" And nothing but the Muse's fleece was dry.
" It did all other threats surpass,
" When God to his own people said
" The men whom through long wanderings he had
" led)
" That he would give them ev'n a heaven of brass:

"They look'd up to that heaven in vain,
"That bounteous heaven, which God did not
"restrain
"Upon the most unjust to shine and rain.

"The Rachel, for which twice seven years and
"more
"Thou didst with faith and labour serve,
"And didst (if faith and labour can) deserve,
"Though she contracted was to thee,
"Given to another, who had store
"Of fairer and of richer wives before,
"And not a Leah left, thy recompence to be!
"Go on: twice seven years more thy fortune try;
"Twice seven years more God in his bounty may
"Give thee, to fling away
"Into the court's deceitful lottery:
"But think how likely 't is that thou,
"With the dull work of thy unwieldy plough,
"Shouldst in a hard and barren season thrive,
"Should even able be to live;
"Thou, to whose share so little bread did fall,
"In the miraculous year when manna rain'd on all."

Thus spake the Muse, and spake it with a smile,
That seem'd at once to pity and revile.
And to her thus, raising his thoughtful head,
The melancholy Cowley said—
"Ah, wanton foe! dost thou upbraid
"The hills which thou thyself hast made?
"When in the cradle innocent I lay,
"Thou, wicked spirit! stolest me away,
"And my abused soul didst bear
"Into thy new-found worlds, I know not where,
"Thy golden Indies in the air;
"And ever since I strive in vain
"My ravish'd freedom to regain;
"Still I rebel, still thou dost reign;
"Lo! still in verse against thee I complain.
"There is a sort of stubborn weeds,
"Which, if the earth but once, it ever, breeds;

" No wholesome herb can near them thrive,
" No useful plant can keep alive :
" The foolish sports I did on thee bestow,
" Make all my art and labour fruitless now ;
" Where once such fairies dance, no grass doth
" ever grow.

" When my new mind had no infusion known,
" Thou gav'st so deep a tincture of thine own,
" That ever since I vainly try
" To wash away th' inherent dye :
" Long work perhaps may spoil thy colours quite,
" But never will reduce the native white :
" To all the ports of honour and of gain
" I often steer my course in vain ;
" Thy gale comes cross, and drives me back again.
" Thou slacken'st all my nerves of industry,
" By making them so oft to be
" The tinkling strings of thy loose minstrelsy.
" Whoever this world's happiness would see,
" Must as entirely cast-off thee,
" As they who only heaven desire
" Do from the world retire.
" This was my error, this my gross mistake,
" Myself a demi-votary to make.
" Thus, with Sapphira and her husband's fate
" (A fault which I, like them, am taught too late),
" For all that I gave up I nothing gain,
" And perish for the part which I retain.

" Teach me not then, O thou fallacious Muse!
" The court, and better king, t' accuse :
" The heaven under which I live is fair,
" The fertile soil will a full harvest bear :
" Thine, thine is all the barrenness ; if thou
" Mak'st me sit still and sing, when I should plough.
" When I but think how many a tedious year
" Our patient sovereign did attend
" His long misfortunes' fatal end ;
" How cheerfully, and how exempt from fear,
" On the Great Sovereign's will he did depend;

" I ought to be accurst, if I refuse
" To wait on his, O thou fallacious Muse!
" Kings have long hands, they say; and though I be
" So distant, they may reach at length to me.
" However, of all princes, thou
" Shouldst not reproach rewards for being small or
" slow;
" Thou! who rewardest but with popular breath,
" And that too after death."

HYMN TO LIGHT.

FIRST-born of Chaos, who so fair didst come
From the old negro's darksome womb!
Which, when it saw the lovely child,
The melancholy mass put on kind looks and smil'd;

Thou tide of glory, which no rest dost know,
But ever ebb and ever flow!
Thou golden shower of a true Jove!
Who does in thee descend, and heaven to earth
make love!

Hail, active Nature's watchful life and health!
Her joy, her ornament, and wealth!
Hail to thy husband Heat, and thee!
Thou the world's beauteous bride, the lusty bride-
groom he!

Say from what golden quivers of the sky
Do all thy winged arrows fly?
Swiftness and power by birth are thine:
From thy great sire they came, thy sire the Word
Divine.

'Tis, I believe, this archery to show,
That so much cost in colours thou,
And skill in painting, dost bestow,
Upon thy ancient arms, the gaudy heavenly bow.

Swift as light thoughts their empty career run,
Thy race is finish'd when begun;
Let a post-angel start with thee,
And thou the goal of earth shalt reach as soon as he.

Thou in the moon's bright chariot, proud and gay,
Dost thy bright wood of stars survey;
And all the year dost with thee bring
Of thousand flowery lights thine own nocturnal spring.

Thou, Scythian-like, dost round thy lands above
The sun's gilt tents for ever move,
And still, as thou in pomp dost go,
The shining pageants of the world attend thy show.

Nor amidst all these triumphs dost thou scorn
The humble glow-worms to adorn,
And with those living spangles gild
(O greatness without pride!) the bushes of the field.

Night, and her ugly subjects, thou dost fright,
And Sleep, the lazy owl of night;
Asham'd, and fearful to appear,
They skreen their horrid shapes with the black hemisphere.

With them there hastes, and wildly takes th' alarm,
Of painted dreams a busy swarm:
At the first opening of thine eye
The various clusters break, the antic atoms fly.

The guilty serpents, and obscener beasts,
Creep, conscious, to their secret rests:
Nature to thee does reverence pay,
Ill omens and ill sights removes out of thy way.

At thy appearance, Grief itself is said
To shake his wings, and rouse his head;
And cloudy Care has often took
A gentle beamy smile, reflected from thy look.

At thy appearance, Fear itself grows bold;
Thy sun-shine melts away his cold.
Encourag'd at the sight of thee,
To the cheek colour comes, and firmness to the knee.

Ev'n Lust, the master of a harden'd face,
Blushes, if thou be'st in the place,
To Darkness' curtains he retires;
In sympathizing night he rolls his smoky fires.

When, Goddess! thou lift'st up thy waken'd head,
Out of the morning's purple bed,
Thy quire of birds about thee play,
And all the joyful world salutes the rising day.

The ghosts, and monster-spirits, that did presume
A body's privilege to assume,
Vanish again invisibly,
And bodies gain again their visibility.

All the world's bravery, that delights our eyes,
Is but thy several liveries;
Thou the rich dye on them bestow'st,
Thy nimble pencil paints this landscape as thou go'st.

A crimson garment in the rose thou wear'st;
A crown of studded gold thou bear'st;
The virgin-lilies, in their white,
Are clad but with the lawn of almost naked light.

The violet, Spring's little infant, stands
Girt in thy purple swaddling-bands:
On the fair tulip thou dost doat;
Thou cloth'st it in a gay and parti-colour'd coat.

With flame condens'd thou dost thy jewels fix,
And solid colours in it mix:
Flora herself envies to see
Flowers fairer than her own, and durable as she.

Ah, Goddess! would thou couldst thy hand withhold,
And be less liberal to gold!
Didst thou less value to it give,
Of how much care, alas! might'st thou poor man relieve!

To me the sun is more delightful far,
And all fair days much fairer are.
But few, ah! wondrous few, there be,
Who do not gold prefer, O Goddess! ev'n to thee.

Through the soft ways of heaven, and air, and sea,
Which open all their pores to thee,
Like a clear river thou dost glide,
And with thy living stream through the close
channels slide.

But, where firm bodies thy free course oppose,
Gently thy source the land o'erflows;
Takes there possession, and does make,
Of colours mingled light, a thick and standing lake.

But the vast ocean of unbounded day
In th' empyræan heaven does stay.
Thy rivers, lakes, and springs, below,
From thence took first their rise, thither at last
must flow.

LIFE AND FAME.

OH, Life! thou Nothing's younger brother!
So like, that one might take one for the other!
What 's somebody, or nobody?
In all the cobwebs of the schoolmen's trade,
We no such nice distinction woven see,
As 't is "to be," or "not to be."
Dream of a shadow! a reflection made
From the false glories of the gay reflected bow
Is a more solid thing than thou.
Vain, weak-built isthmus, which dost proudly rise
Up betwixt two eternities!
Yet canst nor wave nor wind sustain,
But, broken and o'erwhelm'd, the endless oceans
meet again.

And with what rare inventions do we strive
Ourselves then to survive?
Wise, subtle arts, and such as well befit
That Nothing Man's no wit—
Some with vast costly tombs would purchase it,
And by the proofs of death pretend to live.

"Here lies the great"—false marble! where?
Nothing but small and sordid dust lies there.—
Some build enormous mountain-palaces,
The fools and architects to please;
A lasting life in well-hewn stone they rear:
So he, who on th' Egyptian shore
Was slain so many hundred years before,
Lives still (oh Life! most happy and most dear!
Oh Life! that epicures envy to hear!)
Lives in the dropping ruins of his amphitheatre.

His father-in-law an higher place does claim
In the seraphick entity of fame;
He, since that toy his death,
Does fill all mouths, and breathes in all men's breath.
'T is true, the two immortal syllables remain;
But oh, ye learned men! explain
What essence, what existence, this,
What substance, what subsistence, what hypostasis,
In six poor letters is!
In those alone does the great Cæsar live,
'T is all the conquer'd world could give.
We Poets, madder yet than all,
With a refin'd fantastick vanity,
Think we not only have, but give, eternity.
Fain would I see that prodigal,
Who his to-morrow would bestow,
For all old Homer's life, e'er since he dy'd, till now!

ODE.

OF SOLITUDE.

HAIL, old patrician trees, so great and good!
Hail, ye plebeian underwood!
Where the poetic birds rejoice,
And for their quiet nests and plenteous food
Pay, with their grateful voice.

Hail, the poor Muses' richest manor-seat;
Ye country-houses and retreat,
Which all the happy gods so love,
That for you oft they quit their bright and great
Metropolis above.

Here Nature does a house for me erect,
Nature, the wisest architect,
Who those fond artists does despise
That can the fair and living trees neglect;
Yet the dead timber prize.

Here let me, careless and unthoughtful lying,
Hear the soft winds, above me flying,
With all their wanton boughs dispute,
And the more tuneful birds to both replying,
Nor be myself, too, mute.

A silver stream shall roll his waters near,
Gilt with the sun-beams here and there;
On whose enamel'd bank I'll walk,
And see how prettily they smile, and hear
How prettily they talk.

Ah wretched and too solitary he,
Who loves not his own company!
He'll feel the weight of 't many a day,
Unless he call in sin or vanity
To help to bear 't away.

Oh Solitude, first state of human kind!
Which bless'd remain'd, till man did find
Ev'n his own helper's company.
As soon as two, alas! together join'd,
The serpent made up three.

Though God himself, through countless ages, thee
His sole companion chose to be,
Thee, sacred Solitude, alone,
Before the branchy head of number's tree
Sprang from the trunk of one.

Thou (though men think thine an unactive part)
Dost break and time th' unruly heart,
Which else would know no settled pace,
Making it move, well-manag'd by thy art,
With swiftness and with grace.

Thou the faint beams of reason's scatter'd light
Dost, like a burning-glass, unite;
Dost multiply the feeble heat,
And fortify the strength, till thou dost bright
And noble fires beget.

Whilst this hard truth I teach, methinks, I see
The monster London laugh at me;
I should at thee too, foolish city!
If it were fit to laugh at misery;
But thy estate I pity.

Let but thy wicked men from out thee go,
And all the fools that crowd thee so,
Even thou, who dost thy millions boast,
A village less than Islington will grow,
A solitude almost.

ODE
UPON LIBERTY.

FREEDOM with Virtue takes her seat;
Her proper place, her only scene,
Is in the golden mean,
She lives not with the poor nor with the great.
The wings of those Necessity has clipt,
And they 're in Fortune's bridewell whipt
To the laborious task of bread;
These are by various tyrants captive led.
Now wild Ambition with imperious force
Rides, reins, and spurs, them, like th' unruly horse;
And servile Avarice yokes them now,
Like toilsome oxen, to the plough;

And sometimes Lust, like the misguided light,
Draws them through all the labyrinths of night.
If any few among the great there be
From these insulting passions free,
Yet we ev'n those, too, fetter'd see
By custom, business, crowds, and formal decency.
And, wheresoe'er they stay, and wheresoe'er they go,
Impertinencies round them flow:
These are the small uneasy things
Which about greatness still are found,
And rather it molest than wound:
Like gnats, which too much heat of summer brings;
But cares do swarm there, too, and those have stings:
As, when the honey does too open lie,
A thousand wasps about it fly:
Nor will the master even to share admit;
The master stands aloof, and dares not taste of it.

'T is morning: well; I fain would yet sleep on:
You cannot now; you must be gone
To court, or to the noisy hall:
Besides, the rooms without are crowded all;
The stream of business does begin,
And a spring-tide of clients is come in.
Ah cruel guards, which this poor prisoner keep!
Will they not suffer him to sleep?
Make an escape; out at the postern flee,
And get some blessed hours of liberty:
With a few friends, and a few dishes, dine,
And much of mirth and moderate wine.
To thy bent mind some relaxation give,
And steal one day out of thy life to live.
Oh happy man (he cries) to whom kind Heaven
Has such a freedom always given!
Why, mighty madman, what should hinder thee
From being every day as free?

In all the freeborn nations of the air,
Never did bird a spirit so mean and sordid bear,

As to exchange his native liberty
Of soaring boldly up into the sky,
His liberty to sing, to perch, or fly,
When and wherever he thought good,
And all his innocent pleasures of the wood,
For a more plentiful or constant food.
Nor ever did ambitious rage
Make him into a painted cage,
Or the false forest of a well-hung room,
For honour and preferment, come.
Now, blessings on you all, ye heroick race,
Who keep your primitive powers and rights so well,
Though men and angels fell!
Of all material lives the highest place
To you is justly given;
And ways and walks the nearest heaven.
Whilst wretched we, yet vain and proud, think fit
To boast, that we look up to it.
Ev'n to the universal tyrant, Love,
You homage pay but once a-year:
None so degenerous and unbirdly prove,
As his perpetual yoke to bear;
None, but a few unhappy household fowl,
Whom human lordship does control;
Who from their birth corrupted were
By bondage, and by man's example here.

He 's no small prince, who, every day
Thus to himself can say:
Now will I sleep, now eat, now sit, now walk,
Now meditate alone, now with acquaintance talk;
This I will do, here I will stay,
Or, if my fancy call me away,
My man and I will presently go ride
(For we, before, have nothing to provide,
Nor, after, are to render an account)
To Dover, Berwick, or the Cornish mount.
If thou but a short journey take,
As if thy last thou wert to make,

Business must be dispatch'd, ere thou canst part,
Nor canst thou stir, unless there be
A hundred horse and men to wait on thee,
And many a mule, and many a cart;
What an unwieldy man thou art!
The Rhodian Colossus so
A journey, too, might go.

Where honour, or where conscience does not bind,
No other law shall shackle me;
Slave to myself I will not be,
Nor shall my future actions be confin'd
By my own present mind.
Who by resolves and vows engag'd does stand
For days that yet belong to fate,
Does, like an unthrift, mortgage his estate
Before it falls into his hand:
The bondman of the cloister so,
All that he does receive, does always owe;
And still as time comes in, it goes away
Not to enjoy, but debts to pay.
Unhappy slave, and pupil to a bell,
Which his hours-work, as well as hours, does tell!
Unhappy, till the last, the kind releasing knell.

If life should a well-order'd poem be
(In which he only hits the white
Who joins true profit with the best delight),
The more heroick strain let others take,
Mine the Pindarick way I'll make;
The matter shall be grave, the numbers loose and free.
It shall not keep one settled pace of time,
In the same tune it shall not always chime,
Nor shall each day just to his neighbour rhyme;
A thousand liberties it shall dispense,
And yet shall manage all without offence
Or to the sweetness of the sound or greatness of the sense;
Nor shall it never from one subject start,
Nor seek transitions to depart,

Nor its set way o'er stiles and bridges make,
Nor thorough lanes a compass take,
As if it fear'd some trespass to commit,
When the wide air 's a road for it.
So the imperial eagle does not stay
Till the whole carcase he devour,
That 's fallen into its power:
As if his generous hunger understood
That he can never want plenty of food,
He only sucks the tasteful blood;
And to fresh game flies cheerfully away;
To kites, and meaner birds, he leaves the mangled prey.

ODE,

From Catullus.

ACME AND SEPTIMIUS.

WHILST on Septimius' panting breast
(Meaning nothing less than rest)
Acme lean'd her loving head,
Thus the pleas'd Septimius said:

My dearest Acme, if I be
Once alive, and love not thee
With a passion far above
All that e'er was called love;
In a Libyan desert may
I become some lion's prey;
Let him, Acme, let him tear
My breast, when Acme is not there.

The God of Love, who stood to hear him
(The God of Love was always near him),
Pleas'd and tickled with the sound,
Sneez'd aloud; and all around
The little Loves, that waited by,
Bow'd, and blest the augury.
Acme, enflam'd with what he said,
Rear'd her gently-bending head;

And, her purple mouth with joy
Stretching to the delicious boy,
Twice (and twice could scarce suffice)
She kiss'd his drunken rolling eyes.

My little life, my all! (said she)
So may we ever servants be
To this best God, and ne'er retain
Our hated liberty again!
So may thy passion last for me,
As I a passion have for thee,
Greater and fiercer much than can
Be conceiv'd by thee a man!
Into my marrow is it gone,
Fixt and settled in the bone;
It reigns not only in my heart,
But runs, like life, through every part.
She spoke; the God of Love aloud
Sneez'd again; and all the crowd
Of little Loves, that waited by,
Bow'd, and blest the augury.

This good omen thus from heaven
Like a happy signal given,
Their loves and lives (all four) embrace,
And hand in hand run all the race.
To poor Septimius (who did now
Nothing else but Acme grow)
Acme's bosom was alone
The whole world's imperial throne;
And to faithful Acme's mind
Septimius was all human-kind.

If the Gods would please to be
But advis'd for once by me,
I 'd advise them, when they spy
Any illustrious piety,
To reward her, if it be she—
To reward him, if it be he—
With such a husband, such a wife;
With Acme's and Septimius' life.

THE CHRONICLE.

MARGARITA first possess'd,
If I remember well, my breast,
Margarita, first of all;
But when awhile the wanton maid
With my restless heart had play'd,
Martha took the flying ball.

Martha soon did it resign
To the beauteous Catharine.
Beauteous Catharine gave place
(Tho' loth and angry she to part
With the possession of my heart)
To Eliza's conquering face.

Eliza to this hour might reign,
Had she not evil counsels ta'en:
Fundamental laws she broke,
And still new favourites she chose,
Till up in arms my passions rose,
And cast away her yoke.

Mary then, and gentle Ann,
Both to reign at once began,
Alternately they sway'd;
And sometimes Mary was the fair,
And sometimes Ann the crown did wear,
And sometimes both I obey'd.

Another Mary then arose,
And did rigorous laws impose;
A mighty tyrant she!
Long, alas, should I have been,
Under that iron-scepter'd queen,
Had not Rebecca set me free.

When fair Rebecca set me free,
'Twas then a golden time for me,
But soon those pleasures fled:
For the gracious princess died,
In her youth and beauty's pride,
And Judith reigned in her stead.

One month, three days, and half an hour,
Judith held the sov'reign pow'r,
  Wondrous beautiful her face;
But so weak and small her wit,
That she to govern was unfit,
  And so Susannah took her place.

But when Isabella came,
Arm'd with a resistless flame,
  And th' artillery of her eye;
While she proudly march'd about
Greater conquests to find out,
  She beat out Susan by the bye.

But in her place I then obey'd
Black-ey'd Bess, her viceroy maid,
  To whom ensued a vacancy;
Thousand worse passions then possess'd
The interregnum of my breast;
  Bless me from such an anarchy!

Gentle Henrietta then,
And a third Mary next began;
  Then Joan, and Jane, and Andria,
And then a pretty Thomasine,
And then another Catharine,
  And then a long et cætera.

But should I now to you relate
The strength and riches of their state,
  The powder, patches, and the pins,
The ribands, jewels, and the rings,
The lace, the paint, and warlike things,
  That make up all their magazines:

If I should tell the politic arts
To take and keep men's hearts;
  The letters, embassies, and spies,
The frowns, the smiles, and flatteries,
The quarrels, tears, and perjuries,
  Numberless, nameless, mysteries!

And all the little lime-twigs laid
By Machiavel, the waiting maid;
I more voluminous should grow,
(Chiefly if I, like them, should tell
All change of weather that befel)
Than Holinshed or Stow.

But I will briefer with them be,
Since few of them were long with me;
An higher and a nobler strain
My present emperess does claim,
Eleonora, first o' the name,
Whom God grant long to reign.

THE SOUL.

IF mine eyes do e'er declare
They 've seen a second thing that's fair,
Or ears, that they have music found,
Besides thy voice, in any sound;
If my taste do ever meet
After thy kiss, with ought that's sweet;
If my busied touch allow
Ought to be smooth, or soft, but thou;
If, what seasonable springs
Or the eastern summer brings,
Do my smell persuade at all;
Ought perfume but thy breath to call;
May I as worthless seem to thee,
As all but thou appear to me.

If I ever anger know,
Till some wrong be done to you;
If ever I a hope admit,
Without thy image stamp'd on it;
Or any fear, till I begin
To find that you 're concern'd therein;
If a joy e'er come to me,
That tastes of any thing but thee;

If any sorrow touch my mind
Whilst you are well and not unkind;
If I a minute's space debate,
Whether I shall curse or hate
The things beneath thy hatred fall,
Though all the world, myself and all;
If any passion of my heart,
By any force or any art,
Be brought to move one step from thee,
May'st thou no passion have for me.

THE WISH.

WELL, then; I now do plainly see
This busy world and I shall ne'er agree.
The very honey of all earthly joy
Does of all meats the soonest cloy;
And they, methinks, deserve my pity,
Who for it can endure the stings,
The crowd, and buz, and murmurings,
Of that great hive, the city.

Ah! yet, ere I descend to the grave,
May I a small house and a large garden have;
And a few friends, and many books, both true,
Both wise, and both delightful too!
And (since love ne'er from me will flee),
A mistress, moderately fair,
And good, as guardian angels are;
Only belov'd, and loving me!

How happy here should I
And one dear she, live, and embracing die?
She who is all the world, and can exclude
In deserts solitude.

THE INCONSTANT.

I Never yet could see that face,
Which had no dart for me;
From fifteen years, to fifty's pace,
They all victorious be.

Colour or shape, good limbs, or face,
Goodness, or wit, in all I find;
In motion or in speech a grace,
If all fail, yet 'tis womankind.

If tall, the name of *proper* slays;
If fair, she's pleasant as the *light:*
If low, her *prettiness* does please;
If black, what lover loves not *night.*

The fat, like plenty, fills my heart,
The lean, with love, makes me so too;
If straight, her body's *Cupid's dart;*
To me, if crooked, 'tis his bow.

Thus, with unwearied wings I flee,
Through all Love's garden and his fields;
And, like the wise industrious bee,
No weed but honey to me yields.

ANACREONTICS.

LOVE.

I'LL sing of heroes and of kings,
In mighty numbers, mighty things.
Begin, my Muse! but lo! the strings
To my great song rebellious prove;
The strings will sound of nought but love.
I broke them all, and put on new;
'Tis this or nothing sure will do.
These sure (said I) will me obey;
These, sure, heroic notes will play.

Strait I began with thundering Jove,
And all th' immortal powers; but Love,
Love smil'd, and from my' enfeebled lyre
Came gentle airs, such as inspire
Melting love and soft desire.
Farewell then, heroes! farewell, kings!
And mighty numbers, mighty things!
Love tunes my heart just to my strings.

DRINKING.

THE thirsty earth soaks up the rain,
And drinks, and gapes for drink again.
The plants suck-in the earth, and are
With constant drinking fresh and fair;
The sea itself (which one would think
Should have but little need of drink)
Drinks twice ten thousand rivers up,
So fill'd that they o'erflow the cup.
The busy sun (and one would guess
By 's drunken fiery face no less)
Drinks up the sea, and, when he 'as done,
The moon and stars drink up the sun:
They drink and dance by their own light;
They drink and revel all the night.
Nothing in nature's sober found,
But an eternal health goes round.
Fill up the bowl then, fill it high,
Fill all the glasses there; for why
Should every creature drink but I;
Why, man of morals, tell me why?

BEAUTY.

LIBERAL Nature did dispense
To all things arms for their defence;
And some she arms with sinewy force,
And some with swiftness in the course;

Some with hard hoofs or forked claws,
And some with horns or tusked jaws:
And some with scales, and some with wings,
And some with teeth, and some with stings.
Wisdom to man she did afford,
Wisdom for shield, and wit for sword.
What to beauteous womankind,
What arms, what armour, has she' assign'd?
Beauty is both; for with the fair
What arms, what armour, can compare?
What steel, what gold, or diamond,
More impassible is found?
And yet what flame, what lightning, e'er
So great an active force did bear?
They are all weapon, and they dart
Like porcupines from every part.
Who can, alas! their strength express,
Arm'd, when they themselves undress,
Cap-a-pie with nakedness?

THE DUEL.

YES, I will love then, I will love;
I will not now Love's rebel prove,
Though I was once his enemy;
Though ill-advis'd and stubborn I,
Did to the combat him defy.
An helmet, spear, and mighty shield,
Like some new Ajax, I did wield.
Love in one hand his bow did take,
In th' other hand a dart did shake;
But yet in vain the dart did throw,
In vain he often drew the bow;
So well my armour did resist,
So oft by flight the blow I mist:
But, when I thought all danger past,
His quiver empty'd quite at last,
Instead of arrow or of dart
He shot himself into my heart.

The living and the killing arrow
Ran through the skin, the flesh, the blood,
And broke the bones, and scorch'd the marrow,
No trench or work of life withstood.
In vain I now the walls maintain;
I set out guards and scouts in vain;
Since th' enemy does within remain.
In vain a breast-plate now I wear,
Since in my breast the foe I bear;
In vain my feet their swiftness try;
For from the body can they fly?

AGE.

OFT am I by the women told,
Poor Anacreon! thou grow'st old:
Look how thy hairs are falling all;
Poor Anacreon, how they fall!
Whether I grow old or no,
By th' effects I do not know;
This I know, without being told,
'Tis time to live, if I grow old;
'T is time short pleasures now to take,
Of little life the best to make,
And manage wisely the last stake.

THE ACCOUNT.

WHEN all the stars are by thee told
(The endless sums of heavenly gold);
Or when the hairs are reckon'd all,
From sickly autumn's head that fall;
Or when the drops that make the sea,
Whilst all her sands they counters be;
Thou then, and thou alone, may'st prove
Th' arithmetician of my love.
An hundred loves at Athens score,
At Corinth write an hundred more:

Fair Corinth does such beauties bear,
So few, is an escaping there.
Write then at Chios seventy-three;
Write then at Lesbos (let me see)
Write me at Lesbos ninety down,
Full ninety loves, and half a one.
And, next to these, let me present
The fair Ionian regiment;
And next the Carian company;
Five hundred both effectively.
Three hundred more at Rhodes and Crete;
Three hundred 't is, I'm sure, complete;
For arms at Crete each face does bear,
And every eye's an archer there.
Go on: this stop why dost thou make?
Thou think'st, perhaps, that I mistake.
Seems this to thee too great a sum?
Why many thousands are to come;
The mighty Xerxes could not boast
Such different nations in his host:
On; for my love, if thou be'st weary,
Must find some better secretary.
I have not yet my Persian told,
Nor yet my Syrian loves enroll'd;
Nor Indian, nor Arabian;
Nor Cyprian loves, nor African;
Nor Scythian nor Italian flames;
There 's a whole map behind of names
Of gentle loves i' th' temperate zone,
And cold ones in the frigid one,
Cold frozen loves, with which I pine,
And parched loves beneath the Line.

THE EPICURE.

FILL the bowl with rosy wine!
Around our temples roses twine!
And let us cheerfully awhile,
Like the wine and roses, smile.

Crown'd with roses, we contemn
Gyges' wealthy diadem.
To-day is ours; what do we fear?
To-day is ours; we have it here:
Let's treat it kindly, that it may
Wish, at least, with us to stay.
Let's banish business, banish sorrow;
To the Gods belongs to-morrow.

ANOTHER.

UNDERNEATH this myrtle shade,
On flowery beds supinely laid,
With odorous oils my head o'er-flowing,
And around it roses growing,
What should I do but drink away
The heat and troubles of the day?
In this more than kingly state
Love himself shall on me wait.
Fill to me, Love, nay fill it up;
And mingled cast into the cup
Wit, and mirth, and noble fires,
Vigorous health and gay desires.
The wheel of life no less will stay
In a smooth than rugged way:
Since it equally doth flee,
Let the motion pleasant be.
Why do we precious ointments shower?
Nobler wines why do we pour?
Beauteous flowers why do we spread,
Upon the monuments of the dead?
Nothing they but dust can show,
Or bones that hasten to be so.
Crown me with roses whilst I live,
Now your wines and ointments give;
After death I nothing crave,
Let me alive my pleasures have,
All are Stoicks in the grave.

THE GRASSHOPPER.

HAPPY insect! what can be
In happiness compar'd to thee?
Fed with nourishment divine,
The dewy morning's gentle wine!
Nature waits upon thee still,
And thy verdant cup does fill;
'T is fill'd wherever thou dost tread,
Nature's self 's thy Ganymede.
Thou dost drink, and dance, and sing;
Happier than the happiest king!
All the fields which thou dost see,
All the plants, belong to thee;
All that summer-hours produce,
Fertile made with early juice.
Man for thee does sow and plow;
Farmer he, and landlord thou!
Thou dost innocently joy;
Nor does thy luxury destroy;
The shepherd gladly heareth thee,
More harmonious than he.
Thee country hinds with gladness hear,
Prophet of the ripen'd year!
Thee Phœbus loves, and does inspire;
Phœbus is himself thy sire.
To thee, of all things upon earth,
Life is no longer than thy mirth.
Happy insect, happy thou!
Dost neither age nor winter know;
But, when thou'st drunk, and danc'd, and sung
Thy fill, the flowery leaves among
(Voluptuous, and wise withal,
Epicurean animal!)
Sated with thy summer feast,
Thou retir'st to endless rest.

THE SWALLOW.

FOOLISH prater, what dost thou
So early at my window do,
With thy tuneless serenade?
Well 't had been had Tereus made
Thee as dumb as Philomel;
There his knife had done but well.
In thy undiscover'd nest
Thou dost all the winter rest,
And dreamest o'er thy summer joys,
Free from the stormy seasons' noise:
Free from th' ill thou'st done to me;
Who disturbs or seeks-out thee?
Hadst thou all the charming notes
Of the wood's poetic throats,
All thy art could never pay
What thou'st ta'en from me away.
Cruel bird! thou'st ta'en away
A dream out of my arms to-day;
A dream, that ne'er must equall'd be
By all that waking eyes may see.
Thou, this damage to repair,
Nothing half so sweet or fair,
Nothing half so good, canst bring,
Though men say thou bring'st the spring.

SIR JOHN DENHAM.

COOPER's HILL.

SURE there are poets which did never dream
Upon Parnassus, nor did taste the stream
Of Helicon; we therefore may suppose
Those made not poets, but the poets those.
And as courts make not kings, but kings the court,
So where the Muses and their train resort
Parnassus stands; if I can be to thee
A poet, thou Parnassus art to me.
Nor wonder if (advantag'd in my flight,
By taking wing from thy auspicious height)
Through untrac'd ways and airy paths I fly,
More boundless in my fancy than my eye;
My eye, which swift as thought contracts the space
That lies between, and first salutes the place
Crown'd with that sacred pile, so vast, so high,
That whether 'tis a part of earth or sky
Uncertain seems, and may be thought a proud
Aspiring mountain, or descending cloud;
Paul's, the late theme of such a Muse,* whose flight
Has bravely reach'd and soar'd above thy height;
Now shalt thou stand, though sword, or time, or fire,
Or zeal, more fierce than they, thy fall conspire;
Secure, whilst thee the best of poets sings,
Preserv'd from ruin by the best of kings.
Under his proud survey the City lies,
And like a mist beneath a hill doth rise,
Whose state and wealth, the business and the crowd,
Seems at this distance but a darker cloud,
And is, to him who rightly things esteems,
No other in effect than what it seems;
Where with like haste, though several ways, they run,
Some to undo, and some to be undone;
While luxury and wealth, like war and peace,
Are each the other's ruin and increase;

* Mr. Waller.

As rivers lost in seas, some secret vein
Thence reconveys, there to be lost again.
Oh! happiness of sweet retir'd content!
To be at once secure and innocent.
Windsor the next (where Mars with Venus dwells,
Beauty with strength) above the valley swells
Into my eye, and doth itself present
With such an easy and unforc'd ascent,
That no stupendous precipice denies
Access, no horror turns away our eyes;
But such a rise as doth at once invite
A pleasure and a reverence from the sight:
Thy mighty master's emblem, in whose face
Sat meekness, heighten'd with majestic grace;
Such seems thy gentle height, made only proud
To be the basis of that pompous load.
Than which a nobler weight no mountain bears,
But Atlas only, which supports the spheres.
When Nature's hand this ground did thus advance
'Twas guided by a wiser power than Chance;
Mark'd out for such an use, as if't were meant
To' invite the builder, and his choice prevent.
Nor can we call it choice, when what we choose
Folly or blindness only could refuse.
A crown of such majestic towers doth grace
The gods' great mother, when her heavenly race
Do homage to her; yet she cannot boast,
Among that numerous and celestial host,
More heroes than can Windsor, nor doth Fame's
Immortal book record more noble names.
Not to look back so far, to whom this isle
Owes the first glory of so brave a pile,
Whether to Cæsar, Albanact, or Brute,
The British Arthur, or the Danish C'nute;
(Though this of old no less contest did move
Than when for Homer's birth seven cities strove)
(Like him in birth, thou should'st be like in fame,
As thine his fate, if mine had been his flame)
But whosoe'er it was, Nature design'd
First a brave place, and then as brave a mind.

Not to recount those several kings to whom
It gave a cradle, or to whom a tomb;
But thee, great Edward! and thy greater son,
(The lilies which his father wore he won)
And thy Bellona, who the consort came
Not only to thy bed, but to thy fame;
She to thy triumph led one captive king,
And brought that son which did the second bring;
Then didst thou found that Order (whether love
Or victory thy royal thoughts did move:)
Each was a noble cause, and nothing less
Than the design has been the great success,
Which foreign kings and emperors esteem
The second honour to their diadem.
Had thy great destiny but given thee skill
To know, as well as power to act her will,
That from those kings who then thy captives were,
In after-times should spring a royal pair,
Who should possess all that thy mighty pow'r,
Or thy desires more mighty, did devour;
To whom their better fate reserves whate'er
The victor hopes for, or the vanquish'd fear:
That blood which thou and thy great grandsire shed,
And all that since these sister nations bled,
Had been unspilt, and happy Edward known
That all the blood he spilt had been his own.
When he that patron chose, to whom are join'd
Soldier and martyr, and his arms confin'd
Within the azure circles, he did seem
But to foretel and prophesy of him;
Who to his realms that azure round hath join'd,
Which Nature for their bound at first design'd:
That bound which to the world's extremest ends,
Endless itself, its liquid arms extends.
Nor doth he need those emblems which we paint,
But is himself the soldier and the saint.
Here should my wonder dwell, and here my praise,
But my fix'd thoughts my wandering eye betrays,
Viewing a neighbouring hill, whose top of late
A chapel crown'd, till in the common fate

The' adjoining abbey fell. (May no such storm
Fall on our times, where ruin must reform!)
Tell me, my Muse! what monstrous dire offence,
What crime, could any Christian king incense
To such a rage? Was't luxury or lust?
Was he so temperate, so chaste, so just?
Were these their crimes? they were his own much more;
But wealth is crime enough to him that's poor,
Who, having spent the treasures of his crown,
Condemns their luxury to feed his own;
And yet this art, to varnish o'er the shame
Of sacrilege, must bear Devotion's name.
No crime so bold but would be understood
A real, or at least, a seeming good.
Who fears not to do ill, yet fears the name,
And, free from conscience, is a slave to fame.
Thus he the church at once protects and spoils;
But princes swords are sharper than their styles:
And thus to the' ages past he makes amends;
Their charity destroys, their faith defends,
Then did Religion, in a lasy cell,
In empty airy contemplations dwell,
And like the block unmoved lay; but ours,
As much too active, like the stork devours.
Is there no temperate region can be known
Betwixt their frigid and our torrid zone?
Could we not wake from that lethargic dream,
But to be restless in a worse extreme?
And for that lethargy was there no cure
But to be cast into a calenture;
Can knowledge have no bound, but must advance
So far, to make us wish for ignorance,
And rather in the dark to grope our way
Than, led by a false guide, to err by day?
Who sees these dismal heaps, but would demand
What barbarous invader sack'd the land?
But when he hears no Goth, no Turk, did bring
This desolation, but a Christian king;

When nothing but the name of zeal appears
'Twixt our best actions and the worst of theirs;
What does he think our sacrilege would spare,
When such the' effects of our devotions are?
Parting from thence 'twixt anger, shame, and fear,
Those for what's past, and this for what's too near,
My eye descending from the Hill, surveys
Where Thames among the wanton vallies strays:
Thames! the most lov'd of all the Ocean's sons
By his old sire, to his embraces runs,
Hasting to pay his tribute to the sea,
Like mortal life to meet eternity;
Though with those streams he no resemblance hold,
Whose foam is amber, and their gravel gold:
His genuine and less guilty wealth to' explore,
Search not his bottom, but survey his shore,
O'er which he kindly spreads his spacious wing,
And hatches plenty for th' ensuing spring;
Nor then destroys it with too fond a stay,
Like mothers which their infants overlay;
Nor with a sudden and impetuous wave,
Like profuse kings, resumes the wealth he gave.
No unexpected inundations spoil
The mower's hopes, nor mock the ploughman's toil;
But godlike his unwearied bounty flows;
First loves to do, then loves the good he does.
Nor are his blessings to his banks confin'd,
But free and common as the sea or wind;
When he, to boast or to disperse his stores,
Full of the tributes of his grateful shores,
Visits the world, and in his flying tow'rs
Brings home to us, and makes both Indies ours;
Finds wealth where 'tis, bestows it where it wants,
Cities in deserts, woods in cities plants.
So that to us no thing, no place is strange,
While his fair bosom is the world's exchange.
O could I flow like thee; and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme;
Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull;
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full;

Heaven her Eridanus no more shall boast,
Whose fame in thine, like lesser current, 's lost:
Thy nobler streams shall visit Jove's abodes,
To shine among the stars, and bathe the gods.
Here Nature, whether more intent to please
Us for herself, with strange varieties,
(For things of wonder give no less delight
To the wise Maker's than beholder's sight;
Though these delights from several causes move,
For so our children, thus our friends, we love)
Wisely she knew the harmony of things,
As well as that of sounds, from discord springs.
Such was the discord which did first disperse
Form, order, beauty, through the universe:
While dryness moisture, coldness heat resists,
All that we have, and that we are, subsists:
While the steep horrid roughness of the wood
Strives with the gentle calmness of the flood.
Such huge extremes when Nature doth unite,
Wonder from thence results, from thence delight.
The stream is so transparent, pure, and clear,
That had the self-enamour'd youth gaz'd here,
So fatally deceiv'd he had not been,
While he the bottom, not his face, had seen.
But his proud head the airy mountain hides
Among the clouds; his shoulders and his sides
A shady mantle clothes: his curled brows
Frown on the gentle stream, which calmly flows,
While winds and storms his lofty forehead beat;
The common fate of all that's high or great.
Low at his foot a spacious plain is plac'd,
Between the mountain and the stream embrac'd,
Which shade and shelter from the Hill derives,
While the kind river wealth and beauty gives,
And in the mixture of all these appears
Variety, which all the rest endears.
This scene had some bold Greek or British bard
Beheld of old, what stories had we heard
Of Fairies, Satyrs, and the Nymphs, their dames,
Their feasts, their revels, and their amorous flames!

'Tis still the same, although their airy shape
All but a quick poetic sight escape.
There Faunus and Sylvanus keep their courts,
And thither all the horned host resorts
To graze the ranker mead; that noble herd
On whose sublime and shady fronts is rear'd
Nature's great masterpiece, to show how soon
Great things are made, but sooner are undone.
Here have I seen the king, when great affairs
Gave leave to slacken and unbend his cares,
Attended to the chase by all the flow'r
Of youth, whose hopes a nobler prey devour;
Pleasure with praise and danger they would buy,
And wish a foe that would not only fly.
The stag now conscious of his fatal growth,
At once indulgent to his fear and sloth,
To some dark covert his retreat had made,
Where nor man's eye, nor Heaven's, should invade
His soft repose; when the' unexpected sound
Of dogs and men his wakeful ear does wound.
Rous'd with the noise, he scarce believes his ear,
Willing to think the' illusions of his fear
Had given this false alarm, but straight his view
Confirms, that more than all he fears is true.
Betray'd in all his strengths, the wood beset,
All instruments, all arts of ruin met,
He calls to mind his strength, and then his speed,
His winged heels, and then his armed head;
With these to' avoid, with that his fate to meet,
But fear prevails, and bids him trust his feet.
So fast he flies, that his reviewing eye
Has lost the chasers, and his ear the cry;
Exulting, till he finds their nobler sense
Their disproportion'd speed doth recompense:
Then curses his conspiring feet, whose scent
Betrays that safety which their swiftness lent:
Then tries his friends; among the baser herd,
Where he so lately was obey'd and fear'd,
His safety seeks: the herd, unkindly wise,
Or chases him from thence or from him flies.

Like a declining statesman, left forlorn
To his friends' pity, and pursuers' scorn,
With shame remembers while himself was one
Of the same herd, himself the same had done.
Thence to the coverts and the conscious groves,
The scenes of his past triumphs and his loves,
Sadly surveying where he rang'd alone,
Prince of the soil, and all the herd his own;
And like a bold knight-errant did proclaim
Combat to all, and bore away the dame,
And taught the woods to echo to the stream
His dreadful challenge and his clashing beam;
Yet faintly now declines the fatal strife,
So much his love was dearer than his life.
Now every leaf, and every moving breath
Presents a foe, and every foe a death.
Wearied, forsaken, and pursued, at last
All safety in despair of safety plac'd;
Courage he thence resumes, resolv'd to bear
All their assaults, since 'tis in vain to fear.
And now, too late, he wishes for the fight
That strength he wasted in ignoble flight:
But when he sees the eager chase renew'd,
Himself by dogs, the dogs by men pursued,
He straight revokes his bold resolve, and more
Repents his courage than his fear before;
Finds that uncertain ways unsafest are,
And doubt a greater mischief than despair.
Then to the stream, when neither friends, nor force,
Nor speed, nor art avail, he shapes his course;
Thinks not their rage so desperate to' essay
An element more merciless than they.
But fearless they pursue, nor can the flood
Quench their dire thirst: alas! they thirst for blood.
So toward a ship the oar-finn'd gallies ply,
Which, wanting sea to ride, or wind to fly,
Stands but to fall reveng'd on those that dare
Tempt the last fury of extreme despair.
So fares the stag; among the enrag'd hounds
Repels their force, and wounds returns for wounds;

And as a hare, whom his baser foes
In troops surround, now these assails, now those,
Though prodigal of life, disdains to die
By common hands: but if he can descry
Some nobler foe approach, to him he calls,
And begs his fate, and then contented falls.
So when the king a mortal shaft lets fly
From his unerring hand, then glad to die,
Proud of the wound, to it resigns his blood,
And stains the crystal with a purple flood.
This a more innocent and happy chase
Than when of old, but in the self-same place,
Fair Liberty pursued, and meant a prey
To lawless power, here turn'd, and stood at bay;
When in that remedy all hope was plac'd
Which was, or should have been at least, the last.
Here was that Charter seal'd, wherein the crown
All marks of arbitrary power lays down:
Tyrant and slave, those names of hate and fear,
The happier style of king and subject bear:
Happy, when both to the same centre move,
When kings give liberty, and subjects love.
Therefore not long in force this Charter stood;
Wanting that seal, it must be seal'd in blood.
The subjects arm'd, the more their princes gave,
The' advantage only took the more to crave:
Till kings, by giving, gave themselves away,
And ev'n that power that should deny betray.
'Who gives constrain'd, but his own fear reviles,
Not thank'd, but scorn'd; nor are they gifts, but
spoils.'
Thus kings, by grasping more than they could hold,
First made their subjects by oppression bold;
And popular sway, by forcing kings to give
More than was fit for subjects to receive,
Ran to the same extremes; and one excess
Made both, by striving to be greater, less.
When a calm river, rais'd with sudden rains,
Or snows dissolv'd, o'erflows the' adjoining plains,

The husbandmen with high-rais'd banks secure
Their greedy hopes, and this he can endure;
But if with bays and dams they strive to force
His channel to a new or narrow course,
No longer then within his banks he dwells,
First a torrent, then a deluge, swells;
Stronger and fiercer by restraint, he roars,
And knows no bound, but makes his power his shores.

ON Mr. ABRAHAM COWLEY's DEATH,

And Burial amongst the ancient Poets.

OLD Chaucer, like the morning star,
To us discovers day from far;
His light those mists and clouds dissolv'd,
Which our dark nation long involv'd;
But he descending to the shades,
Darkness again the age invades.
Next (like Aurora) Spenser rose,
Whose purple blush the day foreshows;
The other three with his own fires
Phœbus, the poet's god, inspires;
By Shakspeare's, Jonson's, Fletcher's lines
Our stage's lustre Rome's outshines;
These poets near our princes sleep,
And in one grave their mansion keep.
They liv'd to see so many days,
Till time had blasted all their bays:
But cursed be the fatal hour
That pluck'd the fairest, sweetest flower
That in the Muses' garden grew,
And amongst wither'd laurels threw!
Time, which made them their fame outlive,
To Cowley scarce did ripeness give.
Old mother Wit, and Nature, gave
Shakspeare and Fletcher, all they have;
In Spenser, and in Jonson, Art
Of slower Nature got the start;

But both in him so equal are,
None knows which bears the happier share.
To him no author was unknown,
Yet what he wrote was all his own:
He melted not the ancient gold,
Nor, with Ben Jonson, did make bold
To plunder all the Roman stores
Of poets and of orators.
Horace's wit and Virgil's state
He did not steal, but emulate;
And when he would like them appear,
Their garb but not their clothes did wear.
He not from Rome alone, but Greece,
Like Jason, brought the Golden Fleece,
To him that language (though to none
Of the' others) as his own was known.
On a stiff gale (as Flaccus sings)
The Theban swan extends his wings,
When through the' ethereal clouds he flies;
To the same pitch our swan doth rise.
Old Pindar's flights by him are reach'd,
When on that gale his wings are stretch'd,
His fancy and his judgment such,
Each to the other seem'd too much;
His severe judgment (giving law)
His modest fancy kept in awe;
As rigid husbands jealous are,
When they believe their wives too fair.
His English streams so pure did flow,
As all, that saw and tasted, know:
But for his Latin vein, so clear,
Strong, full, and high, it doth appear,
That were immortal Virgil here,
Him for his judge he would not fear.
Of that great portraiture so true
A copy, pencil never drew.
My Muse her song had ended here,
But both their genii straight appear:
Joy and amazement her did strike;
Two twins she never saw so like.

New names, new dressings, and the modern cast,
Some scenes, some persons alter'd, and out-fac'd
The world, it were thy work; for we have known
Some thank'd and prais'd for what was less their own.
That master's hand which to the life can trace
The airs, the lines, and features of the face,
May with a free and bolder stroke express
A varied posture or a flattering dress:
He could have made those like who made the rest,
But that he knew his own design was best.

SONG.

MORPHEUS, the humble god, that dwells
In cottages and smoky cells,
Hates gilded roofs, and beds of down;
And, though he fears no prince's frown,
Flees from the circle of a crown.

Come, I say, thou pow'rful god,
And thy leaden charming rod,
Dipp'd in the Lethean lake,
O'er his wakeful temples shake,
Lest he should sleep, and never wake.

Nature, alas! why art thou so
Obliged to thy greatest foe?
Sleep, that is thy best repast,
Yet of death it bears a taste,
And both are the same thing at last.

JOHN MILTON.

IL PENSEROSO.

HENCE, vain deluding joys,
The brood of Folly, without father bred!
How little you bested,
Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys:
Dwell in some idle brain,
And fancies fond with gaudy shape possess,
As thick and numberless
As the gay motes that people the sun-beams,
Or likest hov'ring dreams,
The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.
But hail, thou goddess sage and holy!
Hail, divinest Melancholy!
Whose saintly visage is too bright
To hit the sense of human sight;
And, therefore, to our weaker view,
O'erlaid with black, staid wisdom's hue;
Black, but such as in esteem
Prince Memnon's sister might beseem;
Or that starr'd Ethiop queen, that strove
For other beauties praise above
The sea-nymphs, and these powers offended:
Yet thou art higher far descended;
Thee bright-hair'd Vesta, long of yore,
To solitary Saturn bore;
His daughter she (in Saturn's reign,
Such mixture was not held a-stain);
Oft in glimmering bowers and glade
He met her, and in sweet shade
Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
While yet there was no fear of Jove.
Come, pensive nun, devout and pure,
Sober and stedfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain,
Flowing with majestic train,

And sable stole of Cyprus lawn
Over thy decent shoulders drawn;
Come, but keep thy wonted state,
With even step and musing gait,
And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy 'rapt soul sitting in thine eyes;
There held in holy passion still,
Forget thyself to marble, till
With a sad leaden downward cast
Thou fix them on the earth as fast,
And join with thee calm Peace and Quiet,
Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,
And hear the muses in a ring
Ay round about Jove's altar sing;
And add to these retired Leisure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure;
But first, and chiefest, with thee bring,
Him that yon' soars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
The Cherub Contemplation;
And the mute silence hist along,
'Less Philomel will deign a song
In her sweetest, saddest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of night,
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,
Gently o'er th' accustom'd oak;
Sweet bird that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy!
Thee, chantress of the woods among,
I woo to hear thy evening song;
And, missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry smooth-shaven green,
To behold the wand'ring moon,
Riding near her highest noon;
Like one that had been led astray
Through the heav'ns' wide pathless way;
And oft, as if her head she bow'd,
Stooping thro' a fleecy cloud,
Oft on a plat of rising ground,
I hear the far-off curfew sound;

Over some wide water'd shore,
Swinging slow with sullen roar.
Or if the air will not permit,
Some still removed place will fit,
Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom;
Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth,
Or the bellman's drowsy charm,
To bless the door from nightly harm.
Or let my lamp, at midnight hour,
Be seen in some high lonely tower,
Where I may oft outwatch the Bear,
With thrice great Hermes, or unsphere
The spirit of Plato, to unfold
What worlds, or what vast regions hold
The immortal mind, that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshly nook;
And of those demons that are found
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
Whose power hath a true consent
With planet or with element.
Sometimes let gorgeous Tragedy
In sceptered pall come sweeping by,
Presenting Thebes' or Pelops' line,
Or the tale of Troy divine;
Or what (though rare) of later age,
Ennobled hath the buskin'd stage.
But O! sad virgin! that thy power
Might raise Museus from his bower,
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
Such notes as, warbled to the string,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made hell grant what love did seek;
Or call up him that left half told
The story of Cambriscan bold,
Of Camball and of Algarsife,
And who had Canacé to wife;

That own'd the virtuous ring and glass,
And of the wondrous horse of brass,
On which the Tartar king did ride;
And if ought else great bards beside
In sage and solid time have sung
Of turneys and of trophies hung,
Of forests and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear.
Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career,
Till civil suited Morn appear,
Not trick'd and frounc'd as she was wont
With the Attic boy to hunt;
But kercheft in a comely cloud,
While rocking winds are piping loud;
Or usher'd with a shower still,
When the gust has blown his fill,
Ending on the rustling leaves,
With minute drops from off the eaves.
And when the sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me, goddess, bring
To arched walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown that sylvan loves,
Of pine, or monumental oak:
Where the rude ax, with heaved stroke,
Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt;
There in close covert, by some brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from day's garish eye;
While the bee with honey'd thigh,
That at her flow'ry work doth sing,
And the waler's murmuring,
With such concert as they keep,
Entice the dewy feather'd sleep;
And let some strange mysterious dream
Wave at his wings in airy stream
Of lively portraiture display'd,
Softly on my eyelids laid;
And as I wake, sweet music breathe,
Above, about, or underneath,

Sent by some spirit to mortal's good,
Or th' unseen genius of the wood.
But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloister's pale,
And love the high embowed roof,
With antique pillars massy proof;
And storied windows, richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light.
There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full voic'd quire below,
In service high and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, thro' mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all heav'n before mine eyes.
And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and mossy cell,
Where I may sit and rightly spell
Of ev'ry star that heav'n doth shew,
And ev'ry herb that sips the dew;
Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain—
These pleasures, Melancholy, give,
And I with thee will choose to live.

L'ALLEGRO.

HENCE, loathed Melancholy!
Of Cerberus, and blackest midnight born!
In Stygian cave forlorn,
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy!
Find out some uncouth cell,
Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous wings,
And the night raven sings;
There, under ebon shades and low-brow'd rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.

But come, thou goddess fair and free,
In heav'n yclep'd Euphrosyne,
And by men, heart-easing Mirth,
Whom lovely Venus at a birth,
With two sister graces more,
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore;
Or whether, (as some sager sing)
The frolic wind that breathes the spring,
Zephyr with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a Maying,
There on beds of violets blue,
And fresh-blown roses wash'd in dew,
Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonair.
Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful jollity;
Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks, and wreathed smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it as you go,
On the light fantastic toe,
And, in thy right hand, lead with thee,
The mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty;
And, if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew;
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreproved pleasures free;
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull Night,
From his watch-tow'r in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
Then to come in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow,
Through the sweet-briar and the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine:
While the cock, with lively din,
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,

And to the stack, or the barn-door,
Stoutly struts his dames before:
Oft list'ning how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumb'ring morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill:
Some time walking not unseen
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green;
Right against the eastern gate,
Where the great sun begins his state,
Rob'd in flames and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight:
While the ploughman, near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
And the milk-maid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale,
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
Whilst the landscape round it measures,
Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray;
Mountains on whose barren breast
The lab'ring clouds do often rest,
Meadows trim, with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide,
Towers and battlements it sees
Bosom'd high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The Cynosure of neighb'ring eyes.
Hard by, a cottage-chimney smokes,
From betwixt two aged oaks,
Where Corydon and Thirsis met,
Are at their savoury dinner set
Of herbs, and other country-messes,
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses:
And then in haste her bow'r she leaves,
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;
Or if the earlier season lead
To the tann'd haycock in the mead,

Sometimes with secure delight
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecs sound
To many a youth, and many a maid,
Dancing in the chequer'd shade;
And young and old come forth to play
On a sun-shine holy-day.
Till the live-long daylight fail;
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
With stories told of many a feat,
How Fairy Mab the junkets ate.
She was pinch'd, and pull'd, she said,
And he by friars lanthorn led,
Tells how the drudging goblin sweat,
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail hath thresh'd the corn
That ten day-lab'rers could not end;
Then lies him down, the lubbar fiend,
And stretch'd out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength,
And crop-full out of doors he flings,
Ere the first cock his mattin rings.
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whisp'ring winds soon lull'd asleep.
Tow'red cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights and barons bold
In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,
With store of ladies whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prise
Of wit, or arms, while both contend
To win her grace, whom all command.
There let Hymen oft appear
In saffron robe, with taper clear,
And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
With mask, and antique pageantry,
Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer-eves, by haunted stream.

Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.
And ever against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the melting soul may pierce
In notes, with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony;
That Orpheus' self may heave his head
From golden slumber on a bed
Of heap'd Elysian flow'rs, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto, to have quite set free
His half-regain'd Eurydice.
These delights if thou can'st give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

O Nightingale, that on yon bloomy spray
Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still!
Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart dost fill,
While the' jolly Hours lead on propitious May.
Thy liquid notes, that close the eye of Day,
First heard before the shallow cuckoo's bill,
Portend success in love: O if Jove's will
Have link'd that amorous power to thy soft lay,
Now timely sing, ere the rude bird of hate
Foretel my hopeless doom in some grove nigh;
As thou, from year to year, hast sung too late
For my relief, yet hadst no reason why.
Whether the Muse or Love call thee his mate,
Both them I serve, and of their train am I.

ON HIS DECEASED WIFE.

METHOUGHT I saw my late-espoused Saint,
Brought to me, like Alcestis, from the grave;
Whom Jove's great son to her glad husband gave,
Rescued from death by force, though pale and faint.
Mine, as whom wash'd from spot of child-bed taint,
Purification in the' Old Law did save;
And such as yet, once more, I trust to have
Full sight of her, in Heaven without restraint,—
Came vested all in white, pure as her mind:
Her face was veil'd, yet to my fancied sight
Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shin'd
So clear, as in no face with more delight.
But O! as to embrace me she inclin'd,
I wak'd—she fled, and day brought back my pain.

SONG.

On May Morning.

NOW the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flow'ry May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose.
Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire
Mirth and youth and warm desire;
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

EDMUND WALLER.

UPON THE
DEATH OF THE LORD PROTECTOR.

WE must resign! Heav'n his great soul does claim
In storms, as loud as his immortal fame:
His dying groans, his last breath, shakes our isle,
And trees uncut fall for his funeral pile;
About his palace their broad roots are tost
Into the air.—So Romulus was lost!
New Rome in such a tempest miss'd her king,
And from obeying fell to worshipping.
On Œta's top thus Hercules lay dead,
With ruin'd oaks and pines about him spread.
The poplar, too, whose bough he wont to wear
On his victorious head, lay prostrate there.
Those his last fury from the mountain rent:
Our dying hero from the continent
Ravish'd whole towns; and forts from Spaniards reft,
As his last legacy to Britain left.
The ocean, which so long our hopes confin'd,
Could give no limits to his vaster mind;
Our bounds' enlargement was his latest toil,
Nor hath he left us prisoners to our isle;
Under the tropic is our language spoke,
And part of Flanders hath receiv'd our yoke.
From civil broils he did us disengage,
Found nobler objects for our martial rage;
And, with wise conduct, to his country show'd
The ancient way of conquering abroad.
Ungrateful then! if we no tears allow
To him that gave us peace and empire too.
Princes that fear'd him grieve, concern'd to see
No pitch of glory from the grave is free.
Nature herself took notice of his death,
And, sighing, swell'd the sea with such a breath,
That, to remotest shores her billows roll'd,
The' approaching fate of their great ruler told.

THE STORY OF PHŒBUS AND DAPHNE APPLIED.

THYRSIS, a youth of the inspired train,
Fair Sacharissa lov'd, but lov'd in vain:
Like Phœbus sung the no less amorous boy;
Like Daphne she, as lovely, and as coy!
With numbers he the flying nymph pursues,
With numbers such as Phœbus' self might use!
Such is the chase when Love and Fancy leads,
O'er craggy mountains, and through flowery meads;
Invok'd to testify the lover's care,
Or form some image of his cruel fair.
Urg'd with his fury, like a wounded deer,
O'er these he fled; and now approaching near,
Had reach'd the nymph with his harmonious lay,
Whom all his charms could not incline to stay.
Yet what he sung in his immortal strain,
Though unsuccessful, was not sung in vain:
All but the nymph that should redress his wrong,
Attend his passion, and approve his song.
Like Phœbus thus, acquiring unsought praise,
He catch'd at love, and fill'd his arms with bays.

TO AMORET.

FAIR! that you may truly know
What you unto Thyrsis owe,
I will tell you how I do
Sacharissa love and you.
Joy salutes me when I set
My blest eyes on Amoret;
But with wonder I am strook,
While I on the other look.
If sweet Amoret complains,
I have sense of all her pains;
But for Sacharissa I
Do not only grieve, but die.

All that of myself is mine,
Lovely Amoret! is thine:
Sacharissa's captive fate
Would untie his iron chain,
And those scorching beams to shun,
To thy gentle shadow run.
If the soul had free election
To dispose of her affection,
I would not thus long have borne
Haughty Sacharissa's scorn:
But 'tis sure some pow'r above,
Which controls our wills in love!
If not love, a strong desire
To create and spread that fire
In my breast, solicits me,
Beauteous Amoret! for thee.
'Tis amazement more than love,
Which her radiant eyes do move:
If less splendour wait on thine,
Yet they so benignly shine,
I would turn my dazzled sight
To behold their milder light:
But as hard 'tis to destroy
That high flame, as to enjoy;
Which how easily I may do,
Heav'n (as easily scal'd) does know!
Amoret! as sweet and good
As the most delicious food,
Which but tasted does impart
Life and gladness to the heart.
Sacharissa's beauty's wine,
Which to madness doth incline;
Such a liquor as no brain
That is mortal can sustain.
Scarce can I to Heav'n excuse
The devotion which I use
Unto that adored dame;
For 'tis not unlike the same
Which I thither ought to send;
So that if it could take end,

It would to Heaven itself be due,
To succeed her and not you;
Who already have of me
All that's not idolatry;
Which, though not so fierce a flame,
Is longer like to be the same.
Then smile on me, and I will prove
Wonder is shorter-liv'd than love.

OF LOVE.

ANGER, in hasty words or blows,
Itself discharges on our foes:
And sorrow, too, finds some relief
In tears, which wait upon our grief:
So every passion, but fond love,
Unto its own redress does move;
But that alone the wretch inclines
To what prevents his own designs;
Makes him lament, and sigh, and weep,
Disorder'd, tremble, fawn, and creep;
Postures which render him despis'd,
Where he endeavours to be priz'd.
For women (born to be controll'd)
Stoop to the forward and the bold;
Affect the haughty and the proud,
The gay, the frolic, and the loud.
Who first the generous steed oppreat,
Not kneeling did salute the beast;
But with high courage, life, and force,
Approaching, tam'd the' unruly horse.
Unwisely we the wiser East
Pity, supposing them oppreat
With tyrants' force, whose law is will,
By which they govern, spoil, and kill:
Each nymph, but moderately fair,
Commands with no less rigour here.
Should some brave Turk, that walks among
His twenty lasses bright and young,

And beckons to the willing dame,
Preferr'd to quench his present flame,
Behold as many gallants here,
With modest guise and silent fear,
All to one female idol bend,
While her high pride does scarce descend
To mark their follies, he would swear
That these her guard of eunuchs were,
And that a more majestic queen,
Or humbler slaves, he had not seen.
All this with indignation spoke,
In vain I struggled with the yoke
Of mighty Love: that conquering look,
When next beheld, like lightning struck
My blasted soul, and made me bow
Lower than those I pitied now.
So the tall stag, upon the brink
Of some smooth stream about to drink,
Surveying there his armed head,
With shame remembers that he fled
The scorned dogs, resolves to try
The combat next; but if their cry
Invades again his trembling ear,
He straight resumes his wonted care,
Leaves the untasted spring behind,
And, wing'd with fear, outflies the wind.

THE BATTLE OF THE SUMMER-ISLANDS.

CANTO I.

What fruits they have, and how Heav'n smiles
Upon those late-discover'd isles!

AID me, Bellona! while the dreadful fight
Betwixt a nation and two whales I write.
Seas stain'd with gore I sing, adventrous toil!
And how these monsters did disarm an isle.

Bermuda, wall'd with rocks, who does not know?
That happy island where huge lemons grow,
And orange trees, which golden fruit do bear,
The' Hesperian garden boasts of none so fair;
Where shining pearl, and coral, many a pound,
On the rich shore, of ambergris is found.
The lofty cedar, which to Heav'n aspires,
The prince of trees! is fuel for their fires:
The smoke by which their loaded spits do turn,
For incense might on sacred altars burn:
Their private roofs on odorous timber borne,
Such as might palaces for kings adorn.
The sweet palmettos a new Bacchus yield,
With leaves as ample as the broadest shield,
Under the shadow of whose friendly boughs
They sit, carousing where their liquor grows.
Figs there unplanted through the fields do grow,
Such as fierce Cato did the Romans show,
With the rare fruit inviting them to spoil
Carthage, the mistress of so rich a soil.
The naked rocks are not unfruitful there,
But at some constant seasons, every year
Their barren tops with luscious food abound,
And with the eggs of various fowls are crown'd.
Tobacco is the worst of things, which they
To English landlords, as their tribute, pay.
Such is the mold that the blest tenant feeds
On precious fruits, and pays his rent in weeds.
With candied plantains and the juicy pine,
On choicest melons and sweet grapes they dine,
And with potatoes fat their wanton swine.
Nature these cates with such a lavish hand
Pours out among them, that our coarser land
Tastes of that bounty, and does cloth return,
Which not for warmth, but ornament, is worn:
For the kind Spring, which but salutes us here,
Inhabits there, and courts them all the year.
Ripe fruits and blossoms on the same trees live;
At once they promise, what at once they give.
So sweet the air, so moderate the clime,
None sickly lives, or dies before his time.

Heav'n sure has kept this spot of earth unearst,
To show how all things were created first.
The tardy plants in our cold orchards plac'd,
Reserve their fruit for the next age's taste:
There a small grain in some few months will be
A firm, a lofty, and a spacious tree.
The palma-christi, and the fair papà,
Now but a seed, (preventing Nature's law)
In half the circle of the hasty year
Project a shade, and lovely fruits do wear.
And as their trees, in our dull region set,
But faintly grow, and no perfection get,
So in this northern tract our hoarser throats,
Utter unripe and ill-constrained notes,
While the supporter of the poets' style,
Phœbus, on them eternally does smile.
Oh! how I long my careless limbs to lay
Under the plantain's shade, and all the day
With amorous airs, my fancy entertain,
Invoke the Muses, and improve my vein!
No passion there in my free breast should move,
None but the sweet and best of passions, love.
There while I sing, if gentle Love be by,
That tunes my lute, and winds the string so high,
With the sweet sound of Sacharissa's name
I'll make the listening savages grow tame.——
But while I do these pleasing dreams indite,
I am diverted from the promis'd fight.

CANTO II.

Of their alarm, and how their foes
Discover'd were, this Canto shows.

THOUGH rocks so high about this island rise,
That well they may the numerous Turk despise,
Yet is no human fate exempt from fear,
Which shakes their hearts, while through the isle
they bear

A lasting noise, as horrid and as loud
As thunder makes before it breaks the cloud.
Three days they dread this murmur ere they know
From what blind cause the' unwonted sound may grow:
At length two monsters of unequal size,
Hard by the shore, a fisherman espies;
Two mighty whales! which swelling seas had tost,
And left them prisoners on the rocky coast:
One as a mountain vast, and with her came
A cub, not much inferior to his dam.
Here in a pool, among the rocks engag'd,
They roar'd, like lions caught in toils, and rag'd.
The man knew what they were, who heretofore
Had seen the like lie murther'd on the shore;
By the wild fury of some tempest cast,
The fate of ships, and shipwreck'd men, to taste.
As careless dames, whom wine and sleep betray
To frantic dreams, their infants overlay;
So there, sometimes, the raging ocean fails,
And her own brood exposes; when the whales,
Against sharp rocks, like reeling vessels quash'd,
Though huge as mountains, are in pieces dash'd;
Along the shore their dreadful limbs lie scatter'd,
Like hills with earthquakes shaken, torn, and shatter'd.
Hearts sure of brass they had who tempted first
Rude seas, that spare not what themselves have nurst.
The welcome news through all the nation spread,
To sudden joy and hope converts their dread:
What lately was their public terror, they
Behold with glad eyes as a certain prey;
Dispose already of the' untaken spoil,
And, as the purchase of their future toil,
These share the bones, and they divide the oil.
So was the huntsman by the bear oppress,
Whose hide he sold—before he caught the beast!
They man their boats, and all their young men arm
With whatsoever may the monsters harm;

Pikes, halberts, spits, and darts that wound so far,
The tools of peace, and instruments of war.
Now was the time for vigorous lads to show
What love and honour could invite them to:
A goodly theatre! where rocks are round
With reverend age and lovely lasses crown'd.
Such was the lake which held this dreadful pair
Within the bounds of noble Warwick's share:
Warwick's bold Earl! than which no title bears
A greater sound among our British peers;
And worthy he the memory to renew,
The fate and honour to that title due,
Whose brave adventures have transferr'd his name,
And through the new world spread his growing fame.—
But how they fought, and what their valour gain'd,
Shall in another Canto be contain'd.

CANTO III.

The bloody fight, successless toil,
And how the fishes suck'd the isle.

THE boat which on the first assault did go,
Strook with a harping-iron the younger foe;
Who, when he felt his side so rudely gor'd,
Loud as the sea that nourish'd him he roar'd.
As a broad bream, to please some curious taste,
While yet alive, in boiling water cast,
Vex'd with unwonted heat, he flings about
The scorching brass, and hurls the liquor out;
So with the barbed javelin stung, he raves,
And scourges with his tail the suffering waves.
Like Spenser's Talus with his iron flail,
He threatens ruin with his ponderous tail;
Dissolving at one stroke the batter'd boat,
And down the men fall drenched in the moat;

With every fierce encounter they are fore'd
To quit their boats, and fare like men unhors'd.
The bigger whale like some huge carrack lay,
Which wanteth sea-room with her foes to play:
Slowly she swims, and when, provok'd, she would
Advance her tail, her head salutes the mud:
The shallow water doth her force infringe,
And renders vain her tail's impetuous swinge:
The shining steel her tender sides receive,
And there, like bees, they all their weapons leave.
This sees the cub, and does himself oppose
Betwixt his cumber'd mother and her foes:
With desperate courage he receives her wounds,
And men and boats his active tail confounds.
Their forces join'd, the seas with billows fill,
And make a tempest though the winds be still.
Now would the men with half their hoped prey
Be well content, and wish this cub away:
Their wish they have: he (to direct his dam
Unto the gap through which they thither came)
Before her swims, and quits the hostile lake,
A prisoner there but for his mother's sake.
She, by the rocks compell'd to stay behind,
Is by the vastness of her bulk confin'd.
They shout for joy! and now on her alone
Their fury falls, and all their darts are thrown.
Their lances spent, one, bolder than the rest,
With his broad sword provok'd the sluggish beast:
Her oily side devours both blade and haft,
And there his steel the bold Bermudan left.
Courage the rest from his example take,
And now they change the colour of the lake:
Blood flows in rivers from her wounded side,
As if they would prevent the tardy tide,
And raise the flood to that propitious height,
As might convey her from this fatal streight.
She swims in blood, and blood does spouting throw
To Heav'n, that Heav'n men's cruelties might know.
Their fixed javelins in her side she wears,
And on her back a grove of pikes appears;

You would have thought had you the monster seen
Thus drest, she had another island been.
Roaring she tears the air with such a noise,
As well-resembled the conspiring voice
Of routed armies, when the field is won,
To reach the ears of her escaped son.
He, though a league removed from the foe,
Hastes to her aid: the pious Trojan so,
Neglecting for Creüsa's life his own,
Repeats the danger of the burning town.
The men, amazed, blush to see the seed
Of monsters human piety exceed.
Well proves this kindness, what the Grecian sung,
That Love's bright mother from the Ocean sprung.
Their courage droops, and, hopeless now, they wish
For composition with the' unconquer'd fish;
So she their weapons would restore again,
Through rocks they'd hew her passage to the main.
But how instructed in each other's mind?
Or what commerce can men with monsters find?
Not daring to approach their wounded foe,
Whom her courageous son protected so,
They charge their muskets, and with hot desire
Of fell revenge, renew the fight with fire;
Standing aloof, with lead they bruise the scales,
And tear the flesh of the incensed whales.
But no success their fierce endeavours found,
Nor this way could they give one fatal wound.
Now to their fort they are about to send
For the loud engines which their isle defend;
But what those pieces, fram'd to batter walls,
Would have effected on those mighty whales,
Great Neptune will not have us know, who sends
A tide so high that it relieves his friends:
And thus they parted with exchange of harms;
Much blood the monsters lost, and they their arms.

EPISTLE

To a Lady, from whom he received the Copy of the Poem entitled 'Of a Tree cut in Paper,' which for many Years had been lost.

NOTHING lies hid from radiant eyes;
All they subdue become their spies.
Secrets, as choicest jewels, are
Presented to oblige the fair:
No wonder, then, that a lost thought
Should there be found where souls are caught.
The picture of fair Venus, (that
For which men say the goddess sat)
Was lost, till Lely from your look
Again that glorious image took.
If Virtue's self were lost, we might
From your fair mind new copies write.
All things but one you can restore;
The heart you get returns no more.

SONG.

GO, lovely rose!
Tell her that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her, that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That hadst thou sprung
In deserts, where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired.
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die, that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee:
How small a part of time they share,
That are so wondrous sweet and fair!

TO PHILLIS.

PHILLIS, why should we delay
Pleasures shorter than the day?
Could we (which we never can)
Stretch our lives beyond their span,
Beauty like a shadow flies,
And our youth before us dies.
Or would youth and beauty stay,
Love hath wings, and will away.
Love hath swifter wings than time,
Change in love to heav'n doth climb;
Gods, that never change their state,
Vary oft their love and hate.
Phillis, to this truth we owe
All the love betwixt us two;
Let not you and I inquire
What hath been our past desire;
On what shepherds you have smil'd,
Or what nymphs I have beguil'd;
Leave it to the planets too
What we shall hereafter do;
For the joys we now may prove,
Take advice of present love.

OF MY LADY ISABELLA PLAYING ON THE LUTE.

SUCH moving sounds from such a careless touch!
So unconcern'd herself, and we so much!
What art is this, that with so little pains
Transports us thus, and o'er our spirits reigns?

The trembling strings about her fingers crowd,
And tell their joy for every kiss aloud,
Small force there needs to make them tremble so;
Touch'd by that hand, who would not tremble too?
Here Love takes stand, and while she charms the ear,
Empties his quiver on the listening deer.
Music so softens and disarms the mind,
That not an arrow does resistance find.
Thus the fair tyrant celebrates the prise,
And acts herself the triumph of her eyes:
So Nero once, with harp in hand, survey'd
His flaming Rome, and as it burn'd he play'd.

OF THE MARRIAGE OF THE DWARFS.

DESIGN or Chance makes others wive,
But Nature did this match contrive:
Eve might as well have Adam fled,
As she denied her little bed
To him, for whom Heav'n seem'd to frame
And measure out this only dame.
Thrice happy is that humble pair,
Beneath the level of all care!
Over whose heads those arrows fly
Of sad distrust and jealousy;
Secured in as high extreme,
As if the world held none but them.
To him the fairest nymphs do show
Like moving mountains topp'd with snow;
And every man a Polypheme
Does to his Galatea seem:
None may presume her faith to prove;
He proffers death that proffers love.
Ah, Chloris! that kind Nature thus
From all the world had sever'd us;
Creating for ourselves us two,
As Love has me for only you!

SEDLEY.

SONG.

PHILLIS, let's shun the common fate,
And let our love ne'er turn to hate.
I'll dost no longer than I can
Without being call'd a faithless man;
When we begin to want discourse,
And kindness seems to taste of force,
As freely as we met we'll part;
Each one possess'd of his own heart.
Thus while rash fools themselves undo,
We'll game, and leave off savers too.
So equally the match we'll make,
Each shall be glad to draw the stake:
A smile of thine shall make my bliss,
Or I'll enjoy thee in a kiss:
If from this height our kindness fall,
We'll bravely scorn to love at all:
If thy affection first decay,
I will the blame on nature lay.
Alas! what cordial can remove
The hasty fate of dying love?
Thus we will all the world excel,
In loving and in parting well.

SONG.

NOT, Celia, that I juster am,
Or better than the rest;
For I would change each hour, like them,
Were not my heart at rest.

But I am ty'd to very thee
By ev'ry thought I have:
Thy face I only care to see,
Thy heart I only crave.

All that in woman is ador'd,
In thy dear self I find;
For the whole sex can but afford
The handsome and the kind.

Why then should I seek farther store,
And still make love anew?
When change itself can give no more,
'Tis easy to be true.

SONG.

GET you gone—you will undo me,
If you love me don't pursue me;
Let that inclination perish,
Which I dare no longer cherish.

With harmless thoughts I did begin,
But in the crowd Love enter'd in;
I knew him not, he was so gay,
So innocent, and full of play.

At ev'ry hour, in ev'ry place,
I either saw, or form'd your face:
All that in plays is finely writ,
Fancy for you and me did fit.

My dreams at night were all of you,
Such as, till then, I never knew.
I sported thus with young desire,
Never intending to go higher.

But now his teeth and claws are grown,
Let me the fatal lion shun;
You found me harmless, leave me so;
For, were I not, you'd leave me too.

SONG.

HEARS not my Phillis, how the birds,
Their feather'd mates salute?
They tell their passion in their words,
Must I alone be mute?
Phillis, without frown or smile,
Sat and knotted all the while.

The god of love, in thy bright eyes,
Doth like a tyrant reign;
But in thy heart, a child he lies,
Without his dart or flame.
Phillis, &c.

So many months in silence past,
And yet in raging love;
Might well deserve one word at last,
My passion should approve.
Phillis, &c.

Must then your faithful swain expire,
And not one look obtain;
Which he, to soothe his fond desire,
Might pleasingly explain?
Phillis, without frown or smile,
Sat and knotted all the while.

CHARLES COTTON.

TO CHLORIS.

LORD! how you take upon you still!
How you crow and domineer!
How still expect to have your will,
And carry the dominion clear,
As you were still the same that once you were!

Fie, Chloris, 'tis a gross mistake,
Correct your errors, and be wise;
I kindly still your kindness take,
But yet have learn'd, though love I prise,
Your froward humours to despise,
And now disdain to call them cruelties.

I was a fool while you were fair,
And I had youth t' excuse it;
And all the rest are so that lovers are:
I then myself your vassal sware,
And could be still so (which is rare),
But on condition that you not abuse it.

'Tis beauty that to woman-kind
Gives all the rule and sway;
Which once declining, or declin'd,
Men afterwards unwillingly obey.

Yet still you have enough, and more than needs,
To rule a more rebellious heart than mine;
For as your eyes still shoot, my heart still bleeds,
And I must be a subject still:
Nor is it much against my will,
Though I pretend to wrestle and repine.

Your beauties, sweet, are at their height,
And I must still adore;
New years new graces still create,
Nay, maugre time, mischance, and fate,
You in your very ruins shall have more
Than all the beauties that have grac'd the world before.

SIR RICHARD FANSHAW.

THOU blushing rose, within whose virgin leaves
The wanton wind to sport himself presumes,
Whilst from their rifled wardrobe he receives
For his wings purple, for his breath perfumes.
Blown in the morning, thou shalt fade ere noon;
What boots a life which in such haste forsakes thee?
Thou'rt wondrous frolic, being to die so soon,
And passing proud a little colour makes thee.
If thee thy brittle beauty so deceives,
Know then, the thing that swells thee is thy bane;
For the same beauty, doth in bloody leaves
The sentence of thy early death contain.
Some clown's coarse lungs will poison thy sweet flow'r,
If by the careless plough thou shalt be torn,
And many *Herods* lie in wait each hour,
To murder thee as soon as thou art born.
Nay, force thy bud to blow, their tyrant breath
Anticipating life to hasten death.

JOHN DRYDEN.

ALEXANDER's FEAST,

Or, the Power of Music:

AN ODE ON ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

'TWAS at the royal feast, for Persia won
By Philip's warlike son:
Aloft in awful state
The god-like hero sate
On his imperial throne:
His valiant peers were plac'd around;
Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound:
So should desert in arms be crown'd.
The lovely Thaïs by his side
Sat, like a blooming eastern bride,
In flower of youth, and beauty's pride.
Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair!
Timotheus plac'd on high,
Amid the tuneful choir,
With flying fingers touch'd the lyre:
The trembling notes ascend the sky,
And heavenly joys inspire.

The song began from Jove;
Who left his blissful seats above,
(Such is the power of mighty love!)
A dragon's fiery form belied the god:
Sublime on radiant spheres he rode,
When he to fair Olympia press'd,
And stamp'd an image of himself, a sov'reign of the world;
The list'ning crowd admire the lofty sound;
A present deity! they shout around;
A present deity! the vaulted roofs rebound:

With ravish'd ears,
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

The praise of Bacchus, then, the sweet musician sung;
Of Bacchus ever fair, and ever young:
The jolly god in triumph comes;
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums;
Flush'd with a purple grace,
He shews his honest face.
Now give the hautboys breath—he comes, he comes!
Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain:
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure;
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure;
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Sooth'd with the sound, the king grew vain;
Fought all his battles o'er again;
And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the slain.
The master saw the madness rise,
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
And while he heav'n and earth defy'd,
Chang'd his hand, and check'd his pride.
He chose a mournful muse,
Soft pity to infuse:
He sung Darius, great and good!
By too severe a fate
Fall'n, fall'n, fall'n, fall'n,
Fall'n from his high estate,
And welt'ring in his blood:
Deserted, at his utmost need,
By those his former bounty fed;
On the bare earth expos'd he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes.

With downcast looks the joyless victor sate,
Revolving in his alter'd soul
The various turns of chance below;
And now and then a sigh he stole,
And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smil'd to see
That love was in the next degree;
'Twas but a kindred sound to move,
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasures.
War, he sung, is toil and trouble,
Honour but an empty bubble;
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying:
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, O think it worth enjoying!
Lovely Thaïs sits beside thee;
Take the good the gods provide thee.
The many rend the skies with loud applause:
So Love was crown'd, but Music won the cause.
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gaz'd on the fair
Who caus'd his care,
Sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again.
At length, with love and wine at once oppress,
The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

Now strike the golden lyre again:
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.
Break his bands of sleep asunder,
And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.
Hark, hark, the horrid sound
Has rais'd up his head,
As awak'd from the dead,
And, amaz'd, he stares around.

Revenge, revenge! Timotheus cries:
See the furies arise!
See the snakes how they rear,
How they hiss in the air!
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!

Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand,
These are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
And unburied remain,
Inglorious on the plain:
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew.
Behold how they toss their torches on high,
How they point to the Persian abodes,
And glitt'ring temples of their hostile gods!—
The princes applaud with a furious joy,
And the king seiz'd a flambeau, with zeal to destroy:
Thaïs led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.

Thus, long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,
While organs yet were mute;
Timotheus, to his breathing flute
And sounding lyre,
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown;
He rais'd a mortal to the skies,
She drew an angel down.

ODE

To the pious Memory of the accomplished young Lady,

Mrs. ANNE KILLIGREW,

Excellent in the two Sister-Arts of Poesy and Painting.

THOU youngest virgin-daughter of the Skies,
Made in the last promotion of the bless'd;
Whose palms, new pluck'd from Paradise,
In spreading branches more sublimely rise,
Rich with immortal green above the rest:
Whether, adopted to some neighbouring star,
Thou roll'st above us in thy wandering race,
Or, in procession fix'd and regular,
Mov'd with the heavn's majestic pace;
Or, call'd to more superior bliss,
Thou tread'st with seraphims, the vast abyss:
Whatever happy region is thy place,
Cease thy celestial song a little space;
Thou wilt have time enough for hymns divine,
Since Heaven's eternal year is thine.
Hear, then, a mortal muse thy praise rehearse
In no ignoble verse;
But such as thy own voice did practise here,
When thy first fruits of poesy were giv'n
To make thyself a welcome inmate there;
While yet a young probationer,
And candidate of Heav'n.

If by traduction came thy mind,
Our wonder is the less to find
A soul so charming from a stock so good;
Thy father was transfus'd into thy blood:
So wert thou born into a tuneful strain,
An early, rich, and inexhausted vein,
But if thy pre-existing soul
Was form'd, at first with myriads more,
It did through all the mighty poets roll,
Who Greek or Latin laurels wore,

And was that Sappho last, which once it was before.
If so, then cease thy flight, O heav'n-born mind!
Thou hast no dross to purge from thy rich ore;
Nor can thy soul a fairer mansion find,
Than was the beauteous frame she left behind:
Return to fill or mend the choir of thy celestial kind.

May we presume to say, that at thy birth,
New joy was sprung in heaven, as well as here on earth?
For sure the milder planets did combine
On thy auspicious horoscope to shine,
And e'en the most malicious were in trine.
Thy brother-angels at thy birth
Strung each his lyre, and tun'd it high,
That all the people of the sky
Might know a poetess was born on earth;
And then, if ever, mortal ears
Had heard the music of the spheres.
And if no clustering swarm of bees
On thy sweet mouth distill'd their golden dew,
'Twas that such vulgar miracles
Heaven had not leisure to renew:
For all thy bless'd fraternity of love
Solemniz'd there thy birth, and kept thy holy-day above.

O gracious God! how far have we
Profan'd thy heavenly gift of poesy?
Made prostitute and profligate the Muse,
Debas'd to each obscene and impious use,
Whose harmony was first ordain'd above
For tongues of angels, and for hymns of love?
O wretched we! why were we hurried down
This lubrique and adulterate age,
(Nay, added fat pollutions of our own)
To' increase the streaming ordures of the stage!
What can we say to' excuse our second fall?
Let this thy vestal, Heaven, atone for all:
Her Arethusian stream remains unsoil'd,
Unmix'd with foreign filth, and undefil'd;
Her wit was more than man, her innocence a child.

Art she had none, yet wanted none,
For Nature did that want supply;
So rich in treasures of her own,
She might our boasted stores defy:
Such noble vigour did her verse adorn,
That it seem'd borrow'd, where 'twas only born.
Her morals, too, were in her bosom bred,
By great examples daily fed,
What in the best of books, her father's life, she read.
And to be read herself she need not fear;
Each test, and every light, her Muse will bear,
Though Epictetus, with his lamp, were there.
E'en love, for love sometimes her Muse expreat
Was but a lambent flame which play'd about her breast,
Light as the vapours of a morning-dream;
So cold herself, while she such warmth express'd,
'Twas Cupid bathing in Diana's stream.

Born to the spacious empire of the Nine,
One would have thought she should have been content
To manage well that mighty government;
But what can young ambitious souls confine?
To the next realm she stretch'd her sway,
For Painture near adjoining lay,
A plenteous province, and alluring prey.
A Chamber of Dependencies was fram'd,
(As conquerors will never want pretence,
When arm'd, to justify the' offence)
And the old fief, in right of poetry, she claim'd.
The country open lay without defence;
For poets frequent inroads there had made,
And perfectly could represent
The shape, the face, with every lineament,
And all the large domains which the dumb sister sway'd;

All bow'd beneath her government,
Receiv'd in triumph wheresoe'er she went.

Her pencil drew whate'er her soul design'd,
And oft the happy draught surpass'd the image in her mind.
The silvan scenes of herds and flocks,
And fruitful plains, and barren rocks,
Of shallow brooks that flow'd so clear,
The bottom did the top appear;
Of deeper too, and ampler floods,
Which, as in mirrors, show'd the woods;
Of lofty trees, with sacred shades,
And perspectives of pleasant glades,
Where nymphs of brightest form appear,
And shaggy Satyrs standing near,
Which them at once admire and fear.
The ruins, too, of some majestic piece,
Boasting the power of ancient Rome or Greece,
Whose statues, friezes, columns, broken lie,
And, though defac'd, the wonder of the eye;
What Nature, Art, bold Fiction, e'er durst frame,
Her forming hand gave feature to the name.
So strange a concourse ne'er was seen before,
But when the peopled Ark the whole creation bore.

The scene then chang'd, with bold erected look
Our martial King the sight with reverence strook:
For, not content to' express his outward part,
Her hand call'd out the image of his heart:
His warlike mind, his soul devoid of fear,
His high-designing thoughts were figur'd there,
As when, by magic, ghosts are made appear.
Our phœnix Queen was pourtray'd, too, so bright,
Beauty alone could beauty take so right:
Her dress, her shape, her matchless grace,
Were all observ'd, as well as heavenly face.
With such a peerless majesty she stands,
As, in that day she took the crown from sacred hands,
Before a train of heroines was seen
In beauty foremost, as in rank, the Queen.

Thus nothing to her genius was denied,
But like a ball of fire, the farther thrown,
Still with a greater blaze she shone,
And her bright soul broke out on every side.
What next she had design'd Heaven only knows:
To such immoderate growth her conquest rose,
That Fate alone its progress could oppose.

Now all those charms, that blooming grace,
The well-proportion'd shape, and beauteous face,
Shall never more be seen by mortal eyes;
In earth the much-lamented virgin lies.
Not wit, nor piety could Fate prevent;
Nor was the cruel Destiny content
To finish all the murder at a blow,
To sweep, at once her life and beauty too;
But, like a harden'd felon, took a pride
To work more mischievously slow,
And plunder'd first, and then destroy'd.
O double sacrilege on things divine,
To rob the relic, and deface the shrine!
But thus Orinda died:
Heav'n, by the same disease, did both translate:
As equal were their souls, so equal was their fate.

Meantime her warlike brother on the seas
His waving streamers to the winds displays,
And vows for his return, with vain devotion, pays.
Ah, generous youth, that wish forbear,
The winds too soon will waft thee here!
Slack all thy sails, and fear to come,
Alas, thou know'st not, thou art wreck'd at home!
No more shalt thou behold thy sister's face,
Thou hast already had her last embrace.
But look aloft, and if thou ken'st from far,
Among the Pleiads a new-kindled star;
If any sparkles than the rest more bright,
'Tis she that shines in that propitious light.

When in mid-air the golden trump shall sound,
To raise the nations under ground;
When, in the valley of Jehoshaphat,
The judging God shall close the book of Fate,
And there the last assises keep
For those who wake, and those who sleep;
When rattling bones together fly,
From the four corners of the sky;
When sinews o'er the skeletons are spread,
Those cloth'd with flesh, and life inspires the dead;
The sacred Poets first shall hear the sound,
And foremost from the tomb shall bound,
For they are cover'd with the lightest ground;
And straight, with inborn vigour, on the wing,
Like mounting larks, to the new morning sing.
There thou, sweet saint! before the quire shall go,
As harbinger of Heav'n, the way to show,
The way which thou so well hast learnt below.

SONG

For St. Cecilia's Day, 1687.

FROM harmony, from heavenly harmony,
This universal frame began:
When Nature underneath a heap
Of jarring atoms lay,
And could not heave her head,
The tuneful voice was heard from high,
Arise, ye more than dead!
Then cold and hot, and moist and dry,
In order to their stations leap,
And Music's power obey.
From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
This universal frame began:
From harmony to harmony,
Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason closing full in Man.

What passion cannot Music raise and quell!
When Jubal struck the corded shell,
His listening brethren stood around,
And, wondering, on their faces fell
To worship that celestial sound.
Less than a god they thought there could not dwell
Within the hollow of that shell
That spoke so sweetly and so well.
What passion cannot Music raise and quell!

The Trumpet's loud clangor
Excites us to arms;
With shrill notes of anger,
And mortal alarms;
The double, double, double beat
Of the thundering drum
Cries, Hark! the foes come;
Charge, charge, 'tis too late to retreat.

The soft complaining Flute
In dying notes discovers
The woes of hopeless lovers,
Whose dirge is whisper'd by the warbling Lute.

Sharp Violins proclaim
Their jealous pangs, and desperation,
Fury, frantic indignation,
Depth of pains, and height of passion,
For the fair disdainful dame.

But, oh! what art can teach,
What human voice can reach,
The sacred Organ's praise?
Notes inspiring holy love,
Notes that wing their heavenly ways
To mend the choirs above.

Orpheus could lead the savage race,
And trees uprooted left their place,

Sequacious of the Lyre;
But bright Cecilia rais'd the wonder higher,
When to her Organ vocal breath was giv'n;
An angel heard, and straight appear'd,
Mistaking earth for Heav'n.

GRAND CHORUS.

As from the pow'r of sacred lays
The spheres began to move,
And sung the great Creator's praise
To all the bless'd above;
So when the last and dreadful hour
This crumbling pageant shall devour,
The trumpet shall be heard on high,
The dead shall live, the living die,
And Music shall untune the sky.

ANONYMOUS.

THE IVY.

HOW yonder ivy courts the oak,
And clips it with a false embrace!
So I abide a wanton's yoke,
And yield me to a smiling face.
And both our deaths will prove, I guess,
The triumph of unthankfulness.

How fain the tree would swell its rind!
But, vainly trying, it decays.
So fares it with my shackled mind,
So wastes the vigour of my days.
And soon our deaths will prove, I guess,
The triumph of unthankfulness.

A lass, forlorn for lack of grace,
My kindly pity first did move;
And, in a little moment's space,
This pity did engender love.
And now my death must prove, I guess,
The triumph of unthankfulness.

For now she rules me with her look,
And round me winds her harlot chain;
Whilst, by a strange enchantment struck,
My nobler will recoils in vain.
And soon my death will prove, I guess,
The triumph of unthankfulness.

But, had the oak denied its shade,
The weed had trail'd in dust below;
And she, had I her suit gainsaid,
Might still have pin'd in want and woe:
Now, both our deaths will prove, I guess,
The triumph of unthankfulness

SPECIMENS

OF THE

BRITISH POETS.

VOL. I. PART II.

CONTAINING

SELECTIONS FROM THE POETS

WHO

FLOURISHED IN THE REIGN

OF

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SPECIMENS

OF THE

BRITISH POETS.

THOMAS PARNELL.

THE HERMIT.

FAR in a wild, unknown to public view,
From youth to age a reverend Hermit grew,
The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well,
Remote from man, with God he pass'd his days,
Prayer all his business, all his pleasure praise.

A life so sacred, such serene repose,
Seem'd Heaven itself, till one suggestion rose—
That vice should triumph, virtue vice obey;
This sprung some doubt of Providence's sway:
His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,
And all the tenor of his soul is lost.
So when a smooth expanse receives imprest
Calm nature's image on its watery breast,
Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,
And skies beneath with answering colours glow;
But if a stone the gentle sea divide,
Swift rushing circles curl on every side,
And glimmering fragments of a broken sun:
Banks, trees, and skies, in thick disorder run.

To clear this doubt, to know the world by sight,
To find if books, or swains report it right

(For yet by swains alone the world he knew,
Whose feet came wandering o'er the nightly dew),
He quits his cell: the pilgrim-staff he bore,
And fix'd the scallop in his hat before,
Then with the sun a rising journey went,
Sedate to think, and watching each event.

The morn was wasted in the pathless grass,
And long and lonesome was the wild to pass:
But when the southern sun had warm'd the day,
A youth came posting o'er a crossing way;
His raiment decent, his complexion fair,
And soft in graceful ringlets wav'd his hair;
Then near approaching, 'Father, hail!' he cried;
And 'Hail, my son!' the reverend sire replied:
Words follow'd words, from question answer flow'd,
And talk of various kind deceiv'd the road;
Till each with other pleas'd, and loth to part,
While in their age they differ, join in heart.
Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound,
Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around.

Now sunk the sun; the closing hour of day
Came onward, mantled o'er with sober grey;
Nature in silence bid the world repose:
When near the road a stately palace rose:
There, by the moon, thro' ranks of trees they pass,
Whose verdure crown'd their sloping sides of grass.
It chanc'd the noble master of the dome
Still made his house the wandering stranger's home;
Yet still the kindness, from a thirst of praise,
Prov'd the vain flourish of expensive ease.
The pair arrive: the liveried servants wait;
Their lord receives them at the pompous gate.
The table groans with costly piles of food,
And all is more than hospitably good.
Then, led to rest, the day's long toil they drown,
Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and heaps of down.

At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of day
Along the wide canals the zephyrs play;
Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,
And shake the neighbouring wood to banish sleep.

Uprise the guests, obedient to the call;
An early banquet deck'd the splendid hall;
Rich luscious wine a golden goblet grac'd,
Which the kind master forc'd the guests to taste.
Then, pleas'd and thankful, from the porch they go:
And, but the landlord, none had cause of woe:
His cup was vanish'd; for in secret guise
The younger guest purloin'd the glittering prize.

As one who spies a serpent in his way,
Glistening and basking in the summer ray,
Disorder'd stops to shun the danger near,
Then walks with faintness on, and looks with fear;
So seem'd the sire, when far upon the road
The shining spoil his wily partner show'd.
He stopp'd with silence, walk'd with trembling heart,
And much he wish'd, but durst not ask, to part:
Murmuring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard
That generous actions meet a base reward.

While thus they pass, the sun his glory shrouds,
The changing skies hang out their sable clouds;
A sound in air presag'd approaching rain,
And beasts to covert scud across the plain.
Warn'd by the signs, the wandering pair retreat
To seek for shelter at a neighbouring seat:
'Twas built with turrets on a rising ground,
And strong, and large, and unimprov'd around;
Its owner's temper, timorous and severe,
Unkind and griping, caus'd a desert there.
As near the miser's heavy doors they drew,
Fierce rising gusts with sudden fury blew;
The nimble lightning mix'd with showers began,
And o'er their heads loud rolling thunder ran.
Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,
Driv'n by the wind, and batter'd by the rain.
At length some pity warm'd the master's breast
('Twas then his threshold first receiv'd a guest:)
Slow creeking turns the door with jealous care,
And half he welcomes in the shivering pair;
One frugal faggot lights the naked walls,
And nature's fervor thro' their limbs recals:

Bread of the coarsest sort with meagre wine,
(Each hardly granted) serv'd them both to dine;
And when the tempest first appear'd to cease,
A ready warning bid them part in peace.
With still remark the pondering Hermit view'd,
In one so rich, a life so poor and rude;
And why should such (within himself he cried)
Lock the lost wealth a thousand want beside?
But what new marks of wonder soon take place
In every setting feature of his face,
When from his vest the young companion bore
That cup the generous landlord own'd before,
And paid profusely with the precious bowl
The stinted kindness of this churlish soul!
But now the clouds in airy tumult fly;
The sun emerging opes an azure sky;
A fresher green the smelling leaves display,
And glittering as they tremble, cheer the day:
The weather courts them from the poor retreat,
And the glad master bolts the wary gate.
While hence they walk, the Pilgrim's bosom wrought
With all the travail of uncertain thought;
His partner's acts without their cause appear;
'Twas there a vice, and seem'd a madness here:
Detesting that, and pitying this, he goes,
Lost and confounded with the various shows.
Now night's dim shades again involve the sky,
Again the wanderers want a place to lie;
Again they search, and find a lodging nigh.
The soil improv'd around, the mansion neat,
And neither poorly low, nor idly great,
It seem'd to speak its master's turn of mind,
Content, and not for praise but virtue kind.
Hither the walkers turn with weary feet,
Then bless the mansion, and the master greet.
Their greeting fair, bestow'd with modest guise,
The courteous master hears, and thus replies:
'Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
To him who gives us all, I yield a part;

From him you come, for him accept it here,
A frank and sober, more than costly cheer.'
He spoke, and bid the welcome table spread,
Then talk'd of virtue till the time of bed;
When the grave household round his hall repair,
Warn'd by a bell, and close the hours with prayer.
At length the world, renew'd by calm repose,
Was strong for toil; the dappled morn arose;
Before the pilgrims part, the younger crept
Near the clos'd cradle, where an infant slept,
And writh'd his neck; the landlord's little pride,
O strange return! grew black, and gasp'd, and died.
Horror of horrors! what! his only son!
How look'd our Hermit when the fact was done!
Not hell, tho' hell's black jaws in sunder part,
And breathe blue fire, could more assault his heart.
Confus'd and struck with silence at the deed,
He flies; but, trembling, fails to fly with speed.
His steps the youth pursues; the country lay
Perplex'd with roads; a servant shew'd the way:
A river cross'd the path; the passage o'er
Was nice to find; the servant trod before:
Long arms of oak an open bridge supplied,
And deep the waves beneath the bending branches glide.
The youth, who seem'd to watch a time to sin,
Approach'd the careless guide and thrust him in:
Plunging he falls, and rising lifts his head:
Then flashing turns, and sinks among the dead.
Wild sparkling rage inflames the father's eyes;
He bursts the bands of fear, and madly cries,
'Detested wretch!'—But scarce his speech began,
When the strange partner seem'd no longer man:
His youthful face grew more serenely sweet:
His robe tarn'd white, and flow'd upon his feet;
Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair;
Celestial odors breathe thro' purpled air;
And wings, whose colours glitter'd on the day,
Wide at his back their gradual plumes display,

The form etherial bursts upon his sight,
And moves in all the majesty of light.
Tho' loud at first the Pilgrim's passion grew,
Sudden he gaz'd, and wist not what to do;
Surprise in secret chains his words suspends,
And in a calm his settling temper ends.
But silence here the beauteous angel broke
(The voice of music ravish'd as he spoke:)
'Thy prayer, thy praise, thy life to vice unknown,
In sweet memorial rise before the throne:
These charms success in our bright region find,
And force an angel down to calm thy mind;
For this commission'd, I forsook the sky—
Nay, cease to kneel!—thy fellow-servant I.
'Then know the truth of government Divine,
And let these scruples be no longer thine.
'The Maker justly claims that world he made,
In this the right of Providence is laid;
Its sacred majesty thro' all depends
On using second means to work his ends;
'Tis thus, withdrawn in state from human eye,
The Power exerts his attributes on high;
Your actions uses, nor controls your will,
And bids the doubting sons of men be still.
'What strange events can strike with more surprise,
Than those which lately struck thy wondering eyes?
Yet, taught by these, confess the Almighty just;
And, where you can't unriddle, learn to trust.
'The great, vain man, who far'd on costly food,
Whose life was too luxurious to be good;
Who made his ivory stands with goblets shine,
And forc'd his guests to morning draughts of wine;
Has, with the cup, the graceless custom lost,
And still he welcomes, but with less of cost.
'The mean suspicious wretch, whose bolted door
Ne'er mov'd in pity to the wandering poor,
With him I left the cup to teach his mind
That Heaven can bless, if mortals will be kind.

Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
And feels compassion touch his grateful soul.
Thus artists melt the sullen ore of lead,
With heaping coals of fire upon its head;
In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
And, loose from dross, the silver runs below.

'Long had our pious friend in virtue trod,
But now the child half-wean'd his heart from God;
(Child of his age) for him he liv'd in pain,
And measur'd back his steps to earth again.
To what excesses had his dotage run!
But God, to save the father, took the son.
To all but thee in fits he seem'd to go;
And 'twas my ministry to deal the blow.
The poor fond parent, humbled in the dust,
Now owns in tears the punishment was just.

'But how had all his fortunes felt a wreck,
Had that false servant sped in safety back!
This night his treasur'd heaps he meant to steal,
And what a fund of charity would fail!
Thus heaven instructs thy mind: this trial o'er,
Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more.'

On sounding pinions here the youth withdrew;
The sage stood wondering as the seraph flew.
Thus look'd Elisha, when to mount on high,
His master took the chariot of the sky:
The fiery pomp ascending left the view;
The prophet gaz'd, and wish'd to follow too.

The bending Hermit here a prayer begun:
Lord! as in heaven, on earth thy will be done.
Then, gladly turning, sought his ancient place,
And pass'd a life of piety and peace.

A NIGHT-PIECE,

On Death.

BY the blue taper's trembling light
No more I waste the wakeful night,
Intent with endless view to pore
The schoolmen and the sages o'er:
Their books from wisdom widely stray,
Or point at best the longest way,
I'll seek a readier path, and go
Where wisdom's surely taught below.

How deep yon azure dyes the sky!
Where orbs of gold unnumber'd lie,
While through their ranks in silver pride
The nether crescent seems to glide.
The slumbering breeze forgets to breathe,
The lake is smooth and clear beneath,
Where once again the spangled show
Descends to meet our eyes below.
The grounds which on the right aspire,
In dimness from the view retire:
The left presents a place of graves,
Whose wall the silent water laves.
That steeple guides thy doubtful sight
Among the livid gleams of night.
There pass, with melancholy state,
By all the solemn heaps of fate,
And think, as softly sad you tread
Above the venerable dead,
'Time was, like thee they life possess'd,
And time shall be, that thou shalt rest.'

Those, with bending osier bound,
That nameless heave the crumbled ground,
Quick to the glancing thought disclose
Where toil and poverty repose.

The flat smooth stones that bear a name,
The chissel's slender help to fame,
(Which ere our set of friends decay
Their frequent steps may wear away;)

A middle race of mortals own,
Men, half ambitious, all unknown.
The marble tombs that rise on high,
Whose dead in vaulted arches lie,
Whose pillars swell with sculptur'd stones,
Arms, angels, epitaphs, and bones;
These, all the poor remains of state,
Adorn the rich, or praise the great;
Who while on earth in fame they live,
Are senseless of the fame they give.
Ha! while I gaze, pale Cynthia fades,
The bursting earth unveils the shades:
All slow, and wan, and wrapp'd with shrouds,
They rise in visionary crowds,
And all with sober accent cry,
'Think, mortal, what it is to die!'
Now from yon black and funeral yew,
That bathes the charnel-house with dew,
Methinks, I hear a voice begin;
(Ye ravens, cease your croaking din,
Ye tolling clocks, no time resound
O'er the long lake and midnight ground)
It sends a peal of hollow groans,
Thus speaking from among the bones:—
'When men my scythe and darts supply,
How great a King of Fears am I?
They view me like the last of things;
They make, and then they dread my stings.
Fools! if you less provok'd your fears,
No more my spectre form appears.
Death's but a path that must be trod,
If man would ever pass to God:
A port of calms, a state of ease
From the rough rage of swelling seas.
'Why then thy flowing sable stoles,
Deep pendent cypress, mourning poles,
Loose scarfs to fall athwart thy weeds,
Long palls, drawn herses, cover'd steeds,

And plumes of black, that as they tread,
Nod o'er the 'scutcheons of the dead?
'Nor can the parted body know,
Nor wants the soul, these forms of woe:
As men who long in prison dwell,
With lamps that glimmer round the cell,
Whene'er their suffering years are run,
Spring forth to greet the glittering sun:
Such joy, though far transcending sense,
Have pious souls at parting hence.
On earth, and in the body plac'd,
A few, and evil years, they waste:
But when their chains are cast aside,
See the glad scene unfolding wide,
Clap the glad wing, and tower away,
And mingle with the blaze of day.'

A HYMN TO CONTENTMENT.

'LOVELY, lasting peace of mind!
Sweet delight of human kind!
Heavenly born, and bred on high,
To crown the favourites of the sky
With more of happiness below,
Than victors in a triumph know!
Whither, O whither art thou fled,
To lay thy meek, contented head?
What happy region dost thou please
To make the seat of calms and ease?
'Ambition searches all its sphere
Of pomp and state, to meet thee there.
Increasing Avarice would find
Thy presence in its gold enshrin'd.
The bold adventurer ploughs his way,
Through rocks amidst the foaming sea,
To gain thy love; and then perceives
Thou wert not in the rocks and waves.
The silent heart which grief assails,
Treads soft and lonesome o'er the vales;

Sees daisies open, rivers run,
And seeks, (as I have vainly done)
Amusing thought; but learns to know
That Solitude's the nurse of woe.
No real happiness is found
In trailing purple o'er the ground:
Or in a soul exalted high,
To range the circuit of the sky,
Converse with stars above, and know
All nature in its forms below;
The rest it seeks, in seeking dies,
And doubts at last for knowledge rise.

'Lovely, lasting Peace, appear!
This world itself, if thou art here,
Is once again with Eden bless'd,
And man contains it in his breast.'—
'Twas thus, as under shade I stood,
I sung my wishes to the wood,
And, lost in thought, no more perceiv'd
The branches whisper as they wav'd:
It seem'd, as all the quiet place
Confess'd the presence of the Grace;
When thus she spoke—'Go, rule thy will,
Bid thy wild passions all be still;
Know God—and bring thy heart to know
The joys which from religion flow:
Then every Grace shall prove its guest,
And I'll be there to crown the rest.'

Oh! by yonder mossy seat,
In my hours of sweet retreat;
Might I thus my soul employ,
With sense of gratitude and joy:
Rais'd as ancient prophets were,
In heavenly vision, praise, and pray'r;
Pleasing all men, hurting none,
Pleas'd and bless'd with God alone:
Then while the gardens take my sight,
With all the colours of delight;
While silver waters glide along,
To please my ear, and court my song;

I'll lift my voice, and tune my string,
And thee, great Source of Nature! sing.
The sun that walks his airy way,
To light the world, and give the day;
The moon that shines with borrow'd light,
The stars that gild the gloomy night;
The seas that roll unnumber'd waves;
The wood that spreads its shady leaves;
The field whose ears conceal the grain,
The yellow treasure of the plain;
All of these, and all I see,
Should be sung, and sung by me:
They speak their Maker as they can,
But want and ask the tongue of man.
Go search among your idle dreams,
Your busy, or your vain extremes;
And find a life of equal bliss,
Or own the next begun in this.

A FAIRY TALE.

IN Britain's isle, and Arthur's days,
When midnight fairies danc'd the maze,
Liv'd Edwin of the Green;
Edwin, I wis, a gentle youth,
Endow'd with courage, sense, and truth,
Though badly shap'd he been.

His mountain back mote well be said
To measure height against his head,
And lift itself above;
Yet spite of all that Nature did
To make his uncouth form forbid,
This creature dar'd to love.

He felt the charms of Edith's eyes,
Nor wanted hope to gain the prize,
Could ladies look within;
But one Sir Topaz dress'd with art,
And, if a shape could win a heart,
He had a shape to win.

Edwin, if right I read my song,
With slighted passion pac'd along
All in the moony light;
'Twas near an old enchanted court,
Where sportive fairies made resort
To revel out the night.

His heart was drear, his hope was cross'd,
'Twas late, 'twas far, the path was lost
That reach'd the neighbour-town;
With weary steps he quits the shades,
Resolv'd, the darkling dome he treads,
And drops his limbs adown.

But scant he lays him on the floor,
When hollow winds remove the door,
And, trembling, rocks the ground:
And, well I ween to count aright,
At once a hundred tapers light
On all the walls around.

Now sounding tongues assail his ear,
Now sounding feet approachen near,
And now the sounds increase:
And from the corner where he lay
He sees a train profusely gay
Come prankling o'er the place.

But (trust me, gentles!) never yet
Was dight a masking half so neat,
Or half so rich before;
The country lent the sweet perfumes,
The sea the pearl, the sky the plumes,
The town its silken store.

Now whilst he gaz'd, a gallant dress'd
In flaunting robes above the rest,
With awful accent cried,
'What mortal of a wretched mind,
Whose sighs infect the balmy wind,
Has here presum'd to hide?'

At this the swain, whose venturous soul
No fears of magic art control,
Advanc'd in open sight;
'Nor have I cause of dreed, (he said)
Who view, by no presumption led,
Your revels of the night.

'Twas grief, for scorn of faithful love,
Which made my steps unweeting rove
Amid the nightly dew.'
'Tis well, (the gallant cries again)
We fairies never injure men
Who dare to tell us true.

'Exalt thy love-dejected heart,
Be mine the task, or ere we part,
To make thee grief resign;
Now take the pleasure of thy chaunce;
Whilst I with Mab, my partner, daunce,
Be little Mable thine.'

He spoke, and all a sudden there
Light music floats in wanton air;
The monarch leads the queen:
The rest their fairy partners found:
And Mable trimly tripp'd the ground
With Edwin of the Green.

The dauncing pass'd, the board was laid,
And siker such a feast was made
As heart and lip desire,
Withouten hands the dishes fly,
The glasses with a wish come nigh,
And with a wish retire.

But now to please the fairy king,
Full every deal they laugh and sing,
And antic feats devise;
Some wind and tumble like an ape,
And other-some transmute their shape
In Edwin's wondering eyes.

Till one at last, that Robin hight,
Renown'd for pinching maids by night,
Has hent him up aloof;
And full against the beam he flung,
Where by the back the youth he hung
To spraul unneath the roof.

From thence, 'Reverse my charm, (he cries)
And let it fairly now suffice
The gambol has been shown:'
But Oberon answers, with a smile,
'Content thee, Edwin, for awhile,
The vantage is thine own.'

Here ended all the phantom play;
They smelt the fresh approach of day,
And heard a cock to crow;
The whirling wind that bore the crowd
Has clapp'd the door, and whistled loud,
To warn them all to go.

Then screaming all at once they fly,
And all at once the tapers die;
Poor Edwin falls to floor;
Forlorn his state, and dark the place,
Was never wight in sike a case
Through all the land before.

But soon as dan Apollo rose,
Full jolly creature home he goes,
He feels his back the less;
His honest tongue and steady mind
Han rid him of the lump behind,
Which made him want success.

With lusty livelyhed he talks,
He seems a dauncing as he walks,
His story soon took wind;
And beauteous Edith sees the youth
Endow'd with courage, sense, and truth,
Without a bunch behind.

The story told, Sir Topaz mov'd,
The youth of Edith erst approv'd,
To see the revel scene:
At close of eve he leaves his home,
And wends to find the ruin'd dome,
All on the gloomy plain.

As there he bides, it so befell,
The wind came rustling down a dell,
A shaking seiz'd the wall;
Up spring the tapers as before,
The fairies bragly foot the floor,
And music fills the hall.

But, certes, sorely sunk with woe
Sir Topaz sees the elfin shew,
His spirits in him die:
When Oberon cries, 'A man is near,
A mortal passion, cleped fear,
Hangs flagging in the sky.'

With that Sir Topaz, hapless youth!
In accents faltering, ay, for ruth,
Intreats them pity graunt;
'For als he been a mister wight
Betray'd by wandering in the night
To tread the circled haunt.'

'Ah losell vile, at once they rear;
And little skill'd of fairie lere,
Thy cause to come, we know:
Now has thy kestrell courage fell;
And fairies, since a lie you tell,
Are free to work thee woe.'

Then Will, who bears the wispy fire
To trail the swains among the mire,
The caitive upward flung;
There, like a tortoise in a shop,
He dangled from the chamber-top,
Where whilom Edwin hung.

The revel now proceeds apace,
Deftly they frisk it o'er the place,
They sit, they drink, and eat;
The time with frolic mirth beguile,
And poor Sir Topaz hangs the while
Till all the rout retreat.

By this the stars began to wink,
They shriek, they fly, the tapers sink,
And down ydrops the knight:
For never spell, by fairie laid,
With strong enchantment bound a glade,
Beyond the length of night.

Chill, dark, alone, adreed, he lay,
Till up the welkin rose the day,
Then deem'd the dole was o'er:
But wot ye well his harder lot?
His seely back the bunch had got
Which Edwin lost afore.

This tale a sybil nurse ared;
She softly stroak'd my youngling head,
And when the tale was done,
'Thus some are born, my son, (she cries)
With base impediments to rise,
And some are born with none.

'But virtue can itself advance
To what the favourite fools of chance
By fortune seem design'd;
Virtue can gain the odds of fate,
And from itself shake off the weight
Upon the' unworthy mind.'

HEALTH.

An Eclogue.

NOW early shepherds o'er the meadow pass,
And print long footsteps in the glittering grass;
The cows neglectful of their pasture stand,
By turns obsequious to the milker's hand:
When Damon softly trod the shaven lawn,
Damon, a youth from city cares withdrawn;
Long was the pleasing walk he wander'd through,
A cover'd arbour clos'd the distant view;
There rests the youth, and while the feather'd throng
Raise their wild music, thus contrives a song.

'Here wafted o'er by mild Etesian air,
Thou country goddess, beauteous Health! repair;
Here let my breast through quivering trees inhale
Thy rosy blessings with the morning gale.
What are the fields, or flowers, or all I see?
Ah! tasteless all, if not enjoy'd with thee.

'Joy to my soul! I feel the goddess nigh,
The face of nature cheers as well as I;
O'er the flat green refreshing breezes run,
The smiling daisies blow beneath the sun,
The brooks run purling down with silver waves,
The planted lanes rejoice with dancing leaves,
The chirping birds from all the compass rove
To tempt the tuneful echoes of the grove:
High sunny summits, deeply shaded dales,
Thick mossy banks, and flowery winding vales,
With various prospect gratify the sight,
And scatter fix'd attention in delight.

'Come, country goddess, come, nor thou suffice,
But bring thy mountain-sister, Exercise.
Call'd by thy lovely voice, she turns her pace,
Her winding horn proclaims the finish'd chase;
She mounts the rocks, she skims the level plain,
Dogs, hawks, and horses, crowd her early train:
Her hardy face repels the tanning wind,
And lines and meshes loosely float behind.
All these as means of toil the feeble see,
But these are helps to pleasure join'd with thee.

'Let Sloth lie softening till high noon in down,
Or, lolling, fan her in the sultry town,
Unnerv'd with rest; and turn her own disease,
Or foster others in luxurious ease:
I mount the courser, call the deep-mouth'd hounds,
The fox unkennell'd flies to covert grounds;
I lead where stags through tangled thickets tread,
And shake the saplings with their branching head;
I make the falcons wing their airy way,
And soar to seize, or stooping strike their prey;
To snare the fish I fix the luring bait;
To wound the fowl I load the gun with fate:
'Tis thus through change of exercise I range,
And strength and pleasure rise from every change.
Here, beauteous Health! for all the year remain,
When the next comes, I'll charm thee thus again.
Oh come! thou goddess of my rural song,
And bring thy daughter, calm Content, along;
Dame of the ruddy cheek and laughing eye,
From whose bright presence clouds of sorrow fly:
For her I mow my walks, I plat my bow'rs,
Clip my low hedges, and support my flow'rs;
To welcome her, this summer seat I dress'd,
And here I court her when she comes to rest;
When she from exercise to learned ease
Shall change again, and teach the change to please.
'Now friends conversing my soft hours refine,
And Tully's Tusculum revives in mine:
Now to grave books I bid the mind retreat,
And such as make me rather good than great:
Or o'er the works of easy fancy rove,
Where flutes and innocence amuse the grove:
The native Bard that on Sicilian plains
First sung the lowly manners of the swains;
Or Maro's muse that in the fairest light
Paints rural prospects and the charms of sight;
These soft amusements bring Content along,
And fancy, void of sorrow, turns to song.
Here, beauteous Health! for all the year remain,
When the next comes, I'll charm thee thus again.

THE FLIES.

An Eclogue.

WHEN in the river cows for coolness stand,
And sheep for breezes seek the lofty land,
A youth, whom Æsop taught that every tree,
Each bird, and insect, spoke as well as he;
Walk'd calmly musing in a shady way,
Where flowering hawthorns broke the sunny ray,
And thus instructs his moral pen to draw
A scene, that obvious in the field he saw.

Near a low ditch, where shallow waters meet,
Which never learn'd to glide with liquid feet,
Whose naiads never prattle as they play,
But, screen'd with hedges, slumber out the day,
There stands a slender fern's aspiring shade,
Whose answering branches regularly laid,
Put forth their answering boughs and proudly rise
Three stories upward, in the nether skies.

For shelter here, to shun the noon-day heat,
An airy nation of the flies retreat;
Some in soft airs their silken pinions ply,
And some from bough to bough delighted fly,
Some rise, and circling light to perch again;
A pleasing murmur hums along the plain.
So, when a stage invites to pageant shows,
(If great and small are like) appear the beaux;
In boxes some with spruce pretension sit,
Some change from seat to seat within the pit,
Some roam the scenes, or, turning, cease to roam;
Preluding music fills the lofty dome.

When thus a Fly (if what a Fly can say
Deserves attention) rais'd the rural lay:

'Where late Amintor made a nymph a bride,
Joyful I flew by young Favonia's side,
Who, mindless of the feasting, went to sip
The balmy pleasure of the shepherd's lip.
I saw the wanton, where I stoop'd to sup,
And half resolv'd to drown me in the cup;

Till brush'd by careless hands, she soar'd above:
Cease, Beauty! cease to vex a tender love.'
Thus ends the youth, the bussing meadow rung,
And thus the rival of his music sung:
'When suns by thousands shone in orbs of dew,
I, wafted soft, with Zephyretta flew;
Saw the clean pail, and sought the milky cheer,
While little Daphne seiz'd my roving dear.
Wretch that I was! I might have warn'd the dame,
Yet sat indulging as the danger came;
But the kind huntress left her free to soar:
Ah! guard, ye lovers, guard a mistress more.'
Thus from the fern, whose high projecting arms
The fleeting nation bent with dusky swarms,
The swains their love in easy music breathe,
When tongues and tumult stun the field beneath:
Black Ants in teams come darkening all the road,
Some call to march, and some to lift the load;
They strain, they labour, with incessant pains,
Press'd by the cumbrous weight of single grains.
The Flies struck silent, gaze with wonder down:
The busy burghers reach their earthy town;
Where lay the burdens of a wintry store,
And thence unwearied part in search of more.
Yet one grave sage a moment's space attends,
And the small city's loftiest point ascends,
Wipes the salt due that trickles down his face,
And thus harangues them with the gravest grace:
'Ye foolish nurselings of the summer air,
These gentle tunes and whining songs forbear;
Your trees and whispering breeze, your grove and love,
Your Cupid's quiver, and his Mother's dove;
Let bards to business bend their vigorous wing,
And sing but seldom, if they love to sing;
Else, when the flowerets of the season fail,
And this your ferny shade forsakes the vale,
Though one would save ye, not one grain of wheat
Should pay such songsters idling at my gate.'
He ceas'd: the Flies, incorrigibly vain,
Heard the Mayor's speech, and fell to sing again.

AN ALLEGORY ON MAN.

A Thoughtful being, long and spare,
Our race of mortals call him Care:
(Were Homer living, well he knew
What name the gods have call'd him too)
With fine mechanic genius wrought,
And lov'd to work, though no one bought.
This being by a model bred
In Jove's eternal sable head,
Contriv'd a shape impower'd to breathe,
And be the worldling here beneath.
The man rose staring, like a stake;
Wondering to see himself awake!
Then look'd so wise, before he knew
The business he was made to do;
That pleas'd to see with what a grace
He gravely show'd his forward face,
Jove talk'd of breeding him on high,
An under-something of the sky.
But ere he gave the mighty nod,
Which ever binds a Poet's God:
(For which his curls ambrosial shake,
And mother Earth's oblig'd to quake:)
He saw old mother Earth arise,
She stood confess'd before his eyes;
But not with what we read she wore,
A castle for a crown before,
Nor with long streets and longer roads
Dangling behind her, like commodes:
As yet with wreaths alone she dress'd!
And trail'd a landscape-painted vest.
Then thrice she rais'd, as Ovid said,
And thrice she bow'd, her weighty head.
Her honours made, 'Great Jove! (she cried)
This thing was fashion'd from my side;
His hands, his heart, his head are mine;
Then what hast thou to call him thine?'

'Nay rather ask, (the Monarch said)
What boots his hand, his heart, his head,
Were what I gave remov'd away?
Thy part's an idle shape of clay.'
'Halves, more than halves! (cried honest Care)
Your pleas would make your titles fair;
You claim the body, you the soul,
But I who join'd them, claim the whole.'
Thus with the gods debate began,
On such a trivial cause as Man.
And can celestial tempers rage?
Quoth Virgil, in a later age.
As thus they wrangled, Time came by;
(There's none that paint him such as I,
For what the fabling ancients sung,
Makes Saturn old, when Time was young.)
As yet his winters had not shed
Their silver honours on his head;
He just had got his pinions free,
From his old sire Eternity.
A serpent girdled round he wore,
The tail within the mouth, before;
By which our almanacs are clear
That learned Egypt meant the year.
A staff he carried, where on high
A glass was fix'd to measure by,
As amber boxes made a show
For heads of canes an age ago.
His vest, for day and night, was pied;
A bending sickle arm'd his side;
And Spring's new months his train adorn!
The other Seasons were unborn.
Known by the Gods, as near he draws,
They make him umpire of the cause.
O'er a low trunk his arm he laid,
Where since his hours a dial made;
Then leaning heard the nice debate,
And thus pronounc'd the words of Fate:—
'Since body from the parent Earth,
And soul from Jove receiv'd a birth,

Return they where they first began;
But since their union makes the Man,
Till Jove and Earth shall part these two,
To Care who join'd them, Man is due.'
He said, and sprung with swift career
To trace a circle for the year;
Where ever since the Seasons wheel,
And tread on one another's heel.
'Tis well, (said Jove) and for consent
Thundering he shook the firmament.
Our umpire Time shall have his way,
With Care I let the creature stay:
Let business vex him, avarice blind,
Let doubt and knowledge rack his mind,
Let error act, opinion speak,
And want afflict, and sickness break,
And anger burn, dejection chill,
And joy distract, and sorrow kill.
Till arm'd by Care, and taught to mow,
Time draws the long destructive blow;
And wasted Man, whose quick decay
Comes hurrying on before his day,
Shall only find by this decree,
The soul flies sooner back to me.'

JOHN PHILIPS.

THE SPLENDID SHILLING.

HAPPY the man who, void of cares and strife,
In silken or in leathern purse retains
A Splendid Shilling! he nor hears with pain
New oysters cried, nor sighs for cheerful ale;
But with his friends, when nightly mists arise,
To Juniper's Magpie, or Town-Hall repairs;
Where, mindful of the nymph, whose wanton eye
Transfix'd his soul, and kindled amorous flames,
Chloe or Phillis; he each circling glass
Wisheth her health, and joy, and equal love;
Mean-while, he smokes and laughs at merry tale
Or pun ambiguous, or conundrum quaint:
But I, whom griping penury surrounds
And hunger, sure attendant upon want,
With scanty offals and small acid tiff
(Wretched repast!) my meagre corpse sustain,
Then solitary walk, or doze at home
In garret vile, and with a warming puff
Regale chill'd fingers, or from tube as black
As winter-chimney or well-polish'd jet
Exhale mundungus, ill perfuming scent!
Not blacker tube, nor of a shorter size,
Smokes Cambro-Briton (vers'd in pedigree
Sprung from Cadwallader and Arthur, kings
Full famous in romantic tale) when he
O'er many a craggy hill and barren cliff,
Upon a cargo of fam'd Cestrian cheese,
High overshadowing rides, with a design
To vend his wares, or at the' Arvonian mart
Or Maridunum, or the ancient town
Yclep'd Brechinia, or where Vaga's stream
Encircles Ariconium, fruitful soil!
Whence flow nectareous wines, that well may vie
With Massic, Setin, or renown'd Falern.

Thus, while my joyless minutes tedious flow,
With looks demure and silent pace a Dun,
Horrible monster! hated by gods and men,
To my aerial citadel ascends.
With vocal heel thrice thundering at my gate,
With hideous accent thrice he calls. I know
The voice ill-boding, and the solemn sound.
What should I do, or whither turn? Amaz'd,
Confounded, to the dark recess I fly
Of wood-hole. Straight my bristling hairs erect
Through sudden fear, a chilly sweat bedews
My shuddering limbs, and (wonderful to tell!)
My tongue forgets her faculty of speech;
So horrible he seems! His faded brow,
Intrench'd with many a frown, and conic beard,
And spreading band, admir'd by modern saints,
Disastrous acts forebode. In his right hand
Long scrolls of paper solemnly he waves,
With characters and figures dire inscrib'd,
Grievous to mortal eyes: (ye Gods! avert
Such plagues from righteous men!) Behind him stalks
Another monster not unlike himself,
Sullen of aspect, by the vulgar call'd
A Catchpole, whose polluted hands the gods
With force incredible and magic charms
Erst have endued: if he his ample palm
Should haply on ill-fated shoulder lay
Of debtor, straight his body, to the touch
Obsequious, (as whilom knights were wont)
To some enchanted castle is convey'd,
Where gates impregnable and coercive chains
In durance strict detain him, till in form
Of Money Pallas sets the captive free.

Beware, ye Debtors! when ye walk, beware,
Be circumspect; oft with insidious ken
This caitiff eyes your steps aloof, and oft
Lies perdue in a nook or gloomy cave,
Prompt to enchant some inadvertent wretch
With his unhallow'd touch. So, poets sing,
Grimalkin, to domestic vermin sworn

An everlasting foe, with watchful eye
Lies nightly brooding o'er a chinky gap,
Protending her fell claws, to thoughtless mice
Sure ruin; so her disembowell'd web
Arachne in a hall or kitchen spreads,
Obvious to vagrant flies; she secret stands
Within her woven cell; the humming prey,
Regardless of their fate, rush on the toils
Inextricable, nor will aught avail
Their arts or arms, or shapes of lovely hue:
The wasp insidious and the bussing drone,
And butterfly, proud of expanded wings
Distinct with gold, entangled in her snares,
Useless resistance make: with eager strides
She towering flies to her expected spoils;
Then, with envenom'd jaws the vital blood
Drinks of reluctant foes, and to her cave
Their bulky carcasses triumphant drags.
So pass my days; but when nocturnal shades
This world envelope, and the' inclement air
Persuades men to repel benumming frosts
With pleasant wines, and crackling blaze of wood;
Me, lonely sitting, nor the glimmering light
Of make-weight candle, nor the joyous talk
Of loving friend delights: distress'd, forlorn,
Amidst the horrors of the tedious night
Darkling I sigh, and feed with dismal thoughts
My anxious mind; or sometimes mournful verse
Indite, and sing of groves and myrtle shades,
Or desperate lady near a purling stream,
Or lover pendent on a willow-tree.
Mean-while, I labour with eternal drought,
And restless wish, and rave; my parched throat
Finds no relief, nor heavy eyes repose;
But if a slumber haply does invade
My weary limbs, my fancy's still awake,
Thoughtful of drink, and eager, in a dream
Tipples imaginary pots of ale
In vain: awake, I find the settled thirst
Still gnawing, and the pleasant phantom curse.

Thus do I live, from pleasure quite debarr'd,
Nor taste the fruits that the sun's genial rays
Mature, John-apple, nor the downy peach,
Nor walnut in rough-furrow'd coat secure,
Nor medlar fruit, delicious in decay;
Afflictions great! yet greater still remain.
My galligaskins, that have long withstood
The winter's fury and encroaching frosts,
By time subdued (what will not time subdue!)
An horrid chasm disclose, with orifice
Wide, discontinuous; at which the winds
Eurus and Auster, and the dreadful force
Of Boreas, that congeals the Cronian waves,
Tumultuous enter, with dire chilling blasts
Portending agues. Thus a well-fraught ship
Long sail'd secure, or through the' Ægean deep
Or the Ionian, till cruising near
The Lilybean shore, with hideous crush
On Scylla or Charybdis, (dangerous rocks!)
She strikes rebounding, whence the shatter'd oak
So fierce a shock unable to withstand
Admits the sea; in at the gaping side
The crowding waves gush with impetuous rage
Resistless, overwhelming: horrors seise
The mariners; death in their eyes appears;
They stare, they lave, they pump, they swear, they
pray:
(Vain efforts!) still the battering waves rush in
Implacable, till delug'd by the foam
The ship sinks foundering in the vast abyss.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

A LETTER FROM ITALY,

To the Right Hon. Charles Lord Halifax.

In the Year 1701.

Salve, magna parens frugum, Saturnia tellus,
Magna virum! tibi res antiquæ laudis et artis
Ingredior, sanctos ausus recludere fontes.
Virg. Georg. ii.

WHILE you, my Lord, the rural shades admire,
And from Britannia's public posts retire,
Nor longer, her ungrateful sons to please,
For their advantage sacrifice your ease;
Me, into foreign realms my fate conveys
Through nations fruitful of immortal lays,
Where the soft season and inviting clime
Conspire to trouble your repose with rhyme.
For wheresoe'er I turn my ravish'd eyes,
Gay gilded scenes and shining prospects rise;
Poetic fields encompass me around,
And still I seem to tread on classic ground;
For here the Muse so oft her harp has strung,
That not a mountain rears its head unsung,
Renown'd in verse each shady thicket grows,
And every stream in heavenly numbers flows.
How am I pleas'd to search the hills and woods
For rising springs and celebrated floods!
To view the Nar, tumultuous in his course,
And trace the smooth Clitumnus to his source!
To see the Mincio draw his wat'ry store
Through the long windings of a fruitful shore!
And hoary Albula's infected tide
O'er the warm bed of smoking sulphur glide!
Fir'd with a thousand raptures, I survey
Eridanus through flowery meadows stray,
The king of floods! that, rolling o'er the plains,
The towering Alps of half their moisture drains,

And proudly swoln with a whole winter's snows,
Distributes wealth and plenty where he flows.
Sometimes, misguided by the tuneful throng,
I look for streams immortalis'd in song,
That lost in silence and oblivion lie,
(Dumb are their fountains and their channels dry)
Yet ran for ever by the Muses' skill,
And in the smooth description murmur still.
Sometimes to gentle Tiber I retire,
And the fam'd river's empty shores admire,
That, destitute of strength, derives its course
From thrifty urns and an unfruitful source,
Yet sung so often in poetic lays,
With scorn the Danube and the Nile surveys;
So high the deathless Muse exalts her theme!
Such was the Boyne, a poor inglorious stream,
That in Hibernian vales obscurely stray'd,
And, unobserv'd, in wild meanders play'd,
Till by your lines and Nassau's sword renown'd,
Its rising billows through the world resound,
Where'er the hero's godlike acts can pierce,
Or where the fame of an immortal verse.
Oh could the Muse my ravish'd breast inspire
With warmth like your's, and raise an equal fire,
Unnumber'd beauties in my verse should shine,
And Virgil's Italy should yield to mine!
See how the golden groves around me smile!
That shun the coast of Britain's stormy isle;
Or when transplanted, and preserv'd with care,
Curse the cold clime, and starve in northern air.
Here kindly warmth their mounting juice ferments
To nobler tastes and more exalted scents;
Ev'n the rough rocks with tender myrtle bloom,
And trodden weeds send out a rich perfume.
Bear me, some god, to Baia's gentle seats,
Or cover me in Umbria's green retreats,
Where western gales eternally reside,
And all the Seasons lavish all their pride;
Blossoms, and fruits, and flowers, together rise,
And the whole year in gay confusion lies.

Immortal glories in my mind revive,
And in my soul a thousand passions strive,
When Rome's exalted beauties I descry
Magnificent in piles of ruin lie.
An amphitheatre's amazing height
Here fills my eye with terror and delight,
That on its public shows unpeopled Rome,
And held, uncrowded, nations in its womb:
Here pillars, rough with sculpture, pierce the skies;
And here the proud triumphal arches rise,
Where the old Romans' deathless acts display'd
Their base degenerate progeny upbraid:
Whole rivers here forsake the fields below,
And wondering at their height through airy channels flow.

Still to new scenes my wandering Muse retires,
And the dumb show of breathing rocks admires,
Where the smooth chissel all its force has shown,
And soften'd into flesh the rugged stone.
In solemn silence, a majestic band,
Heroes, and gods, and Roman consuls, stand;
Stern tyrants, whom their cruelties renown,
And emperors in Parian marble frown;
While the bright dames, to whom they humbly sued,
Still show the charms that their proud hearts subdued.

Fain would I Raphael's godlike art rehearse,
And show the immortal labours in my verse,
Where from the mingled strength of shade and light
A new creation rises to my sight;
Such heavenly figures from his pencil flow,
So warm with life his blended colours glow,
From theme to theme with secret pleasure tost,
Amidst the soft variety I'm lost.
Here pleasing airs my ravish'd soul confound
With circling notes and labyrinths of sound;
Here domes and temples rise in distant views,
And op'ning palaces invite my Muse.

How has kind Heav'n adorn'd the happy land,
And scatter'd blessings with a wasteful hand;

But what avail her unexhausted stores,
Her blooming mountains and her sunny shores,
With all the gifts that heav'n and earth impart,
The smiles of Nature and the charms of Art,
While proud Oppression in her vallies reigns,
And Tyranny usurps her happy plains?
The poor inhabitant beholds in vain
The redd'ning orange and the swelling grain;
Joyless he sees the growing oils and wines,
And in the myrtle's fragrant shade repines;
Starves, in the midst of Nature's bounty curst,
And in the loaden vineyard dies for thirst.

Oh, Liberty! thou goddess heav'nly bright,
Profuse of bliss, and pregnant with delight!
Eternal pleasures in thy presence reign,
And smiling Plenty leads thy wanton train;
Eas'd of her load Subjection grows more light,
And Poverty looks cheerful in thy sight;
Thou mak'st the gloomy face of Nature gay,
Giv'st beauty to the sun, and pleasure to the day.

Thee, goddess! thee Britannia's isle adores;
How has she oft exhausted all her stores,
How oft in fields of death thy presence sought,
Nor thinks the mighty prize too dearly bought!
On foreign mountains may the sun refine
The grape's soft juice, and mellow it to wine,
With citron groves adorn a distant soil,
And the fat olive swell with floods of oil;
We envy not the warmer clime that lies
In ten degrees of more indulgent skies,
Nor at the coarseness of our heav'n repine,
Though o'er our heads the frosen Pleiads shine;
'Tis Liberty that crowns Britannia's isle,
And makes her barren rocks and her bleak mountains smile.

Others with tow'ring piles may please the sight,
And in their proud aspiring domes delight,
A nicer touch to the stretch'd canvass give,
Or teach their animated rocks to live;

'Tis Britain's care to watch o'er Europe's fate,
And hold in balance each contending state;
To threaten bold presumptuous kings with war,
And answer her afflicted neighbours' pray'r.
The Dane and Swede, rous'd up by fierce alarms,
Bless the wise conduct of her pious arms;
Soon as her fleets appear their terrors cease,
And all the northern world lies hush'd in peace.
The' ambitious Gaul beholds with secret dread
Her thunder aim'd at his aspiring head,
And fain her godlike sons would disunite,
By foreign gold or by domestic spite;
But strives in vain to conquer or divide
Whom Nassau's arms defend and counsels guide.
Fir'd with the name which I so oft have found
The distant climes and different tongues resound,
I bridle in my struggling Muse, with pain,
That longs to launch into a bolder strain.
But I've already troubled you too long,
Nor dare attempt a more adventurous song:
My humble verse demands a softer theme,
A painted meadow or a purling stream;
Unfit for heroes, whom immortal lays,
And lines like Virgil's, or like your's, should praise.

TO SIR GODFREY KNELLER,

On his Picture of the King.

KNELLER! with silence and surprise
We see Britannia's monarch rise,
A godlike form, by thee display'd
In all the force of light and shade,
And, aw'd by thy delusive hand,
As in the Presence-chamber stand.
The magic of thy art calls forth
His secret soul and hidden worth,
His probity and mildness shows,
His care of friends and scorn of foes:

In every stroke, in every line,
Does some exalted virtue shine,
And Albion's happiness we trace
Through all the features of his face.
O may I live to hail the day
When the glad nation shall survey
Their sovereign through his wide command,
Passing in progress o'er the land!
Each heart shall bend, and every voice
In loud applauding shouts rejoice,
Whilst all his gracious aspect praise,
And crowds grow loyal as they gaze.
The image on the medal plac'd,
With its bright round of titles grac'd,
And, stamp'd on British coins, shall live,
To richest ores the value give,
Or, wrought within the curious mould,
Shape and adorn the running gold.
To bear this form the genial sun
Has daily, since his course begun,
Rejoic'd the metal to refine,
And ripen'd the Peruvian mine.
Thou, Kneller! long with noble pride,
The foremost of thy art, hast vied
With Nature in a generous strife,
And touch'd the canvas into life:
Thy pencil has, by monarchs sought,
From reign to reign in ermine wrought,
And, in the robes of state array'd,
The kings of half an age display'd.
Here swarthy Charles appears, and there
His brother with dejected air:
Triumphant Nassau here we find,
And with him bright Maria join'd:
There Anna, great as when she sent
Her armies through the Continent,
Ere yet her hero was disgrac'd:
O may fam'd Brunswick be the last,
(Though Heav'n should with my wish agree,
And long preserve thy art in thee)

The last, the happiest, British king,
Whom thou shalt paint, or I shall sing!
  Wise Phidias thus, his skill to prove,
Through many a god advanc'd to Jove,
And taught the polish'd rocks to shine
With airs and lineaments divine,
Till Greece, amaz'd, and half afraid,
The' assembled deities survey'd.
  Great Pan, who wont to chase the fair,
And lov'd the spreading oak, was there;
Old Saturn, too, with up-cast eyes
Beheld his abdicated skies;
And mighty Mars, for war renown'd,
In adamantine armour frown'd;
By him the childless goddess rose,
Minerva studious to compose
Her twisted threads: the web she strung,
And o'er a loom of marble hung:
Thetis, the troubled ocean's queen,
Match'd with a mortal, next was seen
Reclining on a funeral urn,
Her short-liv'd darling son to mourn:
The last was he whose thunder slew
The Titan race, a rebel crew,
That, from a hundred hills allied,
In impious leagues, their king defied.
  This wonder of the sculptor's hand
Produc'd, his art was at a stand;
For who would hope new fame to raise,
Or risk his well-establish'd praise,
That, his high genius to approve,
Had drawn a George, or carv'd a Jove?

A SONG FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY

At Oxford.

CECILIA! whose exalted hymns
With joy and wonder fill the blest,
In choirs of warbling seraphims
Known and distinguish'd from the rest,
Attend, harmonious Saint! and see
Thy vocal sons of Harmony;
Attend, harmonious Saint! and hear our pray'rs;
Enliven all our earthly airs,
And as thou sing'st thy God, teach us to sing of thee:
Tune every string and every tongue;
Be thou the Muse and subject of our song.

Let all Cecilia's praise proclaim,
Employ the echo in her name.
Hark how the flutes and trumpets raise,
At bright Cecilia's name, their lays!
The organ labours in her praise.
Cecilia's name does all our numbers grace;
From every voice the tuneful accents fly;
In soaring trebles now it rises high,
And now it sinks, and dwells upon the base.
Cecilia's name through all the notes we sing,
The work of every skilful tongue,
The sound of every trembling string,
The sound and triumph of our song.

For ever consecrate the day
To music and Cecilia;
Music! the greatest good that mortals know,
And all of Heaven we have below.
Music can noble hints impart,
Engender fury, kindle love,
With unsuspected eloquence can move,
And manage all the man with secret art.
When Orpheus strikes the trembling lyre,
The streams stand still, the stones admire;

The listening savages advance,
The wolf and lamb around him trip,
The bears in awkward measures leap,
And tigers mingle in the dance:
The moving woods attended as he play'd,
And Rhodope was left without a shade.

Music religious heats inspires;
It wakes the soul and lifts it high,
And wings it with sublime desires,
And fits it to bespeak the Deity.
The' Almighty listens to a tuneful tongue,
And seems well pleas'd, and courted with a song.
Soft moving sounds and heavenly airs
Give force to every word, and recommend our pray'rs.
When time itself shall be no more,
And all things in confusion hurl'd,
Music shall then exert its power,
And sound survive the ruins of the world:
Then saints and angels shall agree
In one eternal jubilee;
All Heav'n shall echo with their hymns divine,
And God himself with pleasure see
The whole creation in a chorus join.

CHORUS.

Consecrate the place and day
To music and Cecilia:
Let no rough winds approach, nor dare
Invade the hallow'd bounds,
Nor rudely shake the tuneful air,
Nor spoil the fleeting sounds;
Nor mournful sigh nor groan be heard,
But gladness dwell on every tongue,
Whilst all, with voice and strings prepar'd,
Keep up the loud harmonious song,
And imitate the bless'd above
In joy, and harmony, and love.

HYMN.

From Part of the 19th Psalm.

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
The' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes, to every land,
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale;
And, nightly, to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth:
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball:
What though, no real voice, nor sound,
Amidst their radiant orbs be found:
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing, as they shine,
'The hand that made us is divine.'

NICHOLAS ROWE.

COLIN's COMPLAINT.

A Song.

To the Tune of 'Grim King of the Ghosts.'

DESPAIRING beside a clear stream,
A shepherd forsaken was laid;
And while a false nymph was his theme,
A willow supported his head.
The wind, that blew over the plain,
To his sighs with a sigh did reply:
And the brook, in return to his pain,
Ran mournfully murmuring by.

'Alas, silly swain that I was;
(Thus sadly complaining, he cried)
When first I beheld that fair face,
'Twere better by far I had died.
She talk'd, and I bless'd the dear tongue;
When she smil'd, 'twas a pleasure too great;
I listen'd, and cried, when she sung,
'Was nightingale ever so sweet?'

'How foolish was I to believe
She could doat on so lowly a clown;
Or that her fond heart would not grieve,
To forsake the fine folk of the town?
To think that a beauty so gay,
So kind and so constant would prove;
Or go clad like our maidens in gray,
Or live in a cottage on love?

'What though I have skill to complain,
Though the Muses my temples have crown'd;
What though, when they hear my soft strain,
The virgins sit weeping around:
Ah, Colin, thy hopes are in vain,
Thy pipe and thy laurel resign;
Thy false one inclines to a swain,
Whose music is sweeter than thine.

'And you, my companions so dear,
Who sorrow to see me betray'd;
Whatever I suffer, forbear,
Forbear to accuse the false maid.
Though through the wide world I should range,
'Tis in vain from my fortune to fly;
'Twas her's to be false and to change,
'Tis mine, to be constant and die.

'If while my hard fate I sustain,
In her breast any pity is found;
Let her come with the nymphs of the plain,
And see me laid low in the ground:
The last humble boon that I crave,
Is to shade me with cypress and yew;
And when she looks down on my grave,
Let her own that her shepherd was true.

'Then to her new love let her go,
And deck her in golden array,
Be finest at every fine show,
And frolic it all the long day:
While Colin, forgotten and gone,
No more shall be talk'd of or seen,
Unless when, beneath the pale moon,
His ghost shall glide over the green.'

JOHN SHEFFIELD,

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

AN ESSAY ON POETRY.

OF all those arts in which the wise excel,
Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well:
No writing lifts exalted man so high,
As sacred and soul-moving poesy:
No kind of work requires so nice a touch,
And, if well finish'd, nothing shines so much.
But Heaven forbid we should be so profane,
To grace the vulgar with that noble name.
'Tis not a flash of fancy, which sometimes,
Dazzling our minds, sets off the slightest rhymes;
Bright as a blaze, but in a moment done:
True wit is everlasting, like the sun,
Which, though sometimes behind a cloud retir'd,
Breaks out again, and is by all admir'd.
Number and rhyme, and that harmonious sound,
Which not the nicest ear with harshness wound,
Are necessary, yet but vulgar arts;
And all in vain these superficial parts
Contribute to the structure of the whole,
Without a genius too; for that's the soul:
A spirit which inspires the work throughout,
As that of nature moves the world about;
A flame that glows amidst conceptions fit;
Ev'n something of divine, and more than wit;
Itself unseen, yet all things by it shown,
Describing all men, but describ'd by none.
Where dost thou dwell? what caverns of the brain
Can such a vast and mighty thing contain?
When I, at vacant hours, in vain thy absence mourn,
Oh! where dost thou retire? and why dost thou return,
Sometimes with powerful charms to hurry me away,
From pleasures of the night, and business of the day?

Ev'n now, too far transported, I am fain
To check thy course, and use the needful rein.
As all is dullness, when the fancy's bad;
So, without judgment, fancy is but mad:
And judgment has a boundless influence
Not only in the choice of words, or sense,
But on the world, on manners, and on men;
Fancy is but the feather of the pen;
Reason is that substantial useful part,
Which gains the head, while t'other wins the heart.
Here I shall all the various sorts of verse,
And the whole art of poetry rehearse;
But who that task would after Horace do?
The best of masters, and examples too!
Echoes at best, all we can say is vain;
Dull the design, and fruitless were the pain.
'Tis true, the ancients we may rob with ease;
But who with that mean shift himself can please,
Without an actor's pride? A player's art
Is above his, who writes a borrow'd part.
Yet modern laws are made for later faults,
And new absurdities inspire new thoughts:
What need has satire then to live on theft,
When so much fresh occasion still is left?
Fertile our soil, and full of rankest weeds,
And monsters worse than ever Nilus breeds.
But hold, the fools shall have no cause to fear;
'Tis wit and sense that is the subject here:
Defects of witty men deserve a cure;
And those who are so, will ev'n this endure.
First then, of Songs; which now so much abound,
Without his song no fop is to be found;
A most offensive weapon, which he draws
On all he meets, against Apollo's laws.
Though nothing seems more easy, yet no part
Of poetry requires a nicer art;
For as in rows of richest pearl there lies
Many a blemish that escapes our eyes,
The least of which defects is plainly shown
In one small ring, and brings the value down:

So songs should be to just perfection wrought;
Yet where can one be seen without a fault?
Exact propriety of words and thought;
Expression easy, and the fancy high;
Yet that not seem to creep, nor this to fly;
No words transpos'd, but in such order all,
As wrought with care, yet seem by chance to fall.
Here, as in all things else, is most unfit,
Bare ribaldry, that poor pretence to wit;
Such nauseous songs by a late author made,
Call an unwilling censure on his shade.
Not that warm thoughts of the transporting joy
Can shock the chastest, or the nicest cloy;
But words obscene, too gross to move desire,
Like heaps of fuel, only choke the fire.
On other themes he well deserves our praise;
But palls that appetite he meant to raise.

Next, Elegy, of sweet, but solemn voice,
And of a subject grave, exacts the choice;
The praise of beauty, valour, wit contains;
And there too oft despairing love complains:
In vain, alas! for who by wit is mov'd?
That phœnix-she deserves to be belov'd;
But noisy nonsense, and such fops as vex
Mankind, take most with that fantastic sex.
This to the praise of those who better knew;
The many raise the value of the few.
But here (as all our sex too oft have tried)
Women have drawn my wandering thoughts aside.
Their greatest fault, who in this kind have writ,
Is not defect in words, or want of wit;
But should this muse harmonious numbers yield,
And every couplet be with fancy fill'd;
If yet a just coherence be not made
Between each thought; and the whole model laid
So right, that every line may higher rise,
Like goodly mountains, till they reach the skies;
Such trifles may perhaps of late have past,
And may be lik'd awhile, but never last;

'Tis epigram, 'tis point, 'tis what you will,
But not an elegy, nor writ with skill,
No 'Panegyric,' nor a 'Cooper's-hill.'

A higher flight, and of a happier force,
Are Odes: the Muses' most unruly horse,
That bounds so fierce the rider has no rest,
Here foams at mouth, and moves like one possess'd.
The poet here must be indeed inspir'd,
With fury too, as well as fancy fir'd.
Cowley might boast to have perform'd this part,
Had he with nature join'd the rules of art;
But sometimes diction mean, or verse ill-wrought,
Deadens or clouds his noble frame of thought.
Though all appear in heat and fury done,
The language still must soft and easy run.
These laws may sound a little too severe;
But judgment yields, and fancy governs here,
Which, though extravagant, this muse allows,
And makes the work much easier than it shows.

Of all the ways that wisest men could find
To mend the age, and mortify mankind,
Satire well-writ has most successful prov'd,
And cures, because the remedy is lov'd.
'Tis hard to write on such a subject more,
Without repeating things said oft before!
Some vulgar errors only we'll remove,
That stain a beauty which we so much love.
Of chosen words some take not care enough,
And think they should be, as the subject, rough;
This poem must be more exactly made,
And sharpest thoughts in smoothest words convey'd.
Some think, if sharp enough, they cannot fail,
As if their only business was to rail:
But human frailty nicely to unfold,
Distinguishes a satyr from a scold.
Rage you must hide, and prejudice lay down;
A satyr's smile is sharper than his frown;
So while you seem to slight some rival youth,
Malice itself may pass sometimes for truth.
The Laureate here may justly claim our praise,
Crown'd by Mac Flecknoe with immortal bays;

Yet once his Pegasus has borne dead weight,
Rid by some lumpish minister of state.
Here rest, my Muse, suspend thy cares awhile,
A more important task attends thy toil.
As some young eagle, that designs to fly
A long unwonted journey through the sky,
Weighs all the dangerous enterprise before,
O'er what wide lands and seas she is to soar:
Doubts her own strength so far, and justly fears
The lofty road of airy travellers;
But yet, incited by some bold design,
That does her hopes beyond her fears incline,
Prunes every feather, views herself with care,
At last, resolv'd, she cleaves the yielding air;
Away she flies, so strong, so high, so fast,
She lessens to us, and is lost at last;
So (though too weak for such a weighty thing)
The muse inspires a sharper note to sing.
And why should truth offend, when only told
To guide the ignorant, and warn the bold?
On then, my muse, adventurously engage
To give instructions that concern the Stage.
The unities of action, time, and place,
Which, if observ'd, give plays so great a grace,
Are, though but little practis'd, too well known
To be taught here, where we pretend alone
From nicer faults to purge the present age,
Less obvious errors of the English stage.
First then, soliloquies had need be few,
Extremely short, and spoke in passion too.
Our lovers talking to themselves, for want
Of others, make the pit their confidant;
Nor is the matter mended yet, if thus
They trust a friend, only to tell it us;
The' occasion should as naturally fall,
As when Bellario confesses all.
Figures of speech, which poets think so fine,
(Art's needless varnish to make nature shine)
All are but paint upon a beauteous face,
And in descriptions only claim a place:

But, to make rage declaim, and grief discourse,
From lovers in despair fine things to force,
Must needs succeed; for who can choose but pity
A dying hero, miserably witty?
But oh! the dialogues, where jest and mock
Is held up like a rest at shittlecock;
Or else, like bells, eternally they chime,
They sigh in simile, and die in rhyme.
What things are these who would be poets thought,
By nature not inspir'd, nor learning taught?
Some wit they have, and therefore may deserve
A better course than this, by which they starve:
But to write plays! why, 'tis a bold pretence
To judgment, breeding, wit, and eloquence:
Nay more; for they must look within, to find
Those secret turns of nature in the mind:
Without this part, in vain would be the whole,
And but a body all, without a soul.
All this united yet but makes a part
Of dialogue, that great and powerful art,
Now almost lost, which the old Grecians knew,
From whom the Romans fainter copies drew,
Scarce comprehended since, but by a few.
Plato and Lucian are the best remains
Of all the wonders which this art contains;
Yet to ourselves we justice must allow,
Shakspeare and Fletcher are the wonders now:
Consider them, and read them o'er and o'er,
Go see them play'd; then read them as before;
For though in many things they grossly fail,
Over our passions still they so prevail,
That our own grief by theirs is rock'd asleep;
The dull are forc'd to feel, the wise to weep.
Their beauties imitate, avoid their faults;
First, on a plot employ thy careful thoughts;
Turn it, with time, a thousand several ways;
This oft, alone, has given success to plays.
Reject that vulgar error (which appears
So fair) of making perfect characters;
There's no such thing in nature, and you'll draw
A faultless monster which the world ne'er saw.

Some faults must be, that his misfortunes drew,
But such as may deserve compassion too.
Besides the main design compos'd with art,
Each moving scene must be a plot apart;
Contrive each little turn, mark every place,
As painters first chalk out the future face:
Yet be not fondly your own slave for this,
But change hereafter what appears amiss.
Think not so much where shining thoughts to place,
As what a man would say in such a case:
Neither in comedy will this suffice,
The player too must be before your eyes!
And, though 'tis drudgery to stoop so low,
To him you must your secret meaning show.
Expose no single fop, but lay the load
More equally, and spread the folly broad;
Mere coxcombs are too obvious; oft we see
A fool derided by as bad as he:
Hawks fly at nobler game; in this low way
A very owl may prove a bird of prey.
Small poets thus will one poor fop devour,
But to collect, like bees, from every flower,
Ingredients to compose that precious juice,
Which serves the world for pleasure and for use,
In spite of faction this would favour get;
But Falstaff stands inimitable yet.
Another fault which often may befal,
Is, when the wit of some great poet shall
So overflow (that is, be none at all)
That ev'n his fools speak sense, as if possess'd,
And each by inspiration breaks his jest.
If once the justness of each part be lost,
Well may we laugh, but at the poet's cost.
That silly thing men call sheer-wit avoid,
With which our age so nauseously is cloy'd:
Humour is all; wit should be only brought
To turn agreeably some proper thought.
But since the poets we of late have known
Shine in no dress so much as in their own,

The better by example to convince,
Cast but a view on this wrong side of sense.
First, a soliloquy is calmly made,
Where every reason is exactly weigh'd;
Which once perform'd, most opportunely comes
Some hero frighted at the noise of drums;
For her sweet sake, whom at first sight he loves,
And all in metaphor his passion proves:
But some sad accident, though yet unknown,
Parting this pair, to leave the swain alone;
He straight grows jealous, though we know not why;
Then, to oblige his rival, needs will die:
But first he makes a speech, wherein he tells
The absent nymph how much his flame excels;
And yet bequeaths her generously now
To that lov'd rival whom he does not know!
Who straight appears; but who can fate withstand?
Too late, alas! to hold his hasty hand,
That just has given himself the cruel stroke!
At which his very rival's heart is broke:
He, more to his new friend than mistress kind,
Most sadly mourns at being left behind;
Of such a death prefers the pleasing charms
To love, and living in a lady's arms.
What shameful and what monstrous things are these!
And then they rail at those they cannot please;
Conclude us only partial to the dead,
And grudge the sign of old Ben Jonson's head;
When the intrinsic value of the sage
Can scarce be judg'd but by a following age:
For dances, flutes, Italian songs, and rhyme,
May keep up sinking nonsense for a time;
But that must fail, which now so much o'errules,
And sense no longer will submit to fools.
By painful steps at last we labour up
Parnassus' hill, on whose bright airy top
The epic poets so divinely show,
And with just pride behold the rest below.
Heroic poems have a just pretence
To be the utmost stretch of human sense;

A work of such inestimable worth,
There are but two the world has yet brought forth:
Homer and Virgil! with what sacred awe
Do those mere sounds the world's attention draw!
Just as a changeling seems below the rest
Of men, or rather as a two-legg'd beast;
So these gigantic souls amas'd we find
As much above the rest of humankind:
Nature's whole strength united! endless fame,
And universal shouts attend their name!
Read Homer once, and you can read no more;
For all books else appear so mean, so poor,
Verse will seem prose; but still persist to read,
And Homer will be all the books you need.
Had Bossu never writ, the world had still,
Like Indians, view'd this wondrous piece of skill;
As something of divine the work admir'd;
Not hop'd to be instructed, but inspir'd:
But he, disclosing sacred mysteries,
Has shown where all the mighty magic lies;
Describ'd the seeds, and in what order sown,
That have to such a vast proportion grown.
Sure from some angel he the secret knew,
Who through their labyrinth has lent the clue.
But what, alas! avails it poor mankind,
To see this promis'd land, yet stay behind?
The way is shown, but who has strength to go?
Who can all sciences profoundly know?
Whose fancy flies beyond weak reason's sight,
And yet has judgment to direct it right?
Whose just discernment, Virgil-like, is such
Never to say too little or too much?
Let such a man begin without delay;
But he must do beyond what I can say:
Must above Tasso's lofty flights prevail,
Succeed where Spenser, and ev'n Milton, fail.

MATTHEW PRIOR.

ALMA:

or,

THE PROGRESS OF THE MIND.

In Three Cantos.

Παιδια γαθως, και παιδια κακως, και παιδια το μηδεν
Παιδια γαρ εξ αλογων εστι τα γεγονοτα.
Incert. ap. Stobæum.

CANTO I.

MATTHEW met Richard*, when or where
From story is not mighty clear:
Of many knotty points they spoke,
And *pro* and *con* by turns they took:
Rats half the manuscript have ate;
Dire hunger! which we still regret;
O! may they ne'er again digest
The horrors of so sad a feast:
Yet less our grief, if what remains,
Dear Jacob†, by thy care and pains
Shall be to future times convey'd:
It thus begins;
* * * * Here Matthew said,
'Alma, in verse; in prose, the mind;
By Aristotle's pen defin'd,
Throughout the body squat or tall,
Is *bona fide*, all in all:
And yet, slap dash, is all again
In every sinew, nerve, and vein;
Runs here and there, like Hamlet's ghost,
While every where she rules the roast.
'This system, Richard, we are told
The men of Oxford firmly hold:

* Richard Shelton. † Jacob Tonson, the bookseller.

The Cambridge wits, you know, deny
With *ipse dixit* to comply:
They say, (for in good truth they speak
With small respect of that old Greek)
That, putting all his words together,
'Tis three blue beans in one blue bladder.

'Alma, they strenuously maintain,
Sits cock-horse on her throne, the brain,
And from that seat of thought dispenses
Her sovereign pleasure to the senses:
Two optic nerves, they say, she ties,
Like spectacles, across the eyes,
By which the spirits bring her word
Whene'er the balls are fix'd or stirr'd;
How quick at park and play they strike;
The duke they court; the toast they like;
And at St. James's turn their grace
From former friends, now out of place.

'Without these aids, to be more serious,
Her power, they hold, had been precarious:
The eyes might have conspir'd her ruin,
And she not known what they were doing.
Foolish it had been, and unkind,
That they should see, and she be blind.

'Wise Nature likewise, they suppose,
Has drawn two conduits down our nose:
Could Alma else with judgment tell
When cabbage stinks, or roses smell?
Or who would ask for her opinion
Between an oyster and an onion?
For from most bodies, Dick, you know,
Some little bits ask leave to flow,
And as through these canals they roll,
Bring up a sample of the whole;
Like footmen running before coaches,
To tell the inn what lord approaches.

'By nerves about our palate plac'd,
She likewise judges of the taste;
Else (dismal thought!) our warlike men
Might drink thick Port for fine Champagne,

And our ill-judging wives and daughters
Mistake small-beer for citron-waters.
'Hence, too, that she might better hear,
She sets a drum at either ear,
And loud or gentle, harsh or sweet,
Are but the alarums which they beat.
'Last, to enjoy her sense of feeling,
(A thing she much delights to deal in)
A thousand little nerves she sends
Quite to our toes' and fingers' ends,
And these, in gratitude, again
Return their spirits to the brain;
In which their figure being printed
(As just before, I think, I hinted)
Alma inform'd can try the case,
As she had been upon the place.
'Thus while the judge gives different journies
To country counsel and attornies,
He on the bench in quiet sits
Deciding, as they bring the writs.
The Pope thus prays and sleeps at Rome,
And very seldom stirs from home,
Yet sending forth his holy spies,
And having heard what they advise,
He rules the church's bless'd dominions,
And sets men's faith by his opinions.
'The scholars of the Stagyrite,
Who for the old opinion fight,
Would make their modern friends confess
The difference but from more to less:
The Mind, say they, while you sustain
To hold her station in the brain,
You grant, at least, she is extended,
Ergo, the whole dispute is ended:
For till to-morrow should you plead
From form and structure of the head,
The mind as visibly is seen
Extended through the whole machine.
Why should all honour then be ta'en
From lower parts to load the brain,

When other limbs we plainly see
Each in his way as brisk as he?
For music, grant the head receives it,
It is the artist's hand that gives it?
And though the skull may wear the laurel,
The soldier's arm sustains the quarrel.
Besides, the nostrils, ears, and eyes,
Are not his parts, but his allies:
Ev'n what you hear the tongue proclaim,
Comes *ab origine* from them.
What could the head perform alone,
If all their friendly aids were gone;
A foolish figure he must make,
Do nothing else but sleep and ache.
'Nor matters it that you can show
How to the head the spirits go;
Those spirits started from some goal,
Before they through the veins could roll:
Now we should hold them much to blame,
If they went back before they came.
'If, therefore, as we must suppose,
They came from fingers and from toes;
Or toes or fingers, in this case,
Of numskull's self should take the place;
Disputing fair you grant thus much,
That all sensation is but touch.
Dip but your toes into cold water,
Their correspondent teeth will chatter;
And strike the bottom of your feet,
You set your head into a heat.
The bully beat, and happy lover,
Confess that feeling lies all over.
'Note here, Lucretius dares to teach
(As all our youth may learn from Creech)
That eyes were made but could not view,
Nor hands embrace, nor feet pursue,
But heedless Nature did produce
The members first, and then the use:
What each must act was yet unknown,
Till all is mov'd by Chance alone.

'A man first builds a country-seat,
Then finds the walls not good to eat.
Another plants, and wondering sees
Nor books nor medals on his trees.
Yet poet and philosopher
Was he who durst such whims aver.
Bless'd, for his sake, be human reason,
That came at all, though late, in season.
'But no man sure e'er left his house,
And saddled Ball, with thoughts so wild
To bring a midwife to his spouse,
Before he knew she was with child:
And no man ever reap'd his corn,
Or from the oven drew his bread,
Ere hinds and bakers yet were born,
That taught them both to sow and knead.
Before they're ask'd can maids refuse?
Can'—' Pray, (says Dick) hold in your Muse;
While you Pindaric truths rehearse,
She hobbles in alternate verse.'
'Verse! (Matt replied) is that my care?'
'Go on (quoth Richard) soft and fair.'
'This looks, friend Dick, as Nature had
But exercis'd the salesman's trade;
As if she haply had sat down
And cut out clothes for all the Town,
Then sent them out to Monmouth-street,
To try what persons they would fit;
But every free and licens'd tailor
Would in this thesis find a failure.
Should whims like these his head perplex,
How could he work for either sex?
His clothes as atoms might prevail,
Might fit a pismire or a whale.
No, no: he views with studious pleasure
Your shape before he takes your measure:
For real Kate he made the bodice,
And not for an ideal goddess.
No error near his shopboard lurk'd;
He knew the folks for whom he work'd;

Still to their size he aim'd his skill,
Else, pr'ythee, who would pay his bill?
'Next, Dick, if Chance herself should vary,
Observe how matters would miscarry:
Across your eyes, friend, place your shoes,
Your spectacles upon your toes,
Then you and Memmius shall agree
How nicely men would walk or see.
'But wisdom, peevish and cross-grain'd,
Must be oppos'd to be sustain'd;
And still your knowledge will increase,
As you make other people's less.
In arms and science 'tis the same;
Our rivals' hurts create our fame.
At Faubert's, if disputes arise
Among the champions for the prize,
To prove who gave the fairer butt,
John shows the chalk on Robert's coat.
So for the honour of your book,
It tells where other folks mistook,
And as their notions you confound,
Those you invent get farther ground.
'The commentators on old Aristotle ('tis urg'd) in judgment vary:
They to their own conceits have brought
The image of his general thought,
Just as the melancholic eye
Sees fleets and armies in the sky,
And to the poor apprentice' ear
The bells sound 'Whittington Lord May'r.'
The conjurer thus explains his scheme;
Thus spirits walk, and prophets dream;
North-Britons thus have second sight,
And Germans, free from gunshot, fight.
'Theodoret and Origen,
And fifty other learned men,
Attest that if their comments find
The traces of their master's mind,
Alma can ne'er decay nor die:
This flatly t' other sect deny,

Simplicius, Theophrast, Durand,
Great names, but hard in verse to stand:
They wonder men should have mistook
The tenets of their master's book,
And hold that Alma yields her breath,
O'ercome by age, and seiz'd by death.
Now which were wise? and which were fools?
Poor Alma sits between two stools;
The more she reads the more perplex'd,
The comment ruining the text;
Now fears, now hopes her doubtful fate:
But, Richard, let her look to that—
Whilst we our own affairs pursue.
'These different systems, old or new,
A man with half an eye may see
Were only form'd to disagree.
Now to bring things to fair conclusion,
And save much Christian ink's effusion,
Let me propose an healing scheme,
And sail along the middle stream;
For, Dick, if we could reconcile
Old Aristotle with Gassendus;
How many would admire our toil,
And yet how few would comprehend us!
'Here, Richard, let my scheme commence:
Oh! may my words be lost in sense,
While pleased Thalia deigns to write
The slips and bounds of Alma's flight.
'My simple system shall suppose
That Alma enters at the toes;
That then she mounts, by just degrees,
Up to the ankles, legs, and knees;
Next, as the sap of life does rise,
She lends her vigour to the thighs;
And, all these under regions past,
She nestles somewhere near the waist;
Gives pain or pleasure, grief or laughter,
As we shall show at large hereafter:
Mature, if not improv'd by time,
Up to the heart she loves to climb;

From thence, compell'd by craft and age,
She makes the head her latest stage.'
'From the feet upward to the head,—
Pithy, and short (says Dick) proceed.'
'Dick, this is not an idle notion;
Observe the progress of the motion:
First I demonstratively prove,
That feet were only made to move,
And legs desire to come and go,
For they have nothing else to do.
'Hence, long before the child can crawl,
He learns to kick, and wince, and sprawl;
To hinder which your midwife knows
To bind those parts extremely close,
Lest Alma, newly enter'd in,
And stunn'd at her own christening's din,
Fearful of future grief and pain,
Should silently sneak out again.
Full piteous seems young Alma's case,
As in a luckless gamester's place,
She would not play, yet must not pass.
'Again, as she grows something stronger,
And master's feet are swath'd no longer,
If in the night too oft he kicks,
Or shows his loco-motive tricks,
These first assaults fat Kate repays him,
When half-asleep she overlays him.
'Now mark, dear Richard, from the age
That children tread this worldly stage,
Broomstaff or poker they bestride,
And round the parlour love to ride,
Till thoughtful father's pious care
Provides his brood, next Smithfield fair,
With supplemental hobbyhorses;
And happy be their infant courses!
'Hence for some years they ne'er stand still;
Their legs, you see, direct their will;
From opening morn till setting sun
Around the fields and woods they run;

They frisk, and dance, and leap, and play,
Nor heed what Freind or Snape can say.
'To her next stage as Alma flies,
And likes, as I have said, the thighs,
With sympathetic power she warms
Their good allies and friends, the arms;
While Betty, dances on the green,
And Susan is at stoolball seen;
While John for ninepins does declare,
And Roger loves to pitch the bar;
Both legs and arms spontaneous move,
Which was the thing I meant to prove.
'Another motion now she makes:
O, need I name the seat she takes?
His thought quite chang'd the stripling finds;
The sport and race no more he minds;
Neglected Tray and Pointer lie,
And covies unmolested fly:
Sudden the jocund plain he leaves,
And for the nymph in secret grieves:
In dying accents he complains
Of cruel fires and raging pains.
The nymph, too, longs to be alone,
Leaves all the swains and sighs for one:
The nymph is warm'd with young desire,
And feels, and dies to quench his fire.
They meet each evening in the grove;
Their parley but augments their love;
So to the priest their case they tell;
He ties the knot, and all goes well.
'But, O my Muse, just distance keep,
Thou art a maid, and must not peep.
In nine month's time the bodice loose,
And petticoats too short, disclose
That at this age the active mind
About the waist lies most confin'd,
And that young life and quickening sense
Spring from his influence darted thence:
So from the middle of the world
The sun's prolific rays are hurl'd;

'Tis from that seat he darts those beams
Which quicken earth with genial flames.'
Dick, who thus long had passive sat,
Here strok'd his chin and cock'd his hat,
Then slapp'd his hand upon the board,
And thus the youth put in his word:
'Love's advocates, sweet sir, would find him
A higher place than you assign'd him.'
'Love's advocates, Dick, who are those?'—
'The poets, you may well suppose.'
I'm sorry, sir, you have discarded
The men with whom till now you herded.
Prosemen alone, for private ends,
I thought, forsook their ancient friends.
In eor stillavit, cries Lucretius,
If he may be allow'd to teach us:
The self-same thing soft Ovid says,
(A proper judge in such a case.)
Horace his phrase is *terret fœur*,
And happy was that curious speaker.
Here Virgil, too, has plac'd this passion;
What signifies too long quotation?
In ode and epic plain the case is,
That Love holds one of these two places:'
'Dick, without passion or reflection,
I'll straight demolish this objection.
'First, poets, all the world agrees,
Write half to profit, half to please:
Matter and figure they produce,
For garnish this, and that for use;
And, in the structure of their feasts,
They seek to feed and please their guests:
But one may balk this good intent,
And take things otherwise than meant.
Thus, if you dine with my Lord May'r,
Roast beef and ven'son is your fare,
Thence you proceed to swan and bustard,
And persevere in tart and custard:
But tulip-leaves and lemon-peel,
Help only to adorn the meal;

And painted flags, superb and neat,
Proclaim you welcome to the treat.
The man of sense his meat devours,
But only smells the peel and flow'rs;
And he must be an idle dreamer
Who leaves the pie, and gnaws the streamer.

'That Cupid goes with bow and arrows,
And Venus keeps her coach and sparrows,
Is all but emblem, to acquaint one
The son is sharp, the mother wanton.
Such images have sometimes shown
A mystic sense, but oftner none;
For who conceives what bards devise,
That heaven is plac'd in Celia's eyes?
Or where's the sense, direct and moral,
That teeth are pearl, or lips are coral?

'Your Horace owns he various writ,
As wild or sober maggots bit;
And where too much the poet ranted,
The sage philosopher recanted:
His grave epistles may disprove
The wanton Odes he made to love.

'Lucretius keeps a mighty pother
With Cupid and his fancied mother;
Calls her great Queen of earth and air,
Declares that winds and seas obey her,
And, while her honour he rehearses,
Implores her to inspire his verses.
Yet, free from this poetic madness,
Next page he says, in sober sadness,
That she and all her fellow-gods
Sit idling in their high abodes,
Regardless of this world below,
Our health or hanging, weal or woe;
Nor once disturb their heavenly spirits
With Scapin's cheats, or Cæsar's merits.

'Nor e'er can Latin poets prove
Where lies the real seat of Love:
Jovem they burn, and *cor* they pierce,
As either best supplies their verse;

And, if folks ask the reason for't,
Say one was long, and t' other short.
Thus I presume the British Muse
May take the freedom strangers use.
In prose our property is greater;
Why should it then be less in metre?
If Cupid throws a single dart,
We make him wound the Lover's heart;
But if he takes his bow and quiver,
'Tis sure he must transfix the liver:
For rhyme with reason may dispense,
And sound has right to govern sense.

'But let your friends in verse suppose,
What ne'er shall be allow'd in prose,
Anatomists can make it clear
The liver minds his own affair,
Kindly supplies our public uses,
And parts and strains the vital juices,
Still lays some useful bile aside,
To tinge the chyle's insipid tide,
Else we should want both gibe and satire,
And all be burst with pure good-nature:
Now gall is bitter with a witness,
And love is all delight and sweetness:
My logic then has lost its aim,
If sweet and bitter be the same;
And he, methinks, is no great scholar
Who can mistake desire for choler.

'The like may of the heart be said;
Courage and terror there are bred.
All those whose hearts are loose and low
Start, if they hear but the tattoo:
And mighty physical their fear is,
For soon as noise of combat near is,
Their heart, descending to their breeches,
Must give their stomach cruel twitches:
But heroes who o'ercome or die,
Have their hearts hung extremely high,
The strings of which, in battle's heat,
Against their very corslets beat,

Keep time with their own trumpet's measure,
And yield them most excessive pleasure.
'Now if 'tis chiefly in the heart
That courage does itself exert,
'Twill be prodigious hard to prove
That this is eke the throne of Love.
Would Nature make one place the seat
Of fond desire and fell debate?
Must people only take delight in
Those hours when they are tir'd with fighting?
And has no man but who has kill'd
A father, right to get a child?
These notions, then, I think but idle,
And love shall still possess the middle.
'This truth more plainly to discover,
Suppose your hero were a lover;
Though he before had gall and rage,
Which death or conquest must assuage,
He grows dispirited and low,
He hates the fight and shuns the foe.
'In scornful sloth Achilles slept,
And for his wench, like Tallboy, wept,
Nor would return to war and slaughter,
Till they brought back the parson's daughter.
'Antonius fled from Actium's coast,
Augustus pressing Asia lost;
His sails by Cupid's hand unfurl'd,
To keep the fair, he gave the world.
Edward our Fourth, rever'd and crown'd,
Vigorous in youth, in arms renown'd,
While England's voice and Warwick's care
Design'd him Gallia's beauteous heir,
Chang'd peace and power for rage and wars,
Only to dry one widow's tears.
'France's Fourth Henry we may see
A servant to the fair d'Estrees;
When quitting Goutras' prosp'rous field,
And fortune taught at length to yield,
He from his guards and midnight tent,
Disguis'd o'er hills and vallies went,

To wanton with the sprightly dame,
And in his pleasure lost his fame.
'Bold is the critic who dares prove
These heroes were no friends to love;'
And bolder he who dares aver
That they were enemies to war:
Yet when their thought should, now or never,
Have rais'd their heart or fir'd their liver,
Fond Alma to those parts was gone,
Which Love more justly calls his own.
'Examples I could cite you more,
But be contented with these four:
For when one's proofs are aptly chosen,
Four are as valid as four dozen.
One came from Greece, and one from Rome;
The other two grew nearer home:
For some in ancient books delight,
Others prefer what moderns write;
Now I should be extremely loth
Not to be thought expert in both.'

CANTO II.

BUT shall we take the Muse abroad
To drop her idly on the road,
And leave our subject in the middle,
As Butler did his Bear and Fiddle?
Yet he, consummate master, knew
When to recede and where pursue:
His noble negligences teach
What others' toils despair to reach.
He, perfect dancer, climbs the rope,
And balances your fear and hope:
If after some distinguish'd leap
He drops his pole and seems to slip,
Straight gathering all his active strength,
He rises higher half his length:
With wonder you approve his sleight,
And owe your pleasure to your fright:

But like poor Andrew I advance,
False mimic of my master's dance;
Around the cord a while I sprawl,
And thence, though low, in earnest fall.
My preface tells you I digress'd:
He's half absolv'd who has confess'd.
'I like, (quoth Dick) your simile,
And, in return, take two from me.
As masters in the *clare-obscure*
With various light your eyes allure,
A flaming yellow here they spread,
Draw off in blue, or charge in red;
Yet from these colours oddly mix'd,
Your sight upon the whole is fix'd:
Or as, again, your courtly dames
(Whose clothes returning birth-day claims)
By arts improve the stuffs they vary,
And things are best as most contrary;
The gown with stiff embroidery shining,
Looks charming with a slighter lining;
The out-, if Indian figure stain,
The in-side must be rich and plain:
So you, great authors, have thought fit
To make digression temper wit:
When arguments too fiercely glare,
You calm them with a milder air:
To break their points, you turn their force,
And furbelow the plain discourse.'
'Richard, (quoth Mat) these words of thine
Speak something sly and something fine;
But I shall e'en resume my theme,
However thou may'st praise or blame.
'As people marry now and settle,
Fierce Love abates his usual mettle;
Worldly desires and household cares
Disturb the godhead's soft affairs:
So now, as health or temper changes,
In larger compass Alma ranges;
This day below, the next above,
As light or solid whimsies move.

So merchant has his house in Town
And country-seat near Bansted Down;
From one he dates his foreign letters,
Sends out his goods and duns his debtors;
In t' other, at his hours of leisure,
He smokes his pipe and takes his pleasure.
'And now your matrimonial Cupid,
Lash'd on by Time, grows tir'd and stupid:
For story and experience tell us
That man grows cold, and woman jealous.
Both would their little ends secure;
He sighs for freedom, she for pow'r:
His wishes tend abroad to roam,
And her's to domineer at home.
Thus passion flags by slow degrees,
And ruffled more, delighted less,
The busy mind does seldom go
To those once charming seats below;
But, in the breast encamp'd, prepares
For well-bred feints and fixture wars.
The man suspects his lady's crying
(When he last autumn lay a-dying)
Was but to gain him to appoint her,
By codicil, a larger jointure:
The woman finds it all a trick
That he could swoon when she was sick,
And knows that in that grief he reckon'd
On black-ey'd Susan for his second.
'Thus having strove some tedious years
With feign'd desires and real fears,
And tir'd with answers and replies
Of John affirms, and Martha lies;
Leaving this endless altercation,
The mind affects a higher station.
'Poltis, that generous King of Thrace
I think was in this very case.
All Asia now was by the ears,
And gods beat up for volunteers
To Greece and Troy, while Poltis sate
In quiet governing his state.

And whence, said the pacific king,
Does all this noise and discord spring?
Why, Paris took Atrides' wife—
With ease I could compose this strife:
The injur'd hero should not lose,
Nor the young lover want, a spouse.
But Helen chang'd her first condition,
Without her husband's just permission.
What from the dame can Paris hope?
She may as well from him elope.
Again, How can her old good-man
With honour take her back again?
From hence I logically gather
The woman cannot live with either.
Now I have two right honest wives,
For whose possession no man strives:
One to Atrides I will send,
And t' other to my Trojan friend.
Each prince shall thus with honour have
What both so warmly seem to crave;
The wrath of gods and man shall cease,
And Poltis live and die in peace.
Dick, if this story pleaseth thee,
Pray thank Dan Pope, who told it me.
'Howe'er swift Alma's flight may vary,
(Take this by way of corollary)
Some limbs she finds the very same
In place, and dignity, and name;
These dwell at such convenient distance,
That each may give his friend assistance.
Thus he who runs or dances, begs
The equal vigour of two legs;
So much to both does Alma trust,
She ne'er regards which goes the first.
Teague could make neither of them stay,
When with himself he ran away.
The man who struggles in the fight,
Fatigues left arm as well as right;
For whilst one hand exalts the blow,
And on the earth extends the foe,

T' other would take it wondrous ill
If in your pocket he lay still.
And when you shoot, and shut one eye,
You cannot think he would deny
To lend the other friendly aid,
Or wink as coward, and afraid.
No, sir; whilst he withdraws his flame,
His comrade takes the surer aim.
One moment if his beams recede,
As soon as e'er the bird is dead,
Opening again, he lays his claim
To half the profit, half the fame,
And helps to pocket up the game,
'Tis thus one tradesman slips away,
To give his partner fairer play.

'Some limbs again, in bulk or stature
Unlike, and not a-kin by nature,
In concert act, like modern friends,
Because one serves the other's ends.
The arm thus waits upon the heart,
So quick to take the bully's part,
That one, though warm, decides more slow
Than t' other executes the blow:
A stander-by may chance to have it,
Ere Hack himself perceives he gave it.

'The amorous eyes thus always go
A-strolling for their friends below;
For long before the 'squire and dame
Have tête à tête reliev'd their flame,
Ere visits yet are brought about,
The eye by sympathy looks out,
Knows Florimel, and longs to meet her,
And if he sees, is sure to greet her,
Though at sash-window, on the stairs,
At court, nay, (authors say) at pray'rs.—

'The funeral of some valiant knight
May give this thing its proper light.
View his two gauntlets; these declare
That both his hands were us'd to war;

And from his two gilt spurs 'tis learn'd
His feet were equally concern'd;
But have you not with thought beheld
The sword hang dangling o'er the shield?
Which shows the breast that plate was us'd to,
Had an ally right-arm to trust to;
And by the peep-holes in his crest,
Is it not virtually confess'd
That there his eye took distant aim,
And glanc'd respect to that bright dame
In whose delight his hope was center'd,
And for whose glove his life he ventur'd?
'Objections to my general System
May rise, perhaps, and I have miss'd them;
But I can call to my assistance
Proximity (mark that!) and distance;
Can prove that all things, on occasion,
Love union, and desire adhesion;
That Alma merely is a scale,
And motives, like the weights, prevail:
If neither side turn down or up,
With loss or gain, with fear or hope,
The balance always would hang even,
Like Mah'met's tomb, 'twixt earth and heaven.
'This, Richard, is a curious case:
Suppose your eyes sent equal rays
Upon two distant pots of ale,
Not knowing which was mild or stale;
In this sad state your doubtful choice
Would never have the casting voice;
Which best or worst you could not think,
And die you must for want of drink,
Unless some chance inclines your sight,
Setting one pot in fairer light;
Then you prefer or A or B,
As lines and angels best agree;
Your sense resolv'd, impels your will;
She guides your hand—So drink your fill.
'Have you not seen a baker's maid
Between two equal panniers sway'd?

Her tallies useless lie and idle,
If plac'd exactly in the middle;
But forc'd from this unactive state,
By virtue of some casual weight,
On either side you hear them clatter,
And judge of right and left hand matter.
'Now, Richard, this coercive force
Without your choice must take its course.
Great kings to wars are pointed forth,
Like loaded needles to the North,
And thou and I, by power unseen,
Are barely passive, and suck'd in
To Henault's vaults or Celia's chamber,
As straw and paper are by amber.
If we sit down to play or set
(Suppose at Ombre or Basset)
Let people call us cheats or fools,
Our cards and we are equal tools.
We sure in vain the cards condemn;
Ourselves both cut and shuffled them:
In vain on Fortune's aid rely;
She only is a stander-by.
Poor men! poor papers! we and they
Do some impulsive force obey,
And are but play'd with—do not play.
But space and matter we should blame;
They palm'd the trick that lost the game.
'Thus to save farther contradiction
Against what you may think but fiction,
I for attraction, Dick, declare,
Deny it those bold men that dare.
As well your motion as your thought
Is all by hidden impulse wrought;
Ev'n saying that you think or walk,
How like a country 'squire you talk?
'Mark then;—Where fancy or desire
Collects the beams of vital fire,
Into that limb fair Alma slides,
And there, *pro tempore*, resides;

She dwells in Nicolini's tongue,
When Pyrrhus chants the heavenly song;
When Pedro does the lute command,
She guides the cunning artist's hand,
Through Macer's gullet she runs down,
When the vile glutton dines alone;
And, void of modesty and thought,
She follows Bibo's endless draught.
Through the soft sex again she ranges,
As youth, caprice, or fashion, changes,
Fair Alma, careless and serene,
In Fanny's sprightly eyes is seen,
While they diffuse their infant beams,
Themselves not conscious of their flames.
Again, fair Alma sits confess'd
On Florimel's experter breast,
When she the rising sigh constrains,
And, by concealing, speaks her pains.
In Cynthia's neck fair Alma glows,
When the vain thing her jewels shows;
When Jenny's stays are newly lac'd,
Fair Alma plays about her waist;
And when the swelling hoop sustains
The rich brocade, fair Alma deigns
Into that lower space to enter,
Of the large round herself the centre.
'Again; that single limb or feature
(Such is the cogent force of Nature)
Which most did Alma's passion move,
In the first object of her love,
For ever will be found confess'd,
And printed on the amorous breast.
'O Abelard! ill-fated youth,
Thy tale will justify this truth;
But well I weet thy cruel wrong
Adorns a nobler poet's song:
Dan Pope, for thy misfortune griev'd,
With kind concern and skill has weav'd
A silken web, and ne'er shall fade
Its colours gently; as he laid

The mantle o'er thy sad distress,
And Venus shall the texture bless.
He o'er the weeping nun has drawn
Such artful folds of sacred lawn,
That Love, with equal grief and pride,
Shall see the crime he strives to hide,
And softly drawing back the veil,
The god shall to his votaries tell
Each conscious tear, each blushing grace,
That deck'd dear Eloïsa's face.
Happy the poet, bless'd the lays,
Which Buckingham has deign'd to praise.

'Next, Dick, as youth and habit sways,
A hundred gambols Alma plays.
If, whilst a boy, Jack run from school,
Fond of his hunting-horn and pole,
Though gout and age his speed detain,
Old John halloos his hounds again:
By his fire-side he starts the hare,
And turns her in his wicker-chair.
His feet, however lame, you find,
Have got the better of his mind.

'If, while the Mind was in her leg,
The dance affected nimble Peg,
Old Madge bewitch'd, at sixty-one
Calls for Green-Sleeves and Jumping-Joan.
In public mask or private ball,
From Lincoln's-Inn to Goldsmith's-Hall,
All Christmas long away she trudges,
Trips it with 'prentices and judges;
In vain her children urge her stay,
And age or palsy bar the way:
But if those images prevail,
Which whilom did affect the tail,
She still reviews the ancient scene,
Forgets the forty years between;
Awkwardly gay, and oddly merry,
Her scarf pale pink, her headknot cherry,
O'erheated with ideal rage,
She cheats her son to wed her page.

'If Alma, whilst the man was young,
Slipp'd up too soon into his tongue,
Pleas'd with his own fantastic skill,
He lets that weapon ne'er lie still:
On any point if you dispute,
Depend upon it he'll confute:
Change sides, and you increase your pain;
For he'll confute you back again:
For one may speak with Tully's tongue,
Yet all the while be in the wrong;
And 'tis remarkable that they
Talk most, who have the least to say.
Your dainty speakers have the curse
To plead bad causes down to worst;
As dames who native beauty want,
Still uglier look the more they paint.
'Again; if in the female sex
Alma should on this member fix,
(A cruel and a desperate case,
From which heaven shield my lovely lass!)
For evermore all care is vain
That would bring Alma down again.
As in habitual gout or stone,
The only thing that can be done
Is to correct your drink and diet,
And keep the inward foe in quiet;
So if for any sins of ours,
Or our forefathers, higher powers,
Severe though just, afflict our life
With that prime ill, a talking wife,
Till death shall bring the kind relief,
We must be patient or be deaf.
'You know a certain lady, Dick,
Who saw me when I last was sick;
She kindly talk'd, at least three hours,
Of plastic forms, and mental pow'rs;
Describ'd our pre-existing station,
Before this vile terrene creation;
And, lest I should be wearied, Madam,
To cut things short, came down to Adam;

From whence, as fast as she was able,
She drowns the world, and builds up Babel:
Through Syria, Persia, Greece, she goes,
And takes the Romans in the close.
'But we'll descant on general nature;
This is a system, not a satire.
'Turn we this globe, and let us see
How different nations disagree
In what we wear, or eat, and drink;
Nay, Dick, perhaps in what we think.
In water as you smell and taste
The soils through which it rose and past,
In Alma's manners you may read
The place where she was born and bred.
'One people from their swaddling-bands
Releas'd their infants' feet and hands:
Here Alma to these limbs was brought,
And Sparta's offspring kick'd and fought.
Another taught their babes to talk,
Ere they could yet in go-carts walk:
There Alma settled in the tongue,
And orators from Athens sprung.
'Observe but in these neighbouring lands
The different use of mouths and hands;
As men repos'd their various hopes,
In battles these, and those in tropes.
'In Britain's isles, as Heylin notes,
The ladies trip in petticoats,
Which, for the honour of their nation,
They quit but on some great occasion:
Men there in breeches clad you view;
They claim that garment as their due.
In Turkey the reverse appears;
Long coats the haughty husband wears,
And greets his wife with angry speeches,
If she be seen without her breeches.
In our fantastic climes, the fair
With cleanly powder dry their hair,

And round their lovely breast and head
Fresh flowers their mingled odours shed:
Your nicer Hottentots think meet
With guts and tripe to deck their feet!
With downcast looks on Totta's legs
The ogling youth most humbly begs
She would not from his hopes remove
At once his breakfast and his love;
And if the skittish nymph should fly,
He in a double sense must die.

'We simple toasters take delight
To see our women's teeth look white,
And every saucy ill-bred fellow
Sneers at a mouth profoundly yellow.
In China none hold women sweet
Except their snaggs are black as jet:
King Chihu put nine queens to death,
Convict on statute, *ivory teeth*.

'At Tonquin if a prince should die,
(As Jesuits write, who never lie)
The wife, and counsellor, and priest,
Who serv'd him most and lov'd him best,
Prepare and light his funeral fire,
And cheerful on the pile expire.
In Europe 'twould be hard to find,
In each degree one half so kind.

'Now turn we to the farthest East,
And there observe the gentry dress'd.
Prince Giolo and his royal sisters,
Scar'd with ten thousand comely blisters,
The marks remaining on the skin,
To tell the quality within:
Distinguish'd slashes deck the great,
As each excels in birth or state;
His eyelet-holes are more and ampler;
The king's own body was a sampler.
Happy the climate where the beau
Wears the same suit for use and show;
And at a small expense your wife,
If once well pink'd, is cloth'd for life.

'Westward again, the Indian fair
Is nicely smear'd with fat of bear:
Before you see, you smell your toast,
And sweetest she who stinks the most.
The finest sparks and cleanest beaux
Drip from the shoulders to the toes.
How sleek their skins! their joints how easy!
There slovens only are not greasy.
'I mention'd different ways of breeding:
Begin we in our children's reading.
To Master John the English maid
A horn-book gives of gingerbread,
And that the child may learn the better,
As he can name, he eats the letter;
Proceeding thus with vast delight,
He spells and gnaws from left to right.
But show a Hebrew's hopeful son
Where we suppose the book begun,
The child would thank you for your kindness,
And read quite backward from our *finis*:
Devour he learning ne'er so fast,
Great A would be reserv'd the last.
'An equal instance of this matter
Is in the manners of a daughter.
In Europe if a harmless maid,
By Nature and by Love betray'd,
Should, ere a wife, become a nurse,
Her friends would look on her the worse.
In China, Dampier's Travels tell ye,
(Look in his index for Pagalli)
Soon as the British ships unmoor,
And jolly longboat rows to shore,
Down come the nobles of the land,
Each brings his daughter in his hand,
Beseeching the imperious tar
To make her but one hour his care;
The tender mother stands affrighted,
Lest her dear daughter should be slighted;
And poor Miss Yaya dreads the shame
Of going back the maid she came.

'Observe how custom, Dick, compels
The lady that in Europe dwells:
After her tea she slips away,
And what to do, one need not say.
Now see how great Pomonque's queen
Behav'd herself amongst the men;
Pleas'd with her punch, the gallant soul
First drank, then water'd in the bowl,
And sprinkled in the captain's face
The marks of her peculiar grace—
'To close this point, we need not roam
For instances so far from home.
What parts gay France from sober Spain?
A little rising rocky chain.
Of men born south or north o' the hill,
Those seldom move, these ne'er stand still.
Dick, you love maps, and may perceive
Rome not far distant from Geneve.
If the good Pope remains at home,
He's the first prince in Christendom.
Choose then, good Pope, at home to stay,
Nor westward, curious, take thy way;
Thy way, unhappy, shouldst thou take
From Tiber's bank to Leman-lake,
Thou art an aged priest no more,
But a young flaring painted whore:
Thy sex is lost; thy town is gone;
No longer Rome, but Babylon.
That some few leagues should make this change,
To men unlearn'd seems mighty strange.
'But need we, friend, insist on this?
Since in the very Cantons Swiss,
All your philosophers agree,
And prove it plain, that one may be
A heretic or true believer,
On this or t'other side a river.'
Here with an artful smile, quoth Dick,
'Your proofs come mighty full and thick—'
The bard, on this extensive chapter
Wound up into poetic rapture,

Continued: 'Richard, cast your eye
By night upon a winter-sky;
Cast it by day-light on the strand
Which compasses fair Albion's land;
If you can count the stars that glow
Above, or sands that lie below,
Into these common-places look
Which from great authors I have took,
And count the proofs I have collected,
To have my writings well protected:
These I lay by for time of need,
And thou may'st at thy leisure read:
For standing every critic's rage,
I safely will to future age
My System, as a gift, bequeath,
Victorious over spite and death.'

CANTO III.

RICHARD, who now was half asleep,
Rous'd, nor would longer silence keep;
And sense like this, in vocal breath,
Broke from his twofold hedge of teeth.
Now if this phrase too harsh be thought,
Pope, tell the world 'tis not my fault;
Old Homer taught us thus to speak:
If 'tis not sense, at least 'tis Greek.

'As folks, (quoth Richard) prone to leasing,
Say things at first because they're pleasing,
Then prove what they have once asserted,
Nor care to have their lie deserted,
Till their own dreams at length deceive them,
And, oft repeating, they believe them;
Or as, again, those amorous blades
Who trifle with their mothers' maids,
Though at the first their wild desire
Was but to quench a present fire,
Yet if the object of their love
Chance by Lucina's aid to prove,—

They seldom let the bantling roar
In basket at a neighbour's door,
But by the flattering glass of Nature
Viewing themselves in Cakebread's feature,
With serious thought and care support
What only was begun in sport:
Just so with you, my friend, it fares,
Who deal in philosophic wares;
Atoms you cut, and forms you measure,
To gratify your private pleasure,
Till airy seeds of casual wit
Do some fantastic birth beget:
And pleas'd to find your system mended
Beyond what you at first intended,
The happy whimsey you pursue,
Till you at length believe it true:
Caught by your own delusive art,
You fancy first, and then assert.'
Quoth Matthew; 'Friend, as far as I
Through Art or Nature cast my eye,
This axiom clearly I discern,
That one must teach and t'other learn.
No fool Pythagoras was thought;
Whilst he his weighty doctrines taught,
He made his listening scholars stand,
Their mouth still cover'd with their hand;
Else, may be, some odd-thinking youth,
Less friend to doctrine than to truth,
Might have refus'd to let his ears
Attend the music of the spheres,
Denied all transmigrating scenes,
And introduc'd the use of beans.
From great Lucretius take his void,
And all the world is quite destroy'd.
Deny Descartes his subtile matter,
You leave him neither fire nor water.
How oddly would Sir Isaac look,
If you, in answer to his book,
Say in the front of your discourse,
That things have no elastic force?

How could our chymic friends go on
To find the philosophic stone,
If you more powerful reasons bring
To prove that there is no such thing?
'Your chiefs in sciences and arts
Have great contempt of Alma's parts:
They find she giddy is, or dull,
She doubts if things are void or full;
And who should be presum'd to tell
What she herself should see or feel?
She doubts if two and two make four,
Though she has told them ten times o'er.
It can't—it may be—and it must;
To which of these must Alma trust?
Nay, further yet they make her go,
In doubting if she doubts or no,
Can syllogism set things right?
No; majors soon with minors fight;
Or, both in friendly concert join'd,
The consequence limps false behind.
So to some cunning man she goes,
And asks of him how much she knows;
With patience grave he hears her speak,
And from his short notes gives her back
What from her tale he comprehended;
Thus the dispute is wisely ended.
From the account the loser brings,
The conjurer knows who stole the things.'
'Squire (interrupted Dick) since when
Were you amongst these canning men?'
'Dear Dick, (quoth Mat) let not thy force
Of eloquence spoil my discourse:
I tell thee this is Alma's case,
Still asking what some wise man says,
Who does his mind in words reveal,
Which all must grant though few can spell.
You tell your doctor that you're ill,
And what does he but write a bill?
Of which you need not read one letter;
The worse the scrawl, the dose the better.

For if you knew but what you take,
Though you recover, he must break.
'Ideas, forms, and intellects,
Have furnish'd out three different sects.
Substance or accident divides
All Europe into adverse sides.
'Now as, engag'd in arms or laws,
You must have friends to back your cause,
In philosophic matters so
Your judgment must with others go:
For as in senates so in schools,
Majority of voices rules.
'Poor Alma, like a lonely deer,
O'er hills and dales does doubtful err:
With panting haste and quick surprise,
From every leaf that stirs she flies,
Till mingled with the neighbouring herd,
She slights what erst she singly fear'd.
And now exempt from doubt and dread,
She dares pursue if they dare lead;
As their example still prevails,
She tempts the stream, or leaps the pales.'
'He, then, (quoth Dick) who by your rule
Thinks for himself, becomes a fool;
As party-man who leaves the rest,
Is call'd but whimsical* at best.
Now, by your favour, Master Mat,
Like Ralpho, here I smell a rat.
I must be listed in your sect,
Who, though they teach not, can protect.'
'Right, Richard, (Mat in triumph cried)
So put off all mistrust and pride;
And while my principles I beg,
Pray answer only with your leg.
Believe what friendly I advise;
Be first secure, and then be wise.
The man within the coach that sits,
And to another's skill submits,

* Some of the Tories in the reign of Queen Anne were distinguished by that appellation.

Is safer much (whate'er arrives)
And warmer too, than he that drives.
'So, Dick adept, tuck back thy hair,
And I will pour into thy ear
Remarks, which none did e'er disclose
In smooth-pac'd verse, or hobbling prose.
Attend, dear Dick, but don't reply,
And thou may'st prove as wise as I.
'When Alma now in different ages
Has finish'd her ascending stages,
Into the head at length she gets,
And there in public grandeur sits,
To judge of things, and censure wits.
'Here, Richard, how could I explain
The various labyrinths of the brain!
Surprise my readers, whilst I tell them
Of *cerebrum* and *cerebellum*?
How could I play the commentator
On *dura* and on *pia mater*?
Where hot and cold, and dry and wet,
Strive each the other's place to get,
And with incessant toil and strife
Would keep possession during life?
I could demonstrate every pore
Where Memory lays up all her store,
And to an inch compute the station
'Twixt judgment and imagination:
O friend! I could display much learning,
At least to men of small discerning.
The brain contains ten thousand cells,
In each some active fancy dwells,
Which always is at work, and framing
The several follies I was naming.
As in a hive's viminеous dome,
Ten thousand bees enjoy their home,
Each does her studious action vary,
To go and come, to fetch and carry;
Each still renews her little labour,
Nor jostles her assiduous neighbour;

Each—Whilst this thesis I maintain,
I fancy, Dick, I know thy brain.
O, with the mighty theme affected,
Could I but see thy head dissected!'
'My head, (quoth Dick) to serve your whim?
Spare that, and take some other limb.
Sir, in your nice affairs of System,
Wise men propose, but fools assist them.'
Says Matthew; 'Richard, keep thy head,
And hold thy peace, and I'll proceed.'
'Proceed? (quoth Dick) Sir, I aver
You have already gone too far.
When people once are in the wrong,
Each line they add is much too long.
Who fastest walks, but walks astray,
Is only furthest from his way.
Bless your conceits! I trust I believe,
Howe'er absurd, what you conceive,
And for your friendship live and die
A papist in philosophy?
I say whatever you maintain
Of Alma in the heart or brain,
The plainest man alive may tell ye
Her seat of empire is the belly;
From hence she sends out those supplies
Which make us either stout or wise:
The strength of every other member
Is founded on your belly-timber:
The qualms or raptures of your blood
Rise in proportion to your food;
And if you would improve your thought,
You must be fed as well as taught:
Your stomach makes your fabric roll,
Just as the bias rules the bowl.
That great Achilles might employ
The strength design'd to ruin Troy,
He din'd on lion's marrow, spread
On toasts of ammunition-bread;
But by his mother sent away
Amongst the Thracian girls to play.

Effeminate he sat, and quiet;
Strange product of a cheesecake diet!
Now give my argument fair play,
And take the thing the other way.
The youngster who at nine and three
Drinks with his sisters milk and tea,
From breakfast reads, till twelve o'clock,
Burnet and Heylin, Hobbes and Locke;
He pays due visits after noon,
To Cousin Alice and Uncle John;
At ten, from coffeehouse or play,
Returning, finishes the day:
But give him port and potent sack,
From milksop he starts up Mohack;
Holds that the happy know no hours;
So through the street at midnight scours;
Breaks watchmen's heads and chairmen's glasses,
And thence proceeds to nicking sashes;
Till by some tougher hand o'ercome,
And first knock'd down, and then led home,
He damns the footman, strikes the maid,
And decently reels up to bed.
'Observe the various operations
Of food and drink in several nations.
Was ever Tartar fierce or cruel
Upon the strength of watergruel?
But who shall stand his rage and force,
If first he rides, then eats his horse?
Salads, and eggs, and lighter fare,
Tune the Italian spark's guitar:
And, if I take Dan Congreve right,
Pudding and beef make Britons fight.
Tokay and coffee cause this work
Between the German and the Turk;
And both as they provisions want,
Chicane, avoid, retire, and faint.
'Hunger and thirst, or guns and swords,
Give the same death in different words:
To push this argument no further,
To starve a man in law is murther.

'As in a watch's fine machine
Though many artful springs are seen,
The added movements, which declare
How full the moon, how old the year,
Derive their secondary power
From that which simply points the hour:
For though those gimcracks were away,
(Quare would not swear, but Quare would say)
However more reduc'd and plain,
The watch would still a watch remain;
But if the horal orbit ceases,
The whole stands still, or breaks to pieces;
Is now no longer what it was,
And you may e'en go sell the case.
So if, unprejudic'd, you scan
The goings of this clockwork, Man;
You find a hundred movements made
By fine devices in his head;
But 'tis the stomach's solid stroke
That tells his being what's o'clock.
If you take off his rhetoric-trigger,
He talks no more in mood and figure;
Or, clog his mathematic-wheel,
His buildings fall, his ship stands still:
Or, lastly, break his politic-weight,
His voice no longer rules the state:
Yet if these finer whims were gone,
Your clock though plain, would still go on;
But spoil the engine of digestion,
And you entirely change the question.
Alma's affairs no power can mend;
The jest, alas! is at an end;
Soon ceases all this worldly bustle,
And you consign the corpse to Russel.

'Now make your Alma come or go,
From leg to hand, from top to toe,
Your System, without my addition,
Is in a very sad condition.
So Harlequin extoll'd his horse
Fit for the war, or road, or course;

His mouth was soft, his eye was good,
His foot was sure as ever trod;
One fault he had, a fault indeed;
And what was that? the horse was dead.'

'Dick, from these instances and fetches
Thou mak'st of horses, clocks, and watches,
(Quoth Mat) to me thou seem'st to mean
That Alma is a mere machine;
That telling others what's o'clock,
She knows not what herself has struck,
But leaves to standers-by the trial
Of what is mark'd upon her dial.'

'Here hold; a blow, good friend, (quoth Dick)
And rais'd his voice exceeding quick.
Fight fair, sir: what, I never meant
Don't you infer. In argument
Similes are like songs in love:
They much describe, they nothing prove.'

Mat, who was here a little gravell'd,
Toss'd up his nose, and would have cavill'd;
But calling Hermes to his aid,
Half-pleas'd, half angry, thus he said:
Where mind ('tis for the author's fame)
That Matthew call'd, and Hermes came.
In danger heroes, and in doubt,
Poets find gods to help them out.

'Friend Richard, I begin to see
That you and I shall scarce agree.
Observe how oddly you behave;
The more I grant, the more you crave:
But, comrade, as I said just now,
I should affirm, and you allow.
We system-makers can sustain
The thesis which you grant was plain,
And with remarks and comments tease ye,
In case the thing before was easy:
But in a point obscure and dark,
We fight as Leibnitz did with Clarke;
And when no reason we can show
Why matters this or that way go,

The shortest way the thing we try,
And what we know not, we deny:
True to our own o'erbearing pride,
And false to all the world beside.
'That old philosopher grew cross,
Who could not tell what motion was;
Because he walk'd against his will,
He fac'd men down that he stood still.
And he who reading on the heart
(When all his *quodlibets* of art
Could not expound its pulse and heat)
Swore he had never felt it beat.
Chrysippus, foil'd by Epicurus,
Makes bold (Jove bless him!) to assure us,
That all things which our mind can view
May be at once both false and true.
And Malbranche has an odd conceit
As ever enter'd Frenchman's pate:
Says he, "So little can our mind
Of matter or of spirit find,
That we by guess, at least, may gather
Something which may be both or neither."
Faith, Dick, I must confess 'tis true
(But this is only *entre nous*)
That many knotty points there are
Which all discuss, but few can clear;
As Nature slily had thought fit,
For some by-ends to cross-bite wit:
Circles to square, and cubes to double,
Would give a man excessive trouble:
The longitude uncertain roams,
In spite of Whiston and his bombs.
What system, Dick, has right averr'd
The cause why woman has no beard?
Or why, as years our frame attack,
Our hair grows white, our teeth grow black?
In points like these we must agree
Our barber knows as much as we:
Yet still unable to explain,
We must persist the best we can;

With care our systems still renew,
And prove things likely, though not true.
'I could, thou see'st, in quaint dispute,
By dint of logic, strike thee mute;
With learned skill now push, now parry,
From Darii to Bocardo vary,
And never yield, or, what is worst,
Never conclude the point discours'd:
Yet that you *hic et nunc*, may know
How much you to my candour owe,
I'll from the disputant descend,
To show thee I assume the friend:
I'll take thy notion for my own—
(So most philosophers have done)
It makes my system more complete:
Dick, can it have a nobler fate?'
'Take what thou wilt, (said Dick) dear friend,
But bring thy matters to an end.'
'I find, (quoth Mat) reproof is vain;
Who first offend will first complain.
Thou wishest I should make to shore,
Yet still putt'st in thy thwarting oar.
What I have told thee fifty times
In prose, receive for once in rhymes.
A huge fat man in country-fair
Or city-church, (no matter where)
Labour'd and push'd amidst the crowd,
Still bawling out extremely loud,
"Lord save us! why do people press!"
Another, marking his distress,
Friendly replied; "Plump gentleman,
Get out as fast as e'er you can;
Or cease to push or to exclaim;
You make the very crowd you blame".'
Says Dick, 'Your moral does not need
The least return, so e'en proceed:
Your tale, howe'er applied, was short:
So far, at least, I thank you for't.'
Mat took his thanks, and in a tone
More magisterial thus went on:

'Now Alma settles in the head,
As has before been sung or said:
And here begins this farce of life;
Enter Revenge, Ambition, Strife;
Behold on both sides men advance,
To form in earnest Bays's dance.
L'Avare, not using half his store,
Still grumbles, that he has no more;
Strikes not the present tun, for fear
The vintage should be bad next year,
And eats to-day with inward sorrow,
And dread of fancied want to-morrow.
Abroad if the surtout you wear
Repels the rigour of the air,
Would you be warmer, if at home
You had the fabric and the loom?
And if two boots keep out the weather,
What need you have two hides of leather?
Could Pedro, think you, make no trial
Of a sonata on his viol,
Unless he had the total gut
Whence every string at first was cut?
'When Rarus shows you his Cartone,
He always tells you, with a groan,
Where two of that same hand were torn,
Long before you or he were born.
'Poor Vento's mind so much is cross'd,
For part of his Petronius lost,
That he can never take the pains
To understand what yet remains.
'What toil did honest Curio take,
What strict inquiries did he make,
To get one medal, wanting yet,
And perfect all his Roman set?
'Tis found: and, O, his happy lot!
'Tis bought, lock'd up, and lies forgot:
Of these no more you hear him speak;
He now begins upon the Greek.
These rang'd and show'd, shall in their turns
Remain obscure as in their urns.

My copper lamps at any rate,
For being true antique, I bought,
Yet wisely melted down my plate,
On modern models to be wrought:
And trifles I alike pursue,
Because they're old, because they're new.
'Dick, I have seen you with delight
For Georgy * make a paper kite,
And simple odes, too many, show ye
My servile complaisance to Chloe.
Parents and lovers are decreed
By Nature fools'—' That's brave indeed!
(Quoth Dick) such truths are worth receiving:'
Yet still Dick look'd as not believing.
'Now, Alma, to divines and prose
I leave thy frauds, and crimes, and woes,
Nor think to-night of thy ill-nature,
But of thy follies, idle creature,
The turns of thy uncertain wing,
And not the malice of thy sting.
Thy pride of being great and wise
I do but mention, to despise;
I view with anger and disdain
How little gives thee joy or pain:
A print, a bronze, a flower, a root,
A shell, a butterfly, can do't:
Even a romance, a tune, a rhyme,
Help thee to pass the tedious time,
Which else would on thy hand remain;
Though flown, it ne'er looks back again:
And cards are dealt, and chess-boards brought,
To ease the pain of coward thought:
Happy result of human wit!
That Alma may herself forget.
'Dick, thus we act, and thus we are,
Or toss'd by hope or sunk by care.
With endless pain this man pursues
What, if he gain'd, he could not use;

* The son of Mr. Richard Shelton.

And t' other fondly hopes to see
What never was, nor e'er shall be.
We err by use, go wrong by rules,
In gesture grave, in action fools:
We join hypocrisy to pride,
Doubling the faults we strive to hide.
Or grant that with extreme surprise
We find ourselves at sixty wise,
And twenty pretty things are known,
Of which we can't accomplish one;
Whilst, as my system says, the Mind
Is to these upper rooms confin'd;
Should I, my friend, at large repeat
Her borrow'd sense, her fond conceit,
The bead-roll of her vicious tricks,
My poem would be too prolix:
For could I my remarks sustain,
Like Socrates, or Miles Montaigne,
Who in these times would read my books,
But Tom o' Stiles or John o' Nokes?

'As Brentford kings, discreet and wise,
After long thought and grave advice,
Into Lardella's coffin peeping,
Saw nought to cause their mirth or weeping;
So Alma, now to joy or grief
Superior, finds her late relief;
Wearied of being high or great,
And nodding in her chair of state,
Stunn'd and worn out with endless chat,
Of Will did this, and Nan said that,
She finds, poor thing, some little crack,
Which Nature forc'd by time must make,
Through which she wings her destin'd way;
Upward she soars, and down drops clay;
While some surviving friend supplies
Hic jacet, and a hundred lies.

'O Richard, till that day appears
Which must decide our hopes and fears,
Would Fortune calm her present rage,
And give us playthings for our age;

Would Clotho wash her hands in milk,
And twist our thread with gold and silk;
Would she in friendship, peace, and plenty,
Spin out our years to four times twenty;
And should we both in this condition,
Have conquer'd love, and worse ambition;
(Else those two passions, by the way,
May chance to show us scurvy play)
Then, Richard, then should we sit down,
Far from the tumult of this Town;
I, fond of my well-chosen seat,
My pictures, medals, books complete;
Or, should we mix our friendly talk,
O'ershaded in that favourite walk
Which thy own hand had whilom planted,
Both pleas'd with all we thought we wanted;
Yet then, ev'n then, one cross reflection
Would spoil thy grove and my collection:
Thy son and his ere that may die,
And time some uncouth heir supply,
Who shall for nothing else be known,
But spoiling all that thou hast done.
Who set the twigs, shall he remember
That is in haste to sell the timber?
And what shall of thy woods remain,
Except the box that threw the main?
'Nay, may not time and death remove
The near relations whom I love?
And my Cox Tom, or his Cox Mary,
(Who hold the plough or skim the dairy)
My favourite books and pictures sell
To Smart, or Dolley, by the ell?
Kindly throw in a little figure,
And set their price upon the bigger?
Those who could never read their grammar,
When my dear volumes touch the hammer,
May think books best as richest bound:
My copper medals by the pound
May be with learned justice weigh'd;
To turn the balance, Otho's head

May be thrown in; and, for the mettle,
The coin may mend a tinker's kettle——
Tir'd with these thoughts'—'Less tir'd than I,
(Quoth Dick) with your philosophy—
That people live and die, I knew
An hour ago as well as you;
And if fate spins us longer years,
Or is in haste to take the shears,
I know we must both fortunes try,
And bear our evils wet or dry.
Yet let the goddess smile or frown,
Bread we shall eat, or white or brown,
And in a cottage or a court
Drink fine champagne or muddled port.
What need of books these truths to tell,
Which folks perceive who cannot spell?
And must we spectacles apply
To view what hurts our naked eye?
'Sir, if it be your wisdom's aim,
To make me merrier than I am,
I'll be all night at your devotion——
Come on, friend; broach the pleasing notion;
But if you would depress my thought,
Your System is not worth a groat——
'For Plato's fancies what care I?
I hope you would not have me die,
Like simple Cato in the play,
For any thing that he can say?
E'en let him of ideas speak
To heathens in his native Greek:
If to be sad is to be wise,
I do most heartily despise
Whatever Socrates has said,
Or Tulley writ, or Wanley* read.
'Dear Drift†, to set our matters right,
Remove these papers from my sight;
Burn Mat's Descartes and Aristotle:—
Here, Jonathan, your master's bottle.'

* Humphrey Wanley, the learned librarian to Lord Oxford.
† Adrian Drift, Esq. Mr. Prior's secretary and executor.

HENRY AND EMMA.

A POEM,

Upon the Model of the Nut-Brown Maid.

To Chloe.

THOU, to whose eyes I bend, at whose command
(Though low my voice, though artless be my hand)
I take the sprightly reed, and sing and play,
Careless of what the censuring world may say;
Bright Chloe! object of my constant vow,
Wilt thou a while unbend thy serious brow?
Wilt thou with pleasure hear thy lover's strains,
And with one heavenly smile o'erpay his pains?
No longer shall the Nut-brown Maid be old,
Though since her youth three hundred years have roll'd:
At thy desire she shall again be rais'd,
And her reviving charms in lasting verse be prais'd.
No longer man of woman shall complain,
That he may love and not be lov'd again;
That we in vain the fickle sex pursue,
Who change the constant lover for the new.
Whatever has been writ, whatever said
Of female passion feign'd, or faith decay'd,
Henceforth shall in my verse refuted stand,
Be said to winds, or writ upon the sand:
And while my notes to future times proclaim,
Unconquer'd love and ever-during flame,
O, fairest of the sex! be thou my Muse;
Deign on my work thy influence to diffuse:
Let me partake the blessings I rehearse,
And grant me Love, the just reward of verse.
As Beauty's potent queen with every grace
That once was Emma's, has adorn'd thy face,
And as her son has to my bosom dealt
That constant flame which faithful Henry felt;

A falconer Henry is when Emma hawks;
With her of tarsels and of lures he talks:
Upon his wrist the towering merlin stands,
Practis'd to rise and stoop at her commands:
And when superior now the bird has flown,
And headlong brought the tumbling quarry down,
With humble reverence he accosts the fair,
And with the honour'd feather decks her hair.
Yet still as from the spertive field she goes,
His downcast eye reveals his inward woes;
And by his look and sorrow is expres'd
A nobler game pursued than bird or beast.

A shepherd now along the plain he roves,
And with his jolly pipe delights the groves.
The neighbouring swains around the stranger throng,
Or to admire or emulate his song:
While with soft sorrow he renews his lays,
Nor heedful of their envy nor their praise:
But soon as Emma's eyes adorn the plain,
His notes he raises to a nobler strain,
With dutiful respect and studious fear,
Lest any careless sound offend her ear.

A frantic gipsy now the house he haunts,
And in wild phrases speaks dissembled wants,
With the fond maids in palmistry he deals:
They tell the secret first, which he reveals;
Says who shall wed, and who shall be beguil'd;
What groom shall get, and 'squire maintain the child:
But when bright Emma would her fortune know,
A softer look unbends his opening brow:
With trembling awe he gazes on her eye,
And in soft accents forms the kind reply,
That she shall prove as fortunate as fair,
And Hymen's choicest gifts are all reserv'd for her.

Now oft had Henry chang'd his sly disguise,
Unmark'd by all but beauteous Emma's eyes:
Oft had found means alone to see the dame,
And at her feet to breathe his amorous flame;
And oft the pangs of absence to remove
By letters, soft interpreters of love;

Till time and industry (the mighty two
That bring our wishes nearer to our view)
Made him perceive, that the inclining fair
Receiv'd his vows with no reluctant ear;
That Venus had confirm'd her equal reign,
And dealt to Emma's heart a share of Henry's pain.

While Cupid smil'd, by kind occasion bless'd,
And with the secret kept the love increas'd,
The amorous youth frequents the silent groves,
And much he meditates, for much he loves.
He loves, 'tis true, and is belov'd again;
Great are his joys; but will they long remain?
Emma with smiles receives his present flame,
But, smiling, will she ever be the same?
Beautiful looks are rul'd by fickle minds,
And summer seas are turn'd by sudden winds:
Another love may gain her easy youth;
Time changes thought, and flattery conquers truth.

O impotent estate of human life!
Where hope and fear maintain eternal strife;
Where fleeting joy does lasting doubt inspire,
And most we question what we most desire.
Amongst thy various gifts, great Heav'n, bestow
Our cup of love unmix'd; forbear to throw
Bitter ingredients in, nor pall the draught
With nauseous grief; for our ill-judging thought
Hardly enjoys the pleasurable taste,
Or deems it not sincere, or fears it cannot last.

With wishes rais'd, with jealousies oppress'd,
(Alternate tyrants of the human breast)
By one great trial he resolves to prove
The faith of woman, and the force of love:
If, scanning Emma's virtues he may find
That beauteous frame inclose a steady mind,
He'll fix his hope, of future joy secure,
And live a slave to Hymen's happy power:
But if the fair one, as he fears, is frail;
If pois'd aright in reason's equal scale,
Light fly her merits and her faults prevail.

His mind he vows to free from amorous care,
The latent mischief from his heart to tear,
Resume his azure arms, and shine again in war.
South of the castle, in a verdant glade,
A spreading beech extends her friendly shade;
Here oft the nymph his breathing vows had heard;
Here oft her silence had her heart declar'd,
As active Spring awak'd her infant buds,
And genial life inform'd the verdant woods,
Henry, in knots involving Emma's name,
Had half express'd and half conceal'd his flame
Upon this tree; and as the tender mark
Grew with the year, and widen'd with the bark,
Venus had heard the virgin's soft address,
That, as the wound, the passion might increase.
As potent Nature shed her kindly showers,
And deck'd the various mead with opening flowers,
Upon this tree the nymph's obliging care
Had left a frequent wreath for Henry's hair,
Which as with gay delight the lover found,
Pleas'd with his conquest, with her present crown'd,
Glorious through all the plains he oft had gone,
And to each swain the mystic honour shown,
The gift still prais'd, the giver still unknown.
His secret note the troubled Henry writes;
To the known tree the lovely maid invites:
Imperfect words and dubious terms express
That unforeseen mischance disturb'd his peace;
That he must something to her ear commend,
On which her conduct and his life depend.
Soon as the fair one had the note receiv'd,
The remnant of the day, alone, she griev'd;
For different this from every former note
Which Venus dictated and Henry wrote;
Which told her all his future hopes were laid
On the dear bosom of his Nut-brown Maid;
Which always bless'd her eyes, and own'd her power,
And bid her oft adieu, yet added more.
Now night advanc'd: the house in sleep were laid,
The nurse experienc'd, and the prying maid;

And, last, that sprite which does incessant haunt
The lover's steps, the ancient maiden aunt,
To her dear Henry Emma wings her way,
With quicken'd pace repairing forc'd delay:
For Love, fantastic power, that is afraid
To stir abroad till Watchfulness be laid,
Undaunted thou o'er cliffs and valleys strays,
And leads his votaries safe through pathless ways.
Not Argus with his hundred eyes shall find
Where Cupid goes, though he, poor guide, is blind.
The maiden first arriving, sent her eye
To ask if yet its chief delight were nigh:
With fear and with desire, with joy and pain
She sees, and runs to meet him on the plain;
But, oh! his steps proclaim no lover's haste;
On the low ground his fix'd regards are cast;
His artful bosom heaves dissembled sighs,
And tears, suborn'd, fall copious from his eyes.
With ease, alas! we credit what we love;
His painted grief does real sorrow move
In the afflicted fair: adown her cheek
Trickling the genuine tears their current break:
Attentive stood the mournful nymph: the man
Broke silence first: the tale alternate ran.
Her. Sincere, O tell me, hast thou felt a pain,
Emma, beyond what woman knows to feign?
Has thy uncertain bosom ever strove
With the first tumults of a real love?
Hast thou now dreaded and now bless'd his sway,
By turns averse and joyful to obey?
Thy virgin softness hast thou e'er bewail'd,
As reason yielded, and as love prevail'd?
And wept the potent god's resistless dart,
His killing pleasure, his ecstatic smart,
And heavenly poison thrilling through thy heart?
If so, with pity view my wretched state,
At least deplore, and then forget my fate:
To some more happy knight reserve thy charms,
By Fortune favour'd and successful arms;

And only as the sun's revolving ray
Brings back each year this melancholy day,
Permit one sigh, and set apart one tear
To an abandon'd exile's endless care.
For me, alas! outcast of human race,
Love's anger only waits, and dire disgrace;
For, lo! these hands in murder are imbrued,
These trembling feet by Justice are pursued:
Fate calls aloud, and hastens me away;
A shameful death attends my longer stay;
And I this night must fly from thee and love,
Condemn'd in lonely woods a banish'd man to rove.

Emma. What is our bliss that changeth with the moon,
And day of life that darkens ere 'tis noon?
What is true passion, if unbless'd it dies?
And where is Emma's joy, if Henry flies?
If love, alas! be pain, the pain I bear
No thought can figure, and no tongue declare.
Ne'er faithful woman felt, nor false one feign'd
The flames which long have in my bosom reign'd:
The god of Love himself inhabits there,
With all his rage, and dread, and grief, and care,
His complement of stores and total war.
O! cease then coldly to suspect my love,
And let my deed at least my faith approve.
Alas! no youth shall my endearments share,
Nor day nor night shall interrupt my care;
No future story shall with truth upbraid
The cold indifference of the Nut-brown Maid;
Nor to hard banishment shall Henry run,
While careless Emma sleeps on beds of down.
View me resolv'd, where'er thou lead'st, to go,
Friend to thy pain, and partner of thy woe;
For I attest fair Venus and her son,
That I, of all mankind, will love but thee alone.

Hen. Let prudence yet obstruct thy vent'rous way,
And take good heed what men will think and say;
That beauteous Emma vagrant courses took,
Her father's house and civil life forsook;

That full of youthful blood, and fond of man,
She to the woodland with an exile ran.
Reflect, that lessen'd fame is ne'er regain'd,
And virgin-honour once, is always, stain'd:
Timely advis'd, the coming evil shun;
Better not do the deed, than weep it done:
No penance can absolve our guilty fame,
Nor tears, that wash out sin, can wash out shame:
Then fly the sad effects of desperate love,
And leave a banish'd man through lonely woods to rove.

Emma. Let Emma's hapless case be falsely told
By the rash young or the ill-natur'd old;
Let every tongue its various censures choose,
Absolve with coldness, or with spite accuse;
Fair Truth at last her radiant beams will raise,
And Malice, vanquish'd, heightens Virtue's praise.
Let then thy favour but indulge my flight,
O! let my presence make thy travels light,
And potent Venus shall exalt my name,
Above the rumours of censorious Fame;
Nor from that busy demon's restless power
Will ever Emma other grace implore,
Than that this truth should to the world be known,
That I, of all mankind, have lov'd but thee alone.

Hen. But canst thou wield the sword, and bend the bow?
With active force repel the sturdy foe?
When the loud tumult speaks the battle nigh,
And winged deaths in whistling arrows fly,
Wilt thou, though wounded, yet undaunted stay,
Perform thy part, and share the dangerous day?
Then, as thy strength decays, thy heart will fail;
Thy limbs all trembling and thy cheeks all pale,
With fruitless sorrow thou, inglorious maid,
Wilt weep thy safety, by thy love betray'd;
Then to thy friend, by foes o'ercharg'd, deny
Thy little useless aid, and coward fly;
Then wilt thou curse the chance that made thee love
A banish'd man, condemn'd in lonely woods to rove.

Emma. With fatal certainty Thalestris knew
To send the arrow from the twanging yew:
And great in arms, and foremost in the war,
Bonduca, brandish'd high the British spear:
Could thirst of vengeance and desire of fame
Excite the female breast with martial flame?
And shall not Love's diviner power inspire
More hardy virtue and more generous fire?
Near thee, mistrust not, constant I'll abide,
And fall or vanquish, fighting by thy side.
Though my inferior strength may not allow
That I should bear or draw the warrior bow,
With ready hand I will the shaft supply,
And joy to see thy victor-arrows fly.
Touch'd in the battle by the hostile reed,
Shouldst thou (but Heaven avert it!) shouldst thou bleed,
To stop the wounds my finest lawn I'd tear,
Wash them with tears, and wipe them with my hair;
Bless'd when my dangers and my toils have shown
That I, of all mankind, could love but thee alone.

Hen. But canst thou, tender Maid, canst thou sustain
Affective want, or hunger's pressing pain?
Those limbs, in lawn and softest silk array'd,
From sunbeams guarded, and of winds afraid,
Can they bear angry Jove? can they resist
The parching Dog-star and the bleak North-east?
When, chill'd by adverse snows and beating rain,
We tread with weary steps the longsome plain;
When with hard toil we seek our evening food,
Berries and acorns, from the neighbouring wood,
And find among the cliffs no other house
But the thin covert of some gather'd boughs,
Wilt thou not then reluctant send thine eye
Around the dreary waste, and weeping try
(Though then, alas! that trial be too late)
To find thy father's hospitable gate,
And seats where Ease and Plenty brooding sate?

Those seats whence, long excluded, thou must mourn;
That gate for ever barr'd to thy return;
Wilt thou not then bewail ill-fated love,
And hate a banish'd man, condemn'd in woods to rove?

Emma. Thy rise of fortune did I only wed,
From its decline determin'd to recede;
Did I but purpose to embark with thee
On the smooth surface of a summer's sea,
While gentle zephyrs play in prosperous gales,
And Fortune's favour fills the swelling sails,
But would forsake the ship and make the shore,
When the winds whistle and the tempests roar?
No, Henry, no: one sacred oath has tied
Our loves; one destiny our life shall guide,
Nor wild, nor deep, our common way divide.

When from the cave thou risest with the day,
To beat the woods and rouse the bounding prey,
The cave with moss and branches I'll adorn,
And cheerful sit to wait my lord's return:
And when thou frequent bring'st the smitten deer,
(For seldom, archers say, thy arrows err)
I'll fetch quick fuel from the neighbouring wood,
And strike the sparkling flint, and dress the food:
With humble duty and officious haste
I'll cull the furthest mead for thy repast;
The choicest herbs I to thy board will bring,
And draw thy water from the freshest spring:
And when at night, with weary toil oppress'd,
Soft slumbers thou enjoy'st and wholesome rest,
Watchful I'll guard thee, and with midnight prayer
Weary the gods to keep thee in their care;
And joyous ask, at morn's returning ray,
If thou hast health, and I may bless the day.
My thoughts shall fix, my latest wish depend
On thee, guide, guardian, kinsman, father, friend:
By all these sacred names be Henry known
To Emma's heart; and, grateful, let him own
That she, of all mankind, could love but him alone.

Hos. Vainly thou tell'st me what the woman's care
Shall in the wildness of the wood prepare:
Thou, ere thou goest, unhappiest of thy kind,
Must leave the habit and the sex behind.
No longer shall thy comely tresses break
In flowing ringlets on thy snowy neck,
Or sit behind thy head, an ample round,
In graceful breeds, with various ribbon bound;
No longer shall the bodice, aptly lac'd
From thy full bosom to thy sleader waist,
That air and harmony of shape express,
Fine by degrees, and beautifully less;
Nor shall thy lower garments' artful plait,
From thy fair side dependent to thy feet,
Arm their chaste beauties with a modest pride,
And double every charm they seek to hide.
The' ambrosial plenty of thy shining hair
Cropt off and lost, scarce lower than thy ear
Shall stand uncouth; a horseman's coat shall hide
Thy taper shape, and comeliness of side;
The short trunk-hose shall show thy foot and knee
Licentious, and to common eyesight free;
And with a bolder stride and looser air,
Mingled with men, a man thou must appear.
Nor solitude, nor gentle peace of mind,
Mistaken maid, shalt thou in forests find:
'Tis long since Cynthia and her train were there,
Or guardian gods made innocence their care:
Vagrants and outlaws shall offend thy view,
For such must be my friends; a hideous crew,
By adverse fortune mix'd in social ill,
Train'd to assault, and disciplin'd to kill;
Their common loves a lewd abandon'd pack;
The beadle's lash still flagrant on their back;
By sloth corrupted, by disorder fed,
Made bold by want, and prostitute for bread:
With such must Emma hunt the tedious day,
Assist their violence and divide their prey;
With such she must return at setting light,
Though not partaker, witness of their night.

Thy ear, inur'd to chastisable sounds
And pitying love, must feel the hateful wounds
Of jest obscene and vulgar ribaldry,
The ill-bred question and the lewd reply;
Brought by long habitude from bad to worse,
Must hear the frequent oath, the direful curse,
That latest weapon of the wretches' war,
And blasphemy, sad comrade of despair.
Now, Emma, now the last reflection make,
What thou wouldst follow, what thou must forsake:
By our ill-omen'd stars and adverse heaven,
No middle object to thy choice is given:
Or yield thy virtue to attain thy love,
Or leave a banish'd wife, condemn'd in woods to rove.
Emma. O grief of heart! that our unhappy fates
Force thee to suffer what thy honour hates;
Mix thee amongst the bad, or make thee run
Too near the paths which Virtue bids thee shun.
Yet with her Henry still let Emma go;
With him abhor the vice, but share the woe:
And sure my little heart can never err
Amidst the worst, if Henry still be there.
Our outward act is prompted from within,
And from the sinner's mind proceeds the sin:
By her own choice free Virtue is approv'd,
Nor by the force of outward objects mov'd;
Who has assay'd no danger, gains no praise:
In a small isle, amidst the widest seas,
Triumphant Constancy has fix'd her seat;
In vain the syrens sing, the tempests beat:
Their flattery she rejects, nor fears their threat.
For thee alone these little charms I dress'd,
Condemn'd them, or absolv'd them, by thy test:
In comely figure rang'd, my jewels shone,
Or negligently plac'd, for thee alone:
For thee again they shall be laid aside;
The woman, Henry, shall put off her pride
For thee: my clothes, my ear, exchang'd for thee,
I'll mingle with the people's wretched lee;
O line extreme of human infamy!

Wanting the scissars, with these hands I'll tear
(If that obstructs my flight) this load of hair:
Black soot or yellow walnut shall disgrace
This little red and white of Emma's face:
These nails with scratches shall deform my breast,
Lest by my look or colour be express'd
The mark of aught high-born, or ever better dress'd.
Yet in this commerce, under this disguise,
Let me be grateful still to Henry's eyes;
Lost to the world, let me to him be known;
My fate I can absolve, if he shall own
That, leaving all mankind, I love but him alone.

Hen. O wildest thought of an abandon'd mind!
Name, habit, parents, woman, left behind,
Even honour dubious, thou preferr'st to go
Wild to the woods with me. Said Emma so?
Or did I dream what Emma never said?
O guilty error! and O wretched maid!
Whose roving fancy would resolve the same
With him who next should tempt her easy fame,
And blow with empty words the susceptible flame.
Now why should doubtful terms thy mind perplex?
Confess thy frailty, and avow thy sex:
No longer loose desire for constant love
Mistake, but say, 'tis man with whom thou long'st to rove.

Emma: Are there not poisons, racks, and flames, and swords,
That Emma thus must die by Henry's words?
Yet what could swords or poison, racks or flame,
But mangle and disjoint this brittle frame!
More fatal Henry's words, they murder Emma's fame.

And fall these sayings from that gentle tongue,
Where civil speech and soft persuasion hung?
Whose artful sweetness and harmonious strain,
Courting my grace, yet courting it in vain,
Call'd sighs, and tears, and wishes, to its aid,
And, whilst it Henry's glowing flame convey'd,
Still blam'd the coldness of the Nut-brown Maid?

Let envious Jealousy and canker'd Spite
Produce my actions to severest light,
And tax my open day or secret night.
Did e'er my tongue speak my unguarded heart
The least inclin'd to play the wanton's part?
Did e'er my eye one inward thought reveal,
Which angels might not hear, and virgins tell?
And hast thou, Henry, in my conduct known
One fault, but that which I must ever own,
That I, of all mankind, have lov'd but thee alone?

Hen. Vainly thou talk'st of loving me alone;
Each man is man, and all our sex is one:
False are our words, and fickle is our mind;
Nor in Love's ritual can we ever find
Vows made to last, or promises to bind.
By Nature prompted, and for empire made,
Alike by strength or cunning we invade:
When arm'd with rage we march against the foe,
We lift the battle-ax and draw the bow;
When fir'd with passion, we attack the fair,
Delusive sighs and brittle vows we bear;
Our falsehood and our arms have equal use,
As they our conquest or delight produce.
The foolish heart thou gav'st, again receive,
The only boon departing Love can give.
To be less wretched, be no longer true;
What strives to fly thee, why shouldst thou pursue?
Forget the present flame, indulge a new:
Single the loveliest of the amorous youth;
Ask for his vow, but hope not for his truth.
The next man (and the next thou shalt believe)
Will pawn his gods, intending to deceive;
Will kneel, implore, persist, o'ercome, and leave.
Hence let thy Cupid aim his arrows right;
Be wise and false, shun trouble, seek delight;
Change thou the first, nor wait thy lover's flight.

'Why shouldst thou weep? let Nature judge our case;
I saw thee young and fair; pursued the chase
Of youth and beauty: I another saw
Fairer and younger; yielding to the law

Of our all-ruling mother, I pursued
More youth, more beauty. Bless'd vicissitude!
My active heart still keeps its pristine flame;
The object alter'd, the desire the same.
This younger, fairer, pleads her rightful charms,
With present power compels me to her arms;
And much I fear from my subjected mind,
(If beauty's force to constant love can bind)
That years may roll ere in her turn the maid
Shall weep the fury of my love decay'd,
And weeping follow me, as thou dost now,
With idle clamours of a broken vow.
Nor can the wildness of thy wishes err
So wide to hope that thou may'st live with her:
Love, well thou know'st, no partnership allows;
Cupid, averse, rejects divided vows:
Then from thy foolish heart, vain maid, remove
An useless sorrow and an ill-starr'd love,
And leave me, with the fair, at large in woods to rove.

Emma. Are we in life through one great error led?
Is each man perjur'd, and each nymph betray'd?
Of the superior sex art thou the worst?
Am I of mine the most completely curst?
Yet let me go with thee, and going prove,
From what I will endure, how much I love.
This potent beauty, this triumphant fair,
This happy object of our different care,
Her let me follow; her let me attend,
A servant; (she may scorn the name of friend)
What she demands incessant I'll prepare;
I'll weave her garlands, and I'll plait her hair:
My busy diligence shall deck her board,
(For there, at least, I may approach my lord)
And when her Henry's softer hours advise
His servant's absence, with dejected eyes
Far I'll recede, and sighs forbid to rise.
Yet when increasing grief brings slow disease,
And ebbing life, our terms severe so these,
Will have its little lamp no longer fed;
When Henry's mistress shows him Emma dead,

Rescue my poor remains from vile neglect:
With virgin honours let my hearse be deck'd,
And decent emblem; and, at least, persuade
This happy nymph that Emma may be laid
Where thou, dear author of my death, where she
With frequent eye my sepulchre may see.
The nymph, amidst her joys, may haply breathe
One pitying sigh, reflecting on my death,
And the sad fate which she may one day prove,
Who hopes from Henry's vows eternal love.
And thou forsworn, thou cruel as thou art,
If Emma's image ever touch'd thy heart,
Thou sure must give one thought, and drop one tear
To her whom love abandon'd to despair;
To her who, dying, on the wounded stone
Bid it in lasting characters be known
That, of mankind, she lov'd but thee alone.

Hen. Hear, solemn Jove, and, conscious Venus hear;
And thou, bright maid, believe me whilst I swear;
No time, no change, no future flame, shall move
The well-plac'd basis of my lasting love.
O powerful virtue! O victorious fair!
At least excuse a trial too severe;
Receive the triumph, and forget the war.

No banish'd man, condemn'd in woods to rove,
Entreats thy pardon, and implores thy love:
No perjur'd knight desires to quit thy arms,
Fairest collection of thy sex's charms,
Crown of my love, and honour of my youth;
Henry, thy Henry, with eternal truth,
As thou may'st wish, shall all his life employ,
And found his glory in his Emma's joy.

In me behold the potent Edgar's heir,
Illustrious earl; him terrible in war
Let Loyre confess, for she has felt his sword,
And trembling fled before the British lord.
Him great in peace and wealth fair Deva knows,
For she amidst his spacious meadows flows,
Inclines her urn upon his fatten'd lands,
And sees his numerous herds imprint her sands.

And thou, my fair, my dove, shalt raise thy thought
To greatness next to empire: shalt be brought
With solemn pomp to my paternal seat,
Where peace and plenty on thy word shall wait:
Music and song shall wake the marriage-day,
And while the priests accuse the bride's delay,
Myrtles and roses shall obstruct her way.

Friendship shall still thy evening feasts adorn,
And blooming Peace shall ever bless thy morn:
Succeeding years their happy race shall run,
And Age unheeded by delight come on,
While yet superior love shall mock his power;
And when old Time shall turn the fated hour,
Which only can our well-tied knot unfold,
What rests of both, one sepulchre shall hold.

Hence, then, for ever, from my Emma's breast
(That heaven of softness, and that seat of rest)
Ye doubts and fears, and all that know to move
Tormenting grief, and all that trouble love;
Scatter'd by winds recede, and wild in forests rove.

Emma. O day! the fairest sure that ever rose!
Period and end of anxious Emma's woes!
Sire of her joy, and source of her delight,
O! wing'd with pleasure take thy happy flight,
And give each future morn a tincture of thy white.
Yet tell thy votary, potent queen of Love,
Henry, my Henry, will he never rove?
Will he be ever kind, and just, and good?
And is there yet no mistress in the wood?
None, none there is: the thought was rash and vain,
A false idea, and a fancied pain.
Doubt shall for ever quit my strengthen'd heart,
And anxious jealousy's corroding smart;
Nor other inmate shall inhabit there,
But soft belief, young joy, and pleasing care.
Hence let the tides of plenty ebb and flow,
And Fortune's various gale unheeded blow.
If at my feet the suppliant goddess stands,
And sheds her treasure with unwearied hands,
Her present favour cautious I'll embrace,
And not unthankful use the proffer'd grace;

If she reclaims the temporary boon,
And tries her pinions, fluttering to be gone;
Secure of mind, I'll obviate her intent,
And, unconcern'd, return the goods she lent.
Nor happiness can I, nor misery, feel,
From any turn of her fantastic wheel:
Friendship's great laws, and Love's superior powers,
Must mark the colour of my future hours.
From the events which thy commands create
I must my blessings or my sorrows date,
And Henry's will must dictate Emma's fate.

Yet while with close delight and inward pride
(Which from the world my careful soul shall hide)
I see thee, lord and end of my desire,
Exalted high as virtue can require,
With power invested, and with pleasure cheer'd,
Sought by the good, by the oppressor fear'd,
Loaded and bless'd with all the affluent store
Which human vows at smoking shrines implore;
Grateful and humble grant me to employ
My life, subservient only to thy joy;
And at my death, to bless thy kindness, shown,
To her who, of mankind, could love but thee alone.

While thus the constant pair alternate said,
Joyful above them and around them play'd
Angels and sportive Loves, a numerous crowd;
Smiling they clapp'd their wings, and low they bow'd.
They tumbled all their little quivers o'er,
To choose propitious shafts a precious store,
That when their god should take his future darts,
To strike (however rarely) constant hearts,
His happy skill might proper arms employ,
All tipt with pleasure, and all wing'd with joy:
And those, they vow'd, whose lives should imitate
These lovers' constancy, should share their fate.

The queen of Beauty stopp'd her bridled doves,
Approv'd the little labour of the Loves;
Was pleas'd and pleas'd the mutual vow to hear,
And to the triumph call'd the god of War:
Soon as she calls, the god is always near.

'Now Mars, (she said) let Fame exalt her voice,
Nor let thy conquests only be her choice;
But when she sings great Edward from the field
Return'd, the hostile spear and captive shield
In Concord's temple hung, and Gallia taught to yield.
And when, as prudent Saturn shall complete
The years design'd to perfect Britain's state,
The swift-wing'd Power shall take her trump again,
To sing her favourite Anna's wondrous reign;
To recollect unwearied Marlborough's toils,
Old Rufus' hall unequal to his spoils;
The British soldier from his high command
Glorious, and Gaul thrice vanquish'd by his hand:
Let her at least perform what I desire;
With second breath the vocal brass inspire;
And tell the Nations in no vulgar strain,
What wars I manage, and what wreaths I gain.
And when thy tumults and thy fights are past;
And when thy laurels at my feet are cast;
Faithful may'st thou, like British Henry, prove;
And Emma-like let me return thy love.
Renown'd for truth, let all thy sons appear;
And constant Beauty shall reward their care.
Mars smil'd, and bow'd: the Cyprian deity
Turn'd to the glorious Ruler of the sky;
'And thou,' she smiling said, 'great God of days
And verse, behold my deed, and sing my praise,
As on the British earth, my favourite isle,
Thy gentle rays and kindest influence smile,
Through all her laughing fields and verdant groves,
Proclaim with joy these memorable Loves.
From every annual course let one great day,
To celebrated sports and floral play
Be set aside; and in the softest lays
Of thy poetic sons, be solemn praise
And everlasting marks of honour paid,
To the true lover, and the Nut-brown Maid.'

THE LADY's LOOKING-GLASS.

CELIA and I, the other day,
Walk'd o'er the sand-hills to the sea;
The setting sun adorn'd the coast,
His beams entire, his fierceness lost;
And, on the surface of the deep
The winds lay, only not asleep:
The nymph did, like the scene, appear
Serenely pleasant, calmly fair;
Soft fell her words, as flew the air.
With secret joy I heard her say,
That she would never miss one day
A walk so fine, a sight so gay.
But, oh the change! the winds grow high;
Impending tempests charge the sky;
The lightning flies, the thunder roars,
And big waves lash the frighten'd shores:
Struck with the horror of the sight,
She turns her head, and wings her flight,
And, trembling, vows she'll ne'er again
Approach the shore, or view the main.
'Once more, at least, look back, (said I)
Thyself in that large glass descry;
When thou art in good-humour dress'd,
When gentle reason rules thy breast,
The sun, upon the calmest sea,
Appears not half so bright as thee:
'Tis then that with delight I rove
Upon the boundless depth of love;
I bless my chain, I hand my oar,
Nor think on all I left on shore.
'But when vain doubt and groundless fear
Do that dear foolish bosom tear;
When the big lip and watery eye
Tell me the rising storm is nigh;
'Tis then thou art yon angry main,
Deform'd by winds and dash'd by rain,

And the poor sailor that must try
Its fury, labours less than I.
'Shipwreck'd, in vain to land I make,
While Love and Fate still drive me back;
Forc'd to dote on thee thy own way,
I chide thee first, and then obey:
Wretched when from thee, vex'd when nigh,
I with thee, or without thee, die.'

CHLOE HUNTING.

BEHIND her neck her comely tresses tied,
Her ivory quiver graceful by her side,
A-hunting Chloe went: she lost her way,
And through the woods uncertain chanc'd to stray.
Apollo, passing by, beheld the maid;
And, 'Sister dear, bright Cynthia, turn, (he said)
The hunted hind lies close in yonder brake.'
Loud Cupid laugh'd to see the god's mistake;
And, laughing, cried, 'Learn better, great divine,
To know thy kindred, and to honour mine.
Rightly advis'd, far hence thy sister seek,
Or on Meander's bank or Latmus' peak;
But in this nymph, my friend, my sister, know;
She draws my arrows, and she bends my bow:
Fair Thames she haunts, and every neighbouring grove,
Sacred to soft recess and gentle love.
Go, with thy Cynthia hurl the pointed spear
At the rough boar, or chase the flying deer:
I and my Chloe take a nobler aim;
At human hearts we fling, nor ever miss the game.'

THE GARLAND.

THE pride of every grove I chose,
The violet sweet and lily fair,
The dappled pink and blushing rose,
To deck my charming Chloe's hair.

At morn the nymph vouchsaf'd to place
Upon her brow the various wreath;
The flowers less blooming than her face,
The scent less fragrant than her breath.

The flowers she wore along the day,
And every nymph and shepherd said,
That in her hair they look'd more gay
Than glowing in their native bed.

Undress'd at evening, when she found
Their odours lost, their colours past,
She chang'd her look, and on the ground
Her garland and her eye she cast.

That eye dropt sense distinct and clear,
As any Muse's tongue could speak,
When from its lid a pearly tear
Ran trickling down her beauteous cheek.

Dissembling what I knew too well,
'My love, my life, (said I) explain
This change of humour; pr'ythe tell,
That falling tear—what does it mean?'

She sigh'd; she smil'd; and to the flow'rs
Pointing, the lovely mor'alist said,
'See, friend, in some few fleeting hours,
See yonder what a change is made.

'Ah me! the blooming pride of May
And that of Beauty are but one;
At morn both flourish, bright and gay,
Both fade at evening, pale and gone.

'At dawn poor Stella danc'd and sung,
The amorous youth around her bow'd;
At night her fatal knell was rung;
I saw and kiss'd her in her shrowd.

'Such as she is who died to-day,
Such I, alas! may be to-morrow;
Go, Damon, bid thy Muse display
The justice of thy Chloe's sorrow.'

THE DESPAIRING SHEPHERD.

ALEXIS shunn'd his fellow-swains,
Their rural sports and jocund strains;
(Heav'n guard us all from Cupid's bow!)
He lost his crook, he left his flocks,
And, wandering through the lonely rocks,
He nourish'd endless woe.

The nymphs and shepherds round him came:
His grief some pity, others blame;
The fatal cause all kindly seek:
He mingled his concern with theirs;
He gave them back their friendly tears;
He sigh'd, but would not speak.

Clorinda came among the rest,
And she, too, kind concern express'd,
And ask'd the reason of his woe:
She ask'd, but with an air and mien
That made it easily foreseen
She fear'd too much to know.

The shepherd rais'd his mournful head;
'And will you pardon me, (he said)
While I the cruel truth reveal,
Which nothing from my breast should tear,
Which never should offend your ear,
But that you bid me tell?

'Tis thus I rove, 'tis thus complain,
Since you appear'd upon the plain;
You are the cause of all my care:
Your eyes ten thousand dangers dart,
Ten thousand torments vex my heart;
I love, and I despair.'

'Too much, Alexis, I have heard:
'Tis what I thought, 'tis what I fear'd;
And yet I pardon you, (she cried)
But you shall promise ne'er again
To breathe your vows or speak your pain:'—
He bow'd, obey'd, and died.

HER RIGHT NAME.

AS Nancy at her toilet sat,
Admiring this and blaming that,
'Tell me, (she said) but tell me true,
The nymph who could your heart subdue,
What sort of charms does she possess?'
'Absolve me, fair-one, I'll confess
With pleasure,' I replied: 'Her hair,
In ringlets rather dark than fair,
Does down her ivory bosom roll,
And, hiding half, adorns the whole.
In her high forehead's fair half round
Love sits in open triumph crown'd;
He in the dimple of her chin,
In private state, by friends is seen:
Her eyes are neither black nor grey,
Nor fierce nor feeble is their ray;
Their dubious lustre seems to show
Something that speaks nor Yes nor No.
Her lips no living bard, I weet,
May say how red, how round, how sweet:
Old Homer only could indite
Their vagrant grace and soft delight:
They stand recorded in his book,
When Helen smil'd and Hebe spoke'—
The gipsy, turning to her glass,
Too plainly show'd she knew the face;
'And which am I most like, (she said)
Your Chloe or your Nut-brown maid?'

ODE

To Mr. Hugh Howard, the Painter.

DEAR Howard, from the soft assaults of love
Poets and painters never are secure;
Can I, untouch'd, the fair-ones' passions move,
Or thou draw beauty, and not feel its pow'r?

To great Apelles when young Ammon brought
The darling idol of his captive heart,
And the pleas'd nymph, with kind attention, sat
To have her charms recorded by his art;

The amorous master own'd her potent eyes,
Sigh'd when he look'd, and trembled as he drew;
Each flowing line confirm'd his first surprise,
And as the piece advanc'd, the passion grew.

While Philip's son, while Venus' son, was near,
What different tortures does his bosom feel?
Great was the rival, and the god severe;
Nor could he hide his flame, nor durst reveal.

The prince, renown'd in bounty as in arms,
With pity saw the ill-conceal'd distress;
Quitted his title to Campaspe's charms,
And gave the fair-one to the friend's embrace.

Thus the more beauteous Chloe sat to thee,
Good Howard, emulous of the Grecian art;
But happy thou, from Cupid's arrow free,
And flames, that pierc'd thy predecessor's heart.

Had thy poor breast receiv'd an equal pain,
Had I been vested with the monarch's pow'r,
Thou must have sigh'd, unlucky youth, in vain,
Nor from my bounty hadst thou found a cure.

Though, to convince thee that the friend did feel
A kind concern for thy ill-fated care;
I would have sooth'd the flame I could not heal,
Giv'n thee the world, though I withheld the fair.

JOHN GAY.

THE SHEPHERD'S WEEK.

In Six Pastorals.

------ Libeat mihi sordida rura,
Atque humiles habitare casas----- *Virg.*

THE PROEME

To the courteous Reader.

GREAT marvel hath it been, (and that not unworthily) to diverse worthy wits, that in this our island of Britain, in all rare sciences so greatly abounding, more especially in all kinds of poesy highly flourishing, no poet (though otherways of notable cunning in roundelays) hath hit on the right simple Eclogue, after the true ancient guise of Theocritus, before this mine attempt.

Other poet travailing in this plain highway of pastoral know I none. Yet, certes, such it behoveth a pastoral to be, as nature in the country affordeth; and the manners also meetly copied from the rustical folk therein. In this also my love to my native country Britain much pricketh me forward, to describe aright the manners of our own honest and laborious ploughmen, in no wise, sure, more unworthy a British poet's imitation, than those of Sicily or Arcady; albeit, not ignorant I am what a rout and rabblement of critical gallimawfry hath been made of late days by certain young men of insipid delicacy, concerning I wist not what Golden Age, and other outrageous conceits, to which they would confine pastoral; whereof, I avow, I account nought at all, knowing no age so justly to be instiled Golden, as this of our sovereign lady Queen Anne.

This idle trumpery (only fit for schools and school-boys) unto that ancient Doric shepherd Theocritus, or his mates, was never known; he rightly throughout his fifth Idyl, maketh his louts give foul language, and behold their goats at rut in all simplicity.

Ἄμοτλος οκκ' ἀσαρ τας μηκαδας ουκ ἐαλανὶ
Ταυκέας οφθαλμὰς, ουι ὁ τραγος αυτος αγαπᾶ.
Theocr.

Verily, as little pleasance receiveth a true home-bred taste from all the fine finical newfangled

fooleries of this gay Gothic garniture, wherewith they so nicely bedeck their court clowns, or clown courtiers, (for which to call them rightly, I wot not) as would a prudent citizen journeying to his country farms, should he find them occupied by people of this motley make, instead of plain, down-right, hearty, cleanly folk, such as be now tenants to the burgesses of this realm.

Furthermore, it is my purpose, gentle Reader, to set before thee, as it were, a picture, or rather lively landscape of thy own country, just as thou mightest see it, didst thou take a walk into the fields at the proper season; even as Maister Milton hath elegantly set forth the same.

> As one who long in populous city pent,
> Where houses thick and sewers annoy the air,
> Forth issuing on a summer's morn to breathe
> Among the pleasant villages and farms
> Adjoin'd, from each thing met conceives delight;
> The smell of grain, or tedded grass or kine,
> Or dairy, each rural sight, each rural sound.

Thou wilt not find my shepherdesses idly piping on oaten reeds; but milking the kine, tying up the sheaves, or if the hogs are astray, driving them to their styes. My shepherd gathereth none other nosegays but what are the growth of our own fields; he sleepeth not under myrtle shades, but under a hedge; nor doth he vigilantly defend his flocks from wolves, because there are none, as Maister Spenser well observeth,

> Well is known that since the Saxon King
> Never was wolf seen, many or some,
> Nor in all Kent nor in Christendom.

For as much as I have mentioned Maister Spenser, soothly I must acknowledge him a bard of sweetest memorial. Yet hath his shepherd's boy at sometimes raised his rustic reed to rhymes more rumbling than rural. Diverse grave points also hath he handled of churchly matter, and doubts in religion daily arising, to great clerks only appertaining. What liketh me best are his names, indeed right simple and meet for the country, such as Lobbin, Cuddy, Hobbinol, Diggon, and others, some of which I have made bold to borrow. Moreover, as he called his Eclogues, *The Shepherd's Calender*, and divided the same into the twelve months, I have chosen (peradventure not over rashly) to name mine by the days of the week, omitting Sunday or the Sabbath, ours being supposed to be Christian shepherds, and to be then at church-worship. Yet further of many of Maister Spenser's Eclogues it may be observed,

though months they be called, of the said months therein nothing is specified, wherein I have also esteemed him worthy mine imitation.

That principally, courteous Reader, whereof I would have thee to be advertised, (seeing I depart from the vulgar usage) is touching the language of my shepherds; which is, soothly to say, such as is neither spoken by the country maiden or the courtly dame; nay, not only such as in the present times is not uttered, but was never uttered in times past, and, if I judge aright, will never be uttered in times future; it having too much of the country to be fit for the court; too much of the court to be fit for the country; too much of the language of old times to be fit for the present; too much of the present to have been fit for the old; and too much of both to be fit for any time to come. Granted also it is, that in this my language I seem unto myself as a London mason, who calculateth his work for a term of years, when he buildeth with old materials upon a ground-rent that is not his own, which soon turneth to rubbish and ruins. For this point no reason can I allege, only deep-learned ensamples having led me thereunto.

But here again much comfort ariseth in me, from the hopes, in that I conceive, when these words in the course of transitory things shall decay, it may so hap, in meet time, that some lover of simplicity shall arise, who shall have the hardiness to render these mine Eclogues into such more modern dialect as shall be then understood, to which end, glosses and explications of uncouth pastoral terms are annexed.

Gentle Reader, turn over the leaf, and entertain thyself with the prospect of thine own country, limned by the painful hand of

Thy loving countryman,

JOHN GAY.

PROLOGUE.

To the Right Hon. the Lord Viscount Bolingbroke.

LO I, who erst beneath a tree
Sung Bumkinet and Bowzybee,
And Blouselind and Marian bright,
In apron blue or apron white,
Now write my sonnets in a book,
For my good Lord of Bolingbroke.
As lads and lasses stood around
To hear my boxen hautboy sound,
Our clerk came posting o'er the green
With doleful tidings of the Queen;
That Queen, he said, to whom we owe
Sweet peace, that maketh riches flow;
That Queen who eas'd our tax of late,
Was dead, alas!—and lay in state.
At this, in tears was Cic'ly seen,
Buxoma tore her pinners clean,
In doleful dumps stood every clown,
The parson rent his band and gown.
For me, when as I heard that death
Had snatch'd Queen Anne to El'sabeth,
I broke my reed, and sighing swore,
I'd weep for Blouselind no more.
While thus we stood as in a stound,
And wet with tears, like dew, the ground;
Full soon by bonfire and by bell
We learnt our liege was passing well.
A skilful leach (so God him speed)
They say had wrought this blessed deed;
This leach Arbuthnot was yclept,
Who many a night not once had slept,
But watch'd our gracious sovereign still;
For who could rest while she was ill?
Oh! may'st thou henceforth sweetly sleep:
Sheer, swains! oh! sheer your softest sheep
To swell his couch; for well I ween,
He sav'd the realm who sav'd the Queen.

Quoth I, 'Please God I'll hie with glee
To court, this Arbuthnot to see.'—
I sold my sheep and lambkins too,
For silver loops and garment blue;
My boxen hautboy, sweet of sound,
For lace that edg'd mine hat around;
For Lightfoot and my scrip I got
A gorgeous sword, and eke a knot.
So forth I far'd to court with speed,
Of soldier's drum withouten dreed;
For peace allays the shepherd's fear
Of wearing cap of grenadier.
There saw I ladies all-a-row
Before their Queen in seemly show.
No more I'll sing Buxoma brown,
Like goldfinch, in her Sunday gown;
Nor Clumsilis, nor Marian bright,
Nor damsel that Hobnelia hight;
But Lansdown fresh as flower of May,
And Berkeley lady blithe and gay,
And Anglesey, whose speech exceeds
The voice of pipe or oaten reeds,
And blooming Hyde, with eyes so rare,
And Montague beyond compare.
Such ladies fair would I depaint
In roundelay or sonnet quaint.
There many a worthy wight I've seen
In ribbon blue and ribbon green;
As Oxford, who a wand doth bear,
Like Moses, in our Bibles, fair;
Who for our traffic forms designs,
And gives to Britain Indian mines.
Now, shepherds! clip your fleecy care,
Ye maids! your spinning-wheels prepare,
Ye weavers! all your shuttles throw,
And bid broad-cloths and serges grow,
For trading free shall thrive again,
Nor leasings leud affright the swain.
There saw I St. John, sweet of mien,
Full stedfast both to church and queen;

With whose fair name I'll deck my strain;
St. John, right courteous to the swain:
For thus he told me on a day,
'Trim are thy sonnets, gentle Gay!
And, certes, mirth it were to see
Thy joyous madrigals twice three,
With preface meet, and notes profound,
Imprinted fair, and well ybound.'
All suddenly then home I sped,
And did even as my Lord had said.
Lo here thou hast mine Eclogues fair,
But let not these detain thine ear:
Let not the' affairs of states and kings
Wait while our Bowzybeus sings.
Rather than verse of simple swain
Should stay the trade of France or Spain,
Or for the plaint of parson's maid,
You Emperor's packets be delay'd,
In sooth, I swear by holy Paul,
I'd burn book, preface, notes and all.

THE SHEPHERD'S WEEK.

MONDAY:

or,

THE SQUABBLE.

Lobbin Clout, Cuddy, Cloddipole.

Lobbin Clout.

THY younglings, Cuddy, are but just awake,
No thrustles shrill the bramble-bush forsake,
No chirping lark the welkin sheen invokes,
No damsel yet the swelling udder strokes;
O'er yonder hill does scant the dawn appear,
Then why does Cuddy leave his cot so rear?

Cud. Ah! Lobbin Clout, I ween my plight is guest,
For he that loves, a stranger is to rest;
If swains belie not thou hast prov'd the smart,
And Blouzelinda's mistress of thy heart.
This rising rear betokeneth well thy mind;
Those arms are folded for thy Blouzelind:
And well, I trow, our piteous plights agree,
Thee Blouzelinda smites, Buxoma me.

Lob. Cl. Ah Blouzelind, I love thee more by half,
Than does their fawns, or cows the new fall'n calf:
Woe worth the tongue, may blisters sore it gall,
That names Buxoma, Blouzelind withal.

Cud. Hold, witless Lobbin Clout, I thee advise,
Lest blisters sore on thy own tongue arise.
Lo, yonder Cloddipole, the blithsome swain,
The wisest lout of all the neighbouring plain!
From Cloddipole we learnt to read the skies,
To know when hail will fall or winds arise;
He taught us erst the heifer's tail to view,
When stuck aloft, that showers would strait ensue:
He first that useful secret did explain,
That pricking corns foretold the gathering rain;

When swallows fleet soar high and sport in air,
He told us that the welkin would be clear.
Let Cloddipole then hear us twain rehearse,
And praise his sweetheart, in alternate verse:
I'll wager this same oaken staff with thee,
That Cloddipole shall give the prize to me.

Lob. Cl. See this tobacco pouch that's lin'd with hair,
Made of the skin of sleetest fallow-deer;
This pouch that's ty'd with tape of reddest hue,
I'll wager, that the prize shall be my due.

Cud. Begin thy carols, then, thou vaunting slouch,
Be thine the oaken staff, or mine the pouch.

Lob. Cl. My Blouzelinda is the blithest lass,
Than primrose sweeter, or the clover-grass.
Fair is the king-cup that in meadow blows,
Fair is the daisy that beside her grows;
Fair is the gilliflower, of gardens sweet,
Fair is the mary-gold, for pottage meet;
But Blouzelind's than gilliflower more fair,
Than daisy, mary-gold, or king-cup rare.

Cud. My brown Buxoma is the featest maid
That e'er at wake delightsome gambol play'd;
Clean as young lambkins or the goose's down,
And like the goldfinch in her Sunday gown.
The witless lamb may sport upon the plain,
The frisking kid delight the gaping swain,
The wanton calf may skip with many a bound,
And my cur Tray play deftest feats around;
But neither lamb, nor kid, nor calf, nor Tray,
Dance like Buxoma on the first of May.

Lob. Cl. Sweet is my toil when Blouzelind is near,
Of her bereft, 'tis winter all the year.
With her no sultry summer's heat I know;
In winter, when she's nigh, with love I glow.
Come, Blouzelinda! ease thy swain's desire,
My summer's shadow, and my winter's fire!

Cud. As with Buxoma once I work'd at hay,
Ev'n noon-tide labour seem'd an holiday;

And holidays, if haply she were gone,
Like worky-days I wish'd would soon be done.
Eftsoons, O sweet-heart kind, my love repay,
And all the year shall then be holiday.

Lob. Cl. As Blouzelinda in a gamesome mood,
Behind a haycock loudly laughing stood,
I slily ran, and snatch'd a hasty kiss,
She wip'd her lips, nor took it much amiss.
Believe me, Cuddy, while I'm bold to say,
Her breath was sweeter than the ripen'd hay.

Cud. As my Buxoma, in a morning fair,
With gentle finger strok'd her milky care,
I quaintly stole a kiss; at first, 'tis true,
She frown'd, yet after granted one or two.
Lobbin, I swear, believe who will my vows,
Her breath by far excell'd the breathing cow's.

Lob. Cl. Leek to the Welch, to Dutchmen butter's dear,
Of Irish swains potatoe is the cheer;
Oats for their feasts the Scotish shepherds grind,
Sweet turnips are the food of Blouzelind:
While she loves turnips, butter I'll despise,
Nor leeks, nor oatmeal, nor potatoe, prize.

Cud. In good roast-beef my landlord sticks his knife,
The capon fat delights his dainty wife;
Pudding our parson eats, the 'squire loves hare,
But white-pot thick is my Buxoma's fare.
While she loves white-pot, capon ne'er shall be,
Nor hare, nor beef, nor pudding, food for me.

Lob. Cl. As once I play'd at Blindman's-buff, it hapt
About my eyes the towel thick was wrapt:
I miss'd the swains, and seiz'd on Blouzelind.
True speaks that ancient proverb, 'Love is blind.'

Cud. As at Hot-cockles once I laid me down,
And felt the weighty hand of many a clown,
Buxoma gave a gentle tap, and I
Quick rose, and read soft mischief in her eye.

Lob. Cl. On two near elms the slacken'd cord I hung;
Now high, now low, my Blouzelinda swung.

With the rude wind her rumpled garment rose,
And shew'd her taper leg and scarlet hose.
Cud. Across the fallen oak the plank I laid,
And myself pois'd against the tottering maid:
High leapt the plank; adown Banstna field:
I spied—but faithful sweethearts never tell.
Lob. Cl. This riddle, Caddy, if thou canst, explain,
This wily riddle puzzles every swain;
What flower is that which bears the Virgin's name*,
The richest metal joined with the same?
Cud. Answer, thou carl, and judge this riddle right,
I'll frankly own thee for a cunning wight;
What flower is that which royal honour craves,
Adjoin the Virgin†, and 'tis strown on graves?
Clod. Forbear, contending louts, give o'er your strains;
An oaken staff each merits for his pains.
But see the sunbeams bright to labour warn,
And gild the thatch of Goodman Hodges' barn.
Your herds for want of water stand adry,
They're weary of your songs——and so am I.

TUESDAY:

or,

THE DITTY.

Marian.

YOUNG Colin Clout, a lad of peerless meed,
Full well could dance, and deftly tune the reed,
In every wood his carols sweet were known,
At every wake his nimble feats were shown.
When in the ring the rustic routs he threw,
The damsels' pleasures with his conquests grew;
Or when aslant the cudgel threats his head,
His danger smites the breast of every maid;

* Marygold. † Rosemary.

But chief of Marian. Marian lov'd the swain,
The parson's maid, and neatest of the plain:
Marian, that soft could stroke the udder'd cow,
Or lesson with her sieve the barley mow;
Marbled with sage the hardening cheese she press'd,
And yellow butter Marian's skill confess'd;
But Marian now, devoid of country cares,
Nor yellow butter nor sage-cheese prepares;
For yearning love the witless maid employs,
And love, says swains, all busy heed destroys.
Colin makes mock at all her piteous smart,
A lass, that Cic'ly hight, had won his heart,
Cic'ly, the western lass that tends the kee,
The rival of the parson's maid was she,
In dreary shade now Marian lies along,
And mixt with sighs thus wails in plaining song:
'Ah! woful day; ah woful noon and morn!
When first by thee my younglings white were shorn;
Then first, I ween, I cast a lover's eye,
My sheep were silly, but more silly I.
Beneath the shears they felt no lasting smart;
They lost but fleeces, while I lost a heart.
'Ah! Colin! canst thou leave thy sweetheart true;
What I have done for thee, will Cic'ly do?
Will she thy linen wash or hosen darn,
And knit thee gloves made of her own spun yarn?
Will she with huswife's hand provide thy meat,
And every Sunday-morn thy neckcloth plait?
Which o'er thy kersy-doublet spreading wide,
In service-time drew Cic'ly's eyes aside.
'Where'er I gad I cannot hide my care,
My new disasters in my look appear.
White as the curd my ruddy cheek is grown,
So thin my features that I'm hardly known;
Our neighbours tell me oft, in joking talk,
Of ashes, leather, oatmeal, bran, and chalk;
Unwittingly of Marian they divine,
And wist not that with thoughtful love I pine:
Yet Colin Clout, untoward shepherd swain,
Walks whistling blithe, while pitiful I plain.

'Whilom with thee 'twas Marian's dear delight
To moil all day, and merry-make at night.
If in the soil you guide the crooked share,
Your early breakfast is my constant care;
And when with even hand you strow the grain,
I fright the thievish rooks from off the plain.
In misling days when I my thrasher heard,
With nappy beer I to the barn repair'd;
Lost in the music of the whirling flail,
To gaze on thee I left the smoking pail:
In harvest when the sun was mounted high,
My leathern bottle did thy draught supply;
Whene'er you mow'd, I follow'd with the rake,
And have full oft been sunburnt for thy sake:
When in the welkin gathering showers were seen,
I lagg'd the last with Colin on the green;
And when at eve returning with thy car,
Awaiting heard the jingling bells from far;
Straight on the fire the sooty pot I plac't,
To warm thy broth I burnt my hands in haste.
When hungry thou stood'st staring, like an oaf,
I slic'd the luncheon from the barley loaf,
With crumbled bread I thicken'd well thy mess:
Ah! love me more, or love thy pottage less!

'Last Friday's eve, when as the sun was set,
I, near yon stile, three sallow gipsies met:
Upon my hand they cast a poring look,
Bid me beware, and thrice their heads they shook;
They said "that many crosses I must prove,
Some in my worldly gain, but most in love."
Next morn I miss'd three hens and our old cock;
And off the hedge two pinners and a smock.
I bore these losses with a christian mind,
And no mishaps could feel while thou wert kind:
But since, alas! I grew my Colin's scorn,
I've known no pleasure night, or noon, or morn.
Help me, ye gipsies! bring him home again,
And to a constant lass give back her swain.

'Have I not sate with thee full many a night,
When dying embers were our only light,

When every creature did in slumbers lie,
Besides our cat, my Colin Clout, and I?
No troublous thoughts the cat or Colin move,
While I alone am kept awake by love.
'Remember, Colin, when at last year's wake
I bought thee costly presents for thy sake,
Couldst thou spell o'er the posie on thy knife,
And with another change thy state of life?
If thou forgett'st, I wot, I can repeat,
My memory can tell the verse so sweet:
"As this is grav'd upon this knife of thine,
So is thy image on this heart of mine."
But woe is me! such presents luckless prove,
For knives, they tell me, always sever love.'
Thus Marian wail'd, her eyes with tears brimfull,
When Goody Dobbins brought her cow to bull:
With apron blue to dry her tears she sought,
Then saw the cow well serv'd, and took a groat.

WEDNESDAY:

or,

THE DUMPS *.

Sparabella.

THE wailings of a maiden I recite,
A maiden fair, that Sparabella hight.
Such strains ne'er warble in the linnet's throat,
Nor the gay goldfinch chaunts so sweet a note:

* Dumps, or Dumbs, made use of to express a fit of the sullens. Some have pretended that it is derived from Dumopes, a king of Egypt, that built a pyramid, and died of melancholy. So Mopes, after the same manner, is thought to have come from Merops, another Egyptian king that died of the same distemper; but our English antiquaries have conjectured that Dumps, which is a grievous heaviness of spirits, comes from the word Dumplin, the heaviest kind of pudding that is eaten in this country, much used in Norfolk, and other counties of England.

No magpie chatter'd, nor the painted jay,
No ox was heard to low, nor ass to bray;
No rustling breezes play'd the leaves among,
While thus her madrigal the damsel sung:

A while, O D'Urfey! lend an ear or twain,
Nor, though in homely guise, my verse disdain;
Whether thou seek'st new kingdoms in the sun*,
Whether thy Muse does at Newmarket run,
Or does with gossips at a feast regale,
And heighten her conceits with sack and ale,
Or else at wakes with Joan and Hodge rejoice,
Where D'Urfey's lyrics swell in every voice;
Yet suffer me, thou bard of wondrous meed,
Amid thy bays to weave this rural weed.

Now the sun drove adown the western road,
And oxen, laid at rest, forget the goad;
The clown fatigued trudg'd homeward with his spade,
Across the meadows stretch'd the lengthen'd shade;
When Sparabella, pensive and forlorn,
Alike with yearning love and labour worn,
Lean'd on her rake, and straight with doleful guise
Did this sad plaint in moanful notes devise:

'Come night as dark as pitch, surround my head,
From Sparabella, Bumkinet is fled;
The ribbon that his valorous cudgel won,
Last Sunday happier Clumsilis put on:
Sure if he'd eyes (but Love, they say, has none)
I whilom by that ribbon had been known.
Ah! well-a-day! I'm shent with baneful smart,
For with the ribbon he bestow'd his heart.

'My plaint, ye lasses! with this burden aid,
'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.

'Shall heavy Clumsilis with me compare?
View this, ye lovers! and like me despair.
Her blubber'd lip by smutty pipes is worn,
And in her breath tobacco whiffs are borne;

* An opera written by this author, called 'The World in the Sun; or, The Kingdom of Birds;' he is also famous for his song on the Newmarket horse-race, and several others that are sung by the British swains.

The cleanly cheese-press she could never turn,
Her awkward fist did ne'er employ the churn;
If e'er she brew'd, the drink would strait go sour,
Before it ever felt the thunder's power:
No huswifery the dowdy creature knew;
To sum up all, her tongue confess'd the shrew.
'My plaint, ye lasses! with this burden aid,
'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.
'I've often seen my visage in yon lake,
Nor are my features of the homeliest make.
Though Clumsilis may boast a whiter dye,
Yet the black sloe turns in my rolling eye;
And fairest blossoms drop with every blast,
But the brown beauty will like hollies last.
Her wan complexion's like the wither'd leek,
While Katherine pears adorn my ruddy cheek.
Yet she, alas! the witless lout hath won,
And by her gain poor Sparabell's undone!
Let hares and hounds in coupling straps unite,
The clucking hen make friendship with the kite;
Let the fox simply wear the nuptial noose,
And join in wedlock with the waddling goose;
For Love hath brought a stranger thing to pass,
The fairest shepherd weds the foulest lass.
'My plaint, ye lasses! with this burden aid,
'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.
'Sooner shall cats disport in waters clear,
And speckled mackarel graze the meadows fair;
Sooner shall screech-owls bask in sunny day,
And the slow ass on trees, like squirrels play;
Sooner shall snails on insect pinions rove,
Than I forget my shepherd's wonted love.
'My plaint, ye lasses! with this burden aid,
'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.
'Ah! didst thou know what proffers I withstood,
When late I met the squire in yonder wood;
To me he sped, regardless of his game,
While all my cheek was glowing red with shame;
My lip he kiss'd, and prais'd my healthful look,
Then from his purse of silk a guinea took;

Into my hand he forc'd the tempting gold,
While I with modest struggling broke his hold.
He swore that Dick, in livery strip'd with lace,
Should wed me soon to keep me from disgrace;
But I nor footman priz'd nor golden fee,
For what is lace or gold compar'd to thee?
'My plaint, ye lasses! with this burden aid,
'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.
'Now plain I ken whence Love his rise begun;
Sure he was born some bloody butcher's son,
Bred up in shambles, where our younglings slain,
Erst taught him mischief and to sport with pain.
The father only silly sheep annoys,
The son the sillier shepherdess destroys.
Does son or father greater mischef do?
The sire is cruel, so the son is too.
'My plaint, ye lasses! with this burden aid,
'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.
'Farewell, ye woods! ye meads! ye streams! that flow;
A sudden death shall rid me of my woe.
This penknife keen my windpipe shall divide:—
What, shall I fall as squeaking pigs have died!
No—To some tree this carcass I'll suspend:—
But worrying curs find such untimely end!
I'll speed me to the pond, where the high stool
On the long plank hangs o'er the muddy pool,
That stool, the dread of every scolding queen;—
Yet sure a lover should not die so mean!
There plac'd aloft, I'll rave and rail by fits,
Though all the parish say I've lost my wits;
And thence, if courage holds, myself I'll throw,
And quench my passion in the lake below.
'Ye lasses! cease your burden, cease to moan;
And, by my case forewarn'd, go mind your own.'
The sun was set; the night came on apace,
And falling dews bewet around the place,
The bat takes airy rounds on leathern wings,
And the hoarse owl his woful dirges sings;
The prudent maiden deems it now too late,
And till to-morrow comes, defers her fate.

THURSDAY:

or,

THE SPELL.

Hobnelia.

HOBNELLIA, seated in a dreary vale,
In pensive mood rehearsed her piteous tale;
Her piteous tale the winds in sighs bemoan,
And pining Echo answers groan for groan:
'I rue the day, a rueful day I trow,
The woful day, a day indeed of woe!
When Lubberkin to town his cattle drove,
A maiden fine bedight he hapt to love;
The maiden fine bedight his love retains,
And for the village he forsakes the plains.
Return, my Lubberkin! these ditties hear,
Spells will I try, and spells shall ease my care.
'With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.
'When first the year I heard the cuckoo sing,
And call with welcome note the budding spring,
I straightway set a running with such haste,
Deborah that won the smock scarce ran so fast;
Till spent for lack of breath, quite weary grown,
Upon a rising bank I sat adown,
Then doff'd my shoe; and, by my troth, I swear,
Therein I spied this yellow frizzled hair,
As like to Lubberkin's in curl and hue,
As if upon his comely pate it grew.
'With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.
'At eve last midsummer no sleep I sought,
But to the field a bag of hempseed brought;
I scatter'd round the seed on every side,
And three times in a trembling accent cried,
"This hempseed with my virgin hand I sow,
Who shall my true-love be, the reap shall mow."

I straight look'd back, and if my eyes speak truth,
With his keen scythe behind me came the youth.
'With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

'Last Valentine, the day when birds of kind
Their paramours with mutual chirpings find,
I early rose, just at the break of day,
Before the sun had chas'd the stars away;
A-field I went, amid the morning dew,
To milk my kine (for so should huswives do)
The first I spied, and the first swain we see,
In spite of fortune, shall our true-love be.
See, Lubberkin! each bird his partner take,
And canst thou then thy sweetheart dear forsake?
'With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

'Last May-day fair I search'd to find a snail
That might my secret lover's name reveal;
Upon a gooseberry-bush a snail I found,
For always snails near sweetest fruit abound.
I seiz'd the vermin, home I quickly sped,
And on the hearth the milk-white embers spread:
Slow crawl'd the snail, and if I right can spell,
In the soft ashes mark'd a curious *L*:
Oh! may this wondrous omen lucky prove;
For *L* is found in Lubberkin and love.
'With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

'Two hazel-nuts I threw into the flame,
And to each nut I gave a sweetheart's name;
This with the loudest bounce me sore amaz'd,
That in a flame of brightest colour blaz'd:
As blaz'd the nut so may thy passion grow,
For 'twas thy nut that did so brightly glow.
'With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

'As peasecods once I pluck'd, I chanc'd to see
One that was closely fill'd with three times three,
Which when I cropp'd, I safely home convey'd,
And o'er the door the spell in secret laid:

My wheel I turn'd, and sang a ballad new,
While from the spindle I the fleeces drew;
The latch mov'd up, when who should first come in,
But, in his proper person,—Lubberkin!
I broke my yarn, surpris'd the sight to see,
Sure sign that he would break his word with me.
Eftsoons, I join'd it with my wonted sleight;
So may again his love with mine unite!

'With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

'This lady-fly I take from off the grass,
Whose spotted back might scarlet red surpass.
Fly, lady-bird; north, south, or east, or west,
Fly where the man is found that I love best.
He leaves my hand; see to the west he's flown,
To call my true-love from the faithless town.

'With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

'This mellow pippin which I pare around,
My shepherd's name shall flourish on the ground:
I fling the' unbroken paring o'er my head,
Upon the grass a perfect *L* is read;
Yet on my heart a fairer *L* is seen
Than what the paring marks upon the green.

'With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

'This pippin shall another trial make;
See from the core two kernels brown I take;
This on my cheek for Lubberkin is worn,
And Boobyclod on t' other side is borne:
But Boobyclod soon drops upon the ground,
A certain token that his love's unsound;
While Lubberkin sticks firmly to the last;
Oh! were his lips to mine but join'd so fast!

'With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

'As Lubberkin once slept beneath a tree,
I twitch'd his dangling garter from his knee;
He wist not when the hempen string I drew;
Now mine I quickly doff of inkle blue;

Together fast I tie the garters twain,
And while I knit the knot repeat this strain;
"Three times a true-love's knot I tie secure,
Firm be the knot, firm may his love endure."
'With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.
'As I was wont, I trudg'd last market-day
To town, with new-laid eggs preserv'd in hay.
I made my market long before 'twas night;
My purse grew heavy, and my basket light.
Straight to the 'pothecary's shop I went,
And in love-powder all my money spent:
Behap what will, next Sunday, after prayers,
When to the alehouse Lubberkin repairs,
These golden flies into his mug I'll throw,
And soon the swain with fervent love shall glow.
'With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.
'But hold—our Lightfoot barks, and cocks his ears,
O'er yonder stile see Lubberkin appears.
He comes! he comes! Hobnelia's not bewray'd,
Nor shall she, crown'd with willow, die a maid.
He vows, he swears, he'll give me a green gown;
Oh dear! I fall adown, adown, adown!'

FRIDAY:

or,

THE DIRGE*.

Bumkinet, Grubbinol.

Bumkinet.

WHY, Grubbinol, dost thou so wistful seem?
There's sorrow in thy look, if right I deem.
'Tis true, yon oaks with yellow tops appear,
And chilly blasts begin to nip the year;

* Dirge, or Dyrge, a mournful ditty or song of lamenta-

From the tall elm a shower of leaves is borne,
And their lost beauty riven beeches mourn;
Yet even this season pleasance blithe affords;
Now the squeez'd press foams with our apple hoards,
Come, let us hie, and quaff a cherry bowl,
Let cider new wash sorrow from thy soul.

Grub. Ah! Bumkinet! since thou from hence wert gone,
From these sad plains all merriment is flown;
Should I reveal my grief 'twould spoil thy cheer,
And make thine eye o'erflow with many a tear.

Bumk. Hang sorrow! let's to yonder hut repair,
And with trim sonnets cast away our care.
Gillian of Croydon well thy pipe can play,
Thou sing'st most sweet 'O'er hills and far away.'
Of Patient Grissel I devise to sing,
And catches quaint shall make the vallies ring.
Come, Grubbinol! beneath this shelter, come,
From hence we view our flocks securely roam.

Grub. Yes, blithsome lad, a tale I mean to sing,
But with my woe shall distant vallies ring;
The tale shall make our kidlings droop their head,
For woe is me!—our Blouselind is dead.

Bumk. Is Blouselinda dead? farewell my glee!
No happiness is now reserv'd for me.
As the wood pigeon cooes without his mate,
So shall my doleful Dirge bewail her fate:
Of Blouselinda fair I mean to tell,
The peerless maid that did all maids excel.

Henceforth the morn shall dewy sorrow shed,
And evening tears upon the grass be spread;
The rolling streams with wat'ry grief shall flow,
And winds shall moan aloud—when loud they blow.
Henceforth, as oft as autumn shall return,
The dropping trees, whene'er it rains, shall mourn;

tion over the dead; not a contraction of the Latin *Dirige*, in the Popish hymn, *Dirige gressus meos*, as some pretend, but from the Teutonic *Dyrke*, *Laudare*, to praise and extol: whence it is possible their *dyrke* and our *dirge* was a laudatory song to commemorate and applaud the dead.
Gamell's Interpreter.

This season quite shall strip the country's pride,
For 'twas in autumn Blouselinda died.
Where'er I gad, I Blouselind shall view,
Woods, dairy, barn, and mows, our passion knew.
When I direct my eyes to yonder wood,
Fresh rising sorrow curdles in my blood.
Thither I've often been the damsel's guide,
When rotten sticks our fuel have supplied;
There I remember how her faggots large,
Were frequently these happy shoulders' charge.
Sometimes this crook drew hazel boughs adown,
And stuff'd her apron wide with nuts so brown;
Or when her feeding hogs had miss'd their way,
Or wallowing mid a feast of acorns lay,
The' untoward creatures to the sty I drove,
And whistled all the way—or told my love.
If by the dairy's hatch I chance to hie,
I shall her goodly countenance espy,
For there her goodly countenance I've seen,
Set off with kerchief starch'd and pinners clean.
Sometimes, like wax, she rolls the butter round,
Or with the wooden lily prints the pound.
Whilom I've seen her skim the clouted cream,
And press from spungy curds the milky stream.
But now, alas! these ears shall hear no more
The whining swine surround the dairy door,
No more her care shall fill the hollow tray,
To fat the guzzling hogs with floods of whey.
Lament, ye swine! in greeting spend your grief,
For you, like me, have lost your sole relief.
When in the barn the sounding flail I ply,
Where from her sieve the chaff was wont to fly,
The poultry there will seem around to stand,
Waiting upon her charitable hand:
No succour meet the poultry now can find,
For they, like me, have lost their Blouselind.
Whenever by yon barley-mow I pass,
Before my eyes will trip the tidy lass.
I pitch'd the sheaves (oh! could I do so now)
Which she in rows pil'd on the growing mow.

There every deale my heart by love was gain'd,
There the sweet kiss my courtship has explain'd:
Ah! Blouselind! that mow I ne'er shall see,
But thy memorial will revive in me.

Lament, ye fields! and rueful symptoms shew,
Henceforth let not the smelling primrose grow;
Let weeds instead of butter-flowers appear,
And meads instead of daisies hemlock bear;
For cowslips sweet let dandelions spread,
For Blouselinda, blithesome maid! is dead.
Lament, ye Swains! and o'er her grave bemoan,
And spell ye right this verse upon her stone;
'Here Blouselinda lies—Alas, alas!
Weep, shepherds!—and remember flesh is grass.'

Grub. Albeit thy songs are sweeter to mine ear
Than to the thirsty cattle rivers clear,
Or winter porridge to the labouring youth,
Or buns and sugar to the damsel's tooth;
Yet Blouselinda's name shall tune my lay;
Of her I'll sing for ever and for aye.

When Blouselind expir'd, the wether's bell
Before the drooping flock toll'd forth her knell;
The solemn death-watch click'd the hour she died,
And shrilling crickets in the chimney cried;
The boding raven on her cottage sate,
And with hoarse croaking warn'd us of her fate;
The lambkin, which her wonted tendance bred,
Dropp'd on the plains that fatal instant dead;
Swarm'd on a rotten stick the bees I spied,
Which erst I saw when Goody Dobson died.

How shall I, void of tears, her death relate?
While on her darling's bed her mother sate,
These words the dying Blouselinda spoke,
And of the dead let none the will revoke:—

'Mother (quoth she) let not the poultry need;
And give the goose wherewith to raise her breed;
Be these my sister's care—and every morn
Amid the ducklings let her scatter corn;
The sickly calf that's hous'd, be sure to tend,
Feed him with milk, and from bleak colds defend.

Yet ere I die—see, Mother, yonder shelf,
There secretly I've hid my worldly pelf.
Twenty good shillings in a rag I laid,
Be ten the parson's, for my sermon paid:
The rest is your's—my spinning-wheel and rake,
Let Susan keep for her dear sister's sake:
My new straw hat that's trimly lin'd with green
Let Peggy wear, for she's a damsel clean:
My leathern bottle, long in harvests tried,
Be Grubbinol's—this silver ring beside:
Three silver pennies and a nine-pence bent,
A token kind to Bumkinet is sent.'
Thus spoke the maiden, while her mother cried,
And peaceful, like the harmless lamb, she died.

To show their love, the neighbours far and near
Follow'd, with wistful look, the damsel's bier.
Sprigg'd rosemary the lads and lasses bore,
While dismally the parson walk'd before:
Upon her grave the rosemary they threw,
The daisy, butter-flower, and endive blue.

After the good man warn'd us from his text,
That none could tell whose turn would be the next,
He said that Heaven would take her soul, no doubt,
And spoke the hour-glass in her praise—quite out.

To her sweet memory flowery garlands strung,
O'er her now empty seat aloft were hung;
With wicker rods we fenc'd her tomb around,
To ward from man and beast the hallow'd ground,
Lest her new grave the parson's cattle raze;
For both his horse and cow the church-yard graze.

Now we trudg'd homeward to her mother's farm,
To drink new cyder mull'd, with ginger warm;
For Gaffer Treadwell told us, by the bye,
Excessive sorrow is exceeding dry.

While bulls bear horns upon their curled brow,
Or lasses with soft strokings milk the cow;
While paddling ducks the standing lake desire,
Or battening hogs roll in the sinking mire;
While moles the crumbled earth in hillocks raise,
So long shall swains tell Blouselinda's praise.

Thus wail'd the louts in melancholy strain,
Till bonny Susan sped across the plain:
They seiz'd the lass, in apron clean array'd,
And to the alehouse forc'd the willing maid.
In ale and kisses they forget their cares,
And Susan, Blouzelinda's loss repairs.'

SATURDAY:

or,

THE FLIGHTS.

Bowzybeus.

SUBLIMER strains, O rustic Muse! prepare;
Forget a-while the barn and dairy's care;
Thy homely voice to loftier numbers raise,
The drunkard's Flights require sonorous lays;
With Bowzybeus' songs exalt thy verse,
While rocks and woods the various notes rehearse.
'Twas in the season when the reapers' toil
Of the ripe harvest 'gan to rid the soil;
Wide through the field was seen a goodly rout,
Clean damsels bound the gather'd sheaves about;
The lads with sharpen'd hook and sweating brow
Cut down the labours of the winter-plough.
To the near hedge young Susan steps aside,
She feign'd her coat or garter was untied;
Whate'er she did, she stoop'd adown unseen,
And merry reapers what they list will ween.
Soon she rose up, and cried with voice so shrill,
That Echo answer'd from the distant hill;
The youths and damsels ran to Susan's aid,
Who thought some adder had the lass dismay'd.
When fast asleep they Bowzybeus spied,
His hat and oaken staff lay close beside;
That Bowzybeus who could sweetly sing,
Or with the rosin'd bow torment the string;

That Bowzybeus who with finger's speed
Could call soft warblings from the breathing reed;
That Bowzybeus who with jocund tongue,
Ballads, and roundelays, and catches sung.
They loudly laugh to see the damsel's fright,
And in disport surround the drunken wight.
Ah! Bowzybee, why didst thou stay so long?
The mugs were large, the drink was wondrous strong!
Thou shouldst have left the fair before 'twas night,
But thou sats toping till the morning light.
Cic'ly, brisk maid, steps forth before the rout,
And kiss'd with smacking lip the snoring lout;
For custom says, whoe'er this venture proves,
For such a kiss demands a pair of gloves.
By her example Dorcas bolder grows,
And plays a tickling straw within his nose.
He rubs his nostril, and in wonted joke
The sneering swains with stammering speech bespoke;
'To you, my lads, I'll sing my carols o'er;
As for the maids—I've something else in store.'
No sooner 'gan he raise his tuneful song,
But lads and lasses round about him throng,
Not ballad-singer plac'd above the crowd
Sings with a note so shrilling sweet and loud;
Nor parish-clerk who calls the psalm so clear,
Like Bowzybeus soothes the' attentive ear.
Of Nature's laws his carols first begun,
Why the grave owl can never face the sun;
For owls, as swains observe, detest the light,
And only sing and seek their prey by night:
How turnips hide their swelling heads below,
And how the closing coleworts upward grow;
How Will-a-wisp misleads night-faring clowns
O'er hills, and sinking bogs, and pathless downs:
Of stars he told, that shoot with shining trail,
And of the glow-worm's light that gilds his tail:
He sung where woodcocks in the summer feed,
And in what climates they renew their breed;
Some think to northern coasts their flight they tend,
Or to the moon in midnight hours ascend:

Where swallows in the winter's season keep,
And how the drowsy bat and dormouse sleep:
How Nature does the puppy's eyelid close,
Till the bright sun has nine times set and rose:
For huntsmen by their long experience find,
That puppies still nine rolling suns are blind.

Now he goes on, and sings of fairs and shows,
For still new fairs before his eyes arose:
How pedlars' stalls with glittering toys are laid,
The various fairings of the country-maid:
Long silken laces hang upon the twine,
And rows of pins and amber bracelets shine:
How the tight lass knives, combs, and scissors spies,
And looks on thimbles with desiring eyes.
Of lotteries next with tuneful note he told,
Where silver spoons are won, and rings of gold:
The lads and lasses trudge the street along,
And all the fair is crowded in his song:
The mountebank now treads the stage, and sells
His pills, his balsams, and his ague-spells;
Now o'er and o'er the nimble tumbler springs,
And on the rope the venturous maiden swings;
Jack Pudding in his party-colour'd jacket
Tosses the glove, and jokes at every packet:
Of raree-shows he sung, and Punch's feats,
Of pockets pick'd in crowds, and various cheats.

Then sad he sung The Children in the Wood;
Ah! barbarous uncle, stain'd with infant blood!
How blackberries they pluck'd in deserts wild,
And fearless at the glittering fauchion smil'd:
Their little corpse the robin-red-breasts found,
And strow'd with pious bill the leaves around.
Ah! gentle birds! if this verse lasts so long,
Your names shall live for ever in my song.

For buxom Joan he sung the doubtful strife,
How the sly sailor made the maid a wife.

To louder strains he rais'd his voice, to tell
What woful wars in Chevy-chace befell,

When Percy drove the deer with hound and horn;
Wars to be wept by children yet unborn!
Ah! Witherington! more years thy life had crown'd,
If thou hadst never heard the horn or hound!
Yet shall the 'Squire who fought on bloody stumps,
By future bards be wail'd in doleful dumps.

All in the land of Essex next he chaunts,
How to sleek mares starch quakers turn gallants:
How the grave brother stood on bank so green;
Happy for him if mares had never been!

Then he was seiz'd with a religious qualm,
And, on a sudden, sung the hundredth psalm.

He sung of Taffey Welch, and Sawney Scot,
Lille-bullero, and the Irish Trot.
Why should I tell of Bateman or of Shore,
Or Wantley's Dragon slain by valiant More;
The bower of Rosamond, or Robin Hood,
And how the grass now grows where Troy town stood?

His carols ceas'd; the listening maids and swains
Seem still to hear some soft imperfect strains.
Sudden he rose; and as he reels along,
Swears kisses sweet should well reward his song.
The damsels laughing fly; the giddy clown
Again upon a wheat-sheaf drops adown;
The Pow'r that guards the drunk his sleep attends,
Till ruddy like his face the sun descends.

BALLAD.

Sweet William's Farewell to Black-ey'd Susan.

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When black-ey'd Susan came aboard:—
'Oh! where shall I my true love find!
Tell me, ye jovial sailors! tell me true,
If my sweet William sails among the crew.'

William, who high upon the yard
Rock'd with the billow to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below:
The cord slides swiftly through his glowing hands,
And (quick as lightning) on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high-pois'd in air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
(If chance his mate's shrill call he hear)
And drops at once into her nest.
The noblest captain in the British fleet,
Might envy William's lip those kisses sweet.

'O Susan! Susan! lovely dear,
My vows shall ever true remain;
Let me kiss off that falling tear;
We only part to meet again.
Change as ye list, ye winds! my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

'Believe not what the landmen say,
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind;
They'll tell thee sailors, when away,
In every port a mistress find:
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

'If to far India's coast we sail,
Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,
Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,
Thy skin is ivory, so white:
Thus every beauteous object that I view,
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

'Though battle call me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Susan mourn;
Though cannons roar, yet, safe from harms,
William shall to his dear return:
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.'

The boatswain gave the dreadful word;
The sails their swelling bosom spread;
No longer must she stay aboard:
They kiss'd; she sigh'd; he hung his head:
Her lessening boat unwilling rows to land:
'Adieu!' she cries, and wav'd her lily hand.

BALLAD.

'TWAS when the seas were roaring
With hollow blasts of wind,
A damsel lay deploring,
All on a rock reclin'd:
Wide o'er the foaming billows
She cast a wishful look,
Her head was crown'd with willows,
That trembled o'er the brook.

'Twelve months are gone and over,
And nine long tedious days;
Why didst thou, vent'rous lover,
Why didst thou trust the seas?
Cease, cease, thou cruel ocean,
And let a lover rest;
Ah! what's thy troubled motion
To that within my breast?

'The merchant, robb'd of treasure,
Views tempests in despair;
But what's the loss of treasure
To losing of my dear?
Should you some coast be laid on
Where gold and diamonds grow,
You'll find a richer maiden,
But none that loves you so.

'How can they say that nature
Has nothing made in vain;
Why then beneath the water
Do hideous rocks remain?
No eyes those rocks discover,
That lurk beneath the deep,
To wreck the wandering lover,
And leave the maid to weep.'

All melancholy lying,
Thus wail'd she for her dear,
Repaid each blast with sighing,
Each billow with a tear;
When o'er the white waves stooping,
His floating corpse she spied;
Then, like a lily drooping,
She bow'd her head, and died.

A CONTEMPLATION ON NIGHT.

WHETHER amid the gloom of night I stray,
Or my glad eyes enjoy revolving day,
Still nature's various face informs my sense,
Of an all-wise, all-powerful Providence.
When the gay sun first breaks the shades of night,
And strikes the distant eastern hills with light,
Colour returns, the plains their livery wear,
And a bright verdure clothes the smiling year;
The blooming flowers with opening beauties glow,
And grazing flocks their milky fleeces show;
The barren cliffs with chalky fronts arise,
And a pure azure arches o'er the skies.
But when the gloomy reign of Night returns,
Stript of her fading pride, all Nature mourns:
The trees no more their wonted verdure boast,
But weep in dewy tears their beauty lost:
No distant landscapes draw our curious eyes,
Wrapt in Night's robe the whole creation lies:
Yet still, ev'n now, while darkness clothes the land,
We view the traces of the' Almighty hand;

Millions of stars in Heaven's wide vault appear,
And with new glories hang the boundless sphere:
The silver moon her western couch forsakes,
And o'er the skies her nightly circle makes;
Her solid globe beats back the sunny rays,
And to the world her borrow'd light repays.
Whether those stars that twinkling lustre send
Are suns, and rolling worlds those suns attend,
Man may conjecture, and new schemes declare,
Yet all his systems but conjectures are;
But this we know, that Heaven's eternal King,
Who bade this universe from nothing spring,
Can at his word bid numerous worlds appear,
And rising worlds the' all-powerful word shall hear.

When to the western main the sun descends,
To other lands a rising day he lends:
The spreading dawn another shepherd spies,
The wakeful flocks from their warm folds arise;
Refresh'd, the peasant seeks his early toil,
And bids the plough correct the fallow soil.
While we in Sleep's embraces waste the night,
The climes oppos'd enjoy meridian light;
And when those lands the busy sun forsakes,
With us again the rosy Morning wakes:
In lazy sleep the night rolls swift away,
And neither clime laments his absent ray.

When the pure soul is from the body flown,
No more shall Night's alternate reign be known;
The sun no more shall rolling light bestow,
But from the' Almighty streams of glory flow.
Oh! may some nobler thought my soul employ,
Than empty, transient, sublunary joy:
The stars shall drop, the sun shall lose his flame,
But thou, O God! for ever shine the same.

THE BIRTH OF THE SQUIRE.

In Imitation of the Pollio of Virgil.

YE silvan Muses! loftier strains recite;
Not all in shades and humble cots delight.
Mark! the bells ring; along the distant grounds,
The driving gales convey the swelling sounds:
The' attentive swain, forgetful of his work,
With gaping wonder leans upon his fork.
What sudden news alarms the waking Morn?
To the glad 'Squire a hopeful heir is born.
Mourn, mourn, ye stags! and all ye beasts of chase!
This hour destruction brings on all your race.
See the pleas'd tenants duteous offerings bear,
Turkeys, and geese, and grocer's sweetest ware;
With the new health the pond'rous tankard flows,
And old October reddens every nose.
Beagles and spaniels round his cradle stand,
Kiss his moist lip, and gently lick his hand;
He joys to hear the shrill horn's echoing sounds,
And learns to lisp the names of all the hounds.
With frothy ale to make his cup o'erflow,
Barley shall in paternal acres grow;
The bee shall sip the fragrant dew from flow'rs,
To give metheglin for his morning hours;
For him the clustering hop shall climb the poles,
And his own orchard sparkle in his bowls.
His sire's exploits he now with wonder hears;
The monstrous tales indulge his greedy ears;
How when youth strung his nerves and warm'd his veins,
He rode the mighty Nimrod of the plains.
He leads the staring infant through the hall—
Points out the heavy spoils that grace the wall;
Tells how this stag thro' three whole counties fled,
What rivers swam, where bay'd, and where he bled.
Now he the wonders of the fox repeats,
Describes the desperate chase, and all his cheats;

How in one day beneath his furious speed,
He tir'd seven coursers of the fleetest breed;
How high the pale he leapt, how wide the ditch,
When the hound tore the haunches of the witch*.
These stories, which descend from son to son,
The forward boy shall one day make his own.
Ah! too fond Mother! think the time draws nigh
That calls the darling from thy tender eye;
How shall his spirit brook the rigid rules,
And the long tyranny of grammar schools?
Let younger brothers o'er dull authors plod,
Lash'd into Latin by the tingling rod:
No: let him never feel that smart disgrace;
Why should he wiser prove than all his race?
When ripening youth with down o'ershades his chin,
And every female eye incites to sin,
The milkmaid (thoughtless of her future shame)
With smacking lip shall raise his guilty flame:
The dairy, barn, the hay-loft, and the grove,
Shall oft be conscious of their stolen love.
But think, Priscilla, on that dreadful time,
When pangs and wat'ry qualms shall own thy crime;
How wilt thou tremble, when thy nipple's prest,
To see the white drops bathe thy swelling breast!
Nine moons shall publicly divulge thy shame,
And the young 'Squire forestall a father's name.
When twice twelve times the reaper's sweeping hand
With levell'd harvests has bestrown the land,
On fam'd Saint Hubert's feast, his winding horn
Shall cheer the joyful hound and wake the morn:
This memorable day his eager speed
Shall urge with bloody heel the rising steed.
O check the foamy bit! nor tempt thy fate;
Think on the murders of a five-bar gate!
Yet prodigal of life, the leap he tries;
Low in the dust his groveling honour lies:

* The most common accident to sportsmen, to hunt a witch in the shape of a hare.

Headlong he falls, and on the rugged stone
Distorts his neck, and cracks the collar bone.
O vent'rous Youth! thy thirst of game allay;
May'st thou survive the perils of this day!
He shall survive, and in late years be sent
To snore away debates in Parliament.
The time shall come when his more solid sense,
With nod important, shall the laws dispense;
A justice with grave justices shall sit,
He praise their wisdom, they admire his wit.
No greyhound shall attend the tenant's pace,
No rusty gun the farmer's chimney grace;
Salmons shall leave their covers void of fear,
Nor dread the thievish net or triple spear;
Poachers shall tremble at his awful name,
Whom vengeance now o'ertakes for murder'd game.
Assist me, Bacchus! and ye drunken pow'rs!
To sing his friendships and his midnight hours.
Why dost thou glory in thy strength of beer,
Firm-cork'd, and mellow'd till the twentieth year;
Brew'd or when Phœbus warms the fleecy sign,
Or when his languid rays in Scorpio shine?
Think on the mischiefs which from hence have sprung!
It arms with curses dire the wrathful tongue;
Foul scandal to the lying lip affords,
And prompts the memory with injurious words.
O where is wisdom when by this o'erpower'd?
The state is censur'd, and the maid deflower'd!
And wilt thou still, O 'Squire! brew ale so strong?
Hear then the dictates of prophetic song.
Methinks I see him in his hall appear,
Where the long table floats in clammy beer;
'Midst mugs and glasses shatter'd o'er the floor,
Dead-drunk his servile crew supinely snore;
Triumphant, o'er the prostrate brutes he stands,
The mighty bumper trembles in his hands;
Boldly he drinks, and, like his glorious sires,
In copious gulps of potent ale expires.

FRANCIS ATTERBURY.

ON A FAN.

FLAVIA the least and slightest toy
Can with resistless art employ!
This Fan in meaner hands would prove
An engine of small force in love:
Yet she with graceful air and mien,
Not to be told, or safely seen,
Directs its wanton motions so
That it wounds more than Cupid's bow;
Gives *coolness* to the matchless dame,
To every other breast—a *flame!*

THOMAS TICKELL.

EPISTLE

To the Right Hon. the Earl of Warwick, on the Death of Mr. Addison.

IF, dumb too long the drooping Muse hath stay'd,
And left her debt to Addison unpaid,
Blame not her silence, Warwick! but bemoan,
And judge, oh judge my bosom, by your own!
What mourner ever felt poetic fires?
Slow comes the verse that real woe inspires;
Grief unaffected suits but ill with art,
Or flowing numbers with a bleeding heart.
Can I forget the dismal night that gave
My soul's best part for ever to the grave!
How silent did his old companions tread,
By midnight lamps, the mansions of the dead,
Through breathing statues, then unheeded things,
Through rows of warriors and through walks of kings!
What awe did the slow solemn knell inspire,
The pealing organ and the pausing choir,
The duties by the lawn-rob'd prelate paid,
And the last words that dust to dust convey'd!
While speechless o'er thy closing grave we bend,
Accept these tears, thou dear departed friend!
Oh, gone for ever! take this long adieu,
And sleep in peace next thy lov'd Montague.
To strew fresh laurels let the task be mine,
A frequent pilgrim at thy sacred shrine;
Mine with true sighs thy absence to bemoan,
And grave with faithful epitaphs thy stone.
If e'er from me thy lov'd memorial part,
May shame afflict this alienated heart!
Of thee forgetful if I form a song,
My lyre be broken, and untun'd my tongue;
My grief be doubled, from thy image free,
And mirth a torment, unchastis'd by thee!
Oft let me range the gloomy aisles alone,
Sad luxury! to vulgar minds unknown;

Along the walls where speaking marbles show
What worthies form the hallow'd mould below:
Proud names! who once the reins of empire held,
In arms who triumph'd, or in arts excell'd;
Chiefs, grac'd with scars and prodigal of blood,
Stern patriots, who for sacred freedom stood,
Just men, by whom impartial laws were giv'n,
And saints, who taught and led the way to Heav'n!
Ne'er to these chambers, where the mighty rest,
Since their foundation came a nobler guest,
Nor e'er was to the bowers of bliss convey'd
A fairer spirit, or more welcome shade.

In what new region to the just assign'd,
What new employments please the' unbodied mind?
A winged Virtue through the' ethereal sky
From world to world unwearied does he fly,
Or curious trace the long laborious maze
Of Heaven's decrees where wondering angels gaze?
Does he delight to hear bold seraphs tell
How Michael battled, and the dragon fell;
Or, mix'd with milder cherubim, to glow
In hymns of love, not ill essay'd below?
Or dost thou warn poor mortals left behind?
A task well suited to thy gentle mind.
Oh! if sometimes thy spotless form descend,
To me thy aid, thou guardian Genius! lend.
When rage misguides me, or when fear alarms,
When pain distresses, or when pleasure charms,
In silent whisperings purer thoughts impart,
And turn from ill a frail and feeble heart;
Lead through the paths thy virtue trod before,
Till bliss shall join nor death can part us more.

That awful form which, so the Heavens decree,
Must still be lov'd and still deplored by me,
In nightly visions seldom fails to rise,
Or, rous'd by fancy, meets my waking eyes.
If business calls, or crowded courts invite,
The' unblemish'd statesman seems to strike my sight;
If in the stage I seek to soothe my care,
I meet his soul, which breathes in Cato, there;

If pensive to the rural shades I rove,
His shape o'ertakes me in the lonely grove;
'Twas there of just and good he reason'd strong,
Clear'd some great truth, or rais'd some serious song;
There patient show'd us the wise course to steer,
A candid censor and a friend sincere;
There taught us how to live, and (oh! too high
The price for knowledge) taught us how to die.

Thou Hill! whose brow the antique structures grace,
Rear'd by bold chiefs of Warwick's noble race,
Why, once so lov'd, whene'er thy bower appears,
O'er my dim eye-balls glance the sudden tears!
How sweet were once thy prospects, fresh and fair,
Thy sloping walks and unpolluted air!
How sweet the glooms beneath thy aged trees,
Thy noontide shadow and thy evening breeze!
His image thy forsaken bowers restore,
Thy walks and airy prospects charm no more;
No more the summer, in thy glooms allay'd,
Thy evening breezes and thy noonday shade.

From other ills, however Fortune frown'd,
Some refuge in the Muse's art I found;
Reluctant now I touch the trembling string,
Bereft of him who taught me how to sing;
And these sad accents, murmur'd o'er his urn,
Betray that absence they attempt to mourn.
O! must I then (now fresh my bosom bleeds,
And Craggs, in death, to Addison succeeds)
The verse begun to one lost friend prolong,
And weep a second in the' unfinish'd song!

These works divine which on his death-bed laid
To thee, O Craggs! the' expiring Sage convey'd,
Great but ill-omen'd monument of fame,
Nor he surviv'd to give, nor thou to claim:
Swift after him thy social spirit flies,
And close to his, how soon! thy coffin lies.
Blest pair! whose union future bards shall tell
In future tongues: each other's boast, farewell!
Farewell! whom join'd in fame, in friendship tried,
No chance could sever, nor the grave divide.

COLIN AND LUCY.

A Ballad.

OF Leinster, fam'd for maidens fair,
Bright Lucy was the grace,
Nor e'er did Liffy's limpid stream
Reflect so sweet a face;

Till luckless love and pining care
Impair'd her rosy hue,
Her coral lips and damask cheeks,
And eyes of glossy blue.

Oh! have you seen a lily pale
When beating rains descend?
So droop'd the slow-consuming maid,
Her life now near its end.

By Lucy warn'd, of flattering swains
Take heed, ye easy fair!
Of vengeance due to broken vows,
Ye perjur'd swains! beware.

Three times all in the dead of night
A bell was heard to ring,
And, shrieking at her window thrice,
The raven flapp'd his wing.

Too well the lovelorn maiden knew
The solemn boding sound,
And thus in dying words bespoke
The virgins weeping round:

'I hear a voice you cannot hear,
Which says, I must not stay;
I see a hand you cannot see,
Which beckons me away.

'By a false heart and broken vows,
In early youth I die.
Was I to blame because his bride
Was thrice as rich as I?

'Ah, Colin! give not her thy vows,
Vows due to me alone;
Nor thou, fond maid! receive his kiss,
Nor think him all thy own.

'To-morrow in the church to wed
Impatient both prepare;
But know, fond maid! and know, false man!
That Lucy will be there.

'Then bear my corse, my comrades, bear,
This bridegroom blithe to meet,
He in his wedding-trim so gay,
I in my winding-sheet.'

She spoke; she died. Her corse was borne
The bridegroom blithe to meet,
He in his wedding-trim so gay,
She in her winding-sheet.

Then what were perjur'd Colin's thoughts?
How were these nuptials kept?
The bridesmen flock'd round Lucy dead,
And all the village wept.

Confusion, shame, remorse, depair,
At once his bosom swell;
The damps of death bedew'd his brow,
He shook, he groan'd, he fell.

From the vain bride, ah! bride no more!
The varying crimson fled,
When stretch'd before her rival's corse
She saw her husband dead.

Then to his Lucy's new-made grave
Convey'd by trembling swains,
One mould with her, beneath one sod,
For ever he remains.

Oft at this grave the constant hind
And plighted maid are seen;
With garlands grey and truelove-knots
They deck the sacred green.

But, swain forsworn! whoe'er thou art,
This hallow'd spot forbear;
Remember Colin's dreadful fate,
And fear to meet him there.

EPISTLE

To a Lady before Marriage.

OH! form'd by Nature and refin'd by art,
With charms to win and sense to fix the heart,
By thousands sought, Clotilda! canst thou free
Thy crowd of captives and descend to me;
Content in shades obscure to waste thy life,
A hidden beauty and a country wife?
O! listen while thy summers are my theme,
Ah! sooth thy partner in his waking dream.
In some small hamlet on the lonely plain
Where Thames through meadows rolls his many train;
Or where high Windsor, thick with greens array'd,
Waves his old oaks and spreads his ample shade,
Fancy has figur'd out our calm retreat;
Already round the visionary seat
Our limes begin to shoot, our flowers to spring,
The brooks to murmur, and the birds to sing.
Where dost thou lie, thou thinly-peopled green,
Thou nameless lawn and village yet unseen,
Where sons contented with their native ground
Ne'er travell'd further than ten furlongs round,
And the tann'd peasant and his ruddy bride
Were born together, and together died;
Where early larks best tell the morning light,
And only Philomel disturbs the night?
'Midst gardens here my humble pile shall rise,
With sweets surrounded of ten thousand dies;
All savage where the' embroider'd gardens end,
The haunt of echoes shall my woods ascend;
And oh! if Heav'n the' ambitious thought approve,
A rill shall warble cross the gloomy grove;

A little rill, o'er pebbly beds convey'd,
Gush down the steep and glitter through the glade.
What cheering scents these bordering banks exhale!
How loud that heifer lows from yonder vale!
That thrush how shrill! his note so clear, so high,
He drowns each feather'd minstrel of the sky.
Here let me trace beneath the purpled morn,
The deep-mouth'd beagle and the sprightly horn,
Or lure the trout with well-dissembled flies,
Or fetch the fluttering partridge from the skies.
Nor shall thy hand disdain to crop the vine,
The downy peach or flavour'd nectarine,
Or rob the bee-hive of its golden hoard,
And bear the' unbought luxuriance to thy board.
Sometimes my books by day shall kill the hours,
While from thy needle rise the silken flow'rs,
And thou by turns, to ease my feeble sight,
Resume the volume and deceive the night.
Oh! when I mark thy twinkling eyes opprest,
Soft whispering let me warn my love to rest,
Then watch thee, charm'd, while sleep locks every sense,
And to sweet Heav'n commend thy innocence!
Thus reign'd our fathers o'er the rural fold,
Wise, hale, and honest, in the days of old;
Till courts arose, where substance pays for show,
And specious joys are bought with real woe.
See Flavia's pendants large, well spread and right;
The ear that wears them hears a fool each night.
Mark how the' embroider'd col'nel sneaks away
To shun the withering dame that made him gay.
That knave to gain a title lost his fame;
That rais'd his credit by a daughter's shame:
This coxcomb's ribband cost him half his land,
And oaks unnumber'd bought that fool a wand.
Fond man, as all his sorrows were too few,
Acquires strange wants that Nature never knew;
By midnight lamps he emulates the day,
And sleeps perverse the cheerful suns away;

From goblets high-embost his wine must glide,
Round his clos'd sight the gorgeous curtain slide.
Fruits ere their time to grace his pomp must rise,
And three untasted courses glut his eyes:
For this are Nature's gentle calls withstood,
The voice of conscience and the bonds of blood;
This wisdom thy reward for every pain,
And this gay glory all thy mighty gain:
Fair phantoms woo'd and scorn'd from age to age,
Since bards began to laugh or priests to rage,
And yet just curse on man's aspiring kind!
Prone to ambition, to example blind.
Our children's children shall our steps pursue,
And the same errors be for ever new.
Meanwhile in hope a guiltless country swain,
My reed with warblings cheers tho' imagin'd plain.
Hail humble shades! where truth and silence dwell;
Thou noisy Town and faithless Court! farewell;
Farewell ambition, once my darling flame,
The thirst of lucre and the charm of fame;
In life's by-road, that winds through paths unknown,
My days though number'd shall be all my own:
Here shall they end, (O might they twice begin)
And all be white the Fates intend to spin.

RICHARD SAVAGE.

THE BASTARD:

A POEM.

Inscribed, with all due Reverence, to

MRS. BRETT,

Once Countess of Macclesfield.

Decet hæc dare dona Novercam. *Ov. Met.*

IN gayer hours, when high my fancy ran,
The Muse, exulting, thus her lay began.
'Blest be the Bastard's birth! through wondrous ways
He shines eccentric, like a comet's blaze!
No sickly fruit of faint compliance he!
He! stampt in nature's mint of ecstasy!
He lives to build, not boast a generous race;
No tenth transmitter of a foolish face.
His daring hope, no sire's example bounds;
His firstborn lights, no prejudice confounds;
He, kindling from within, requires no flame:
He glories in a Bastard's glowing name.
'Born to himself, by no possession led,
In freedom foster'd, and by fortune fed,
Nor guides, nor rules, his sovereign choice controul,
His body independent as his soul;
Loos'd to the world's wide range—enjoin'd no aim,
Prescrib'd no duty, and assign'd no name:
Nature's unbounded son, he stands alone,
His heart unbiass'd, and his mind his own.
'O Mother, yet no Mother!—'tis to you
My thanks for such distinguish'd claims are due.
You, unenslav'd to Nature's narrow laws,
Warm championess for freedom's sacred cause,

From all the dry devoirs of blood and line,
From ties maternal, moral, and divine,
Discharg'd my grasping soul; push'd me from shore,
And launch'd me into life without an oar.
'What had I lost, if conjugally kind,
By nature hating, yet by vows confin'd,
Untaught the matrimonial bounds to slight,
And coldly conscious of the husband's right,
You had faint-drawn me with a form alone,
A lawful lump of life by force your own!
Then, while your backward will retrench'd desire,
And unconcurring spirits lent no fire,
I had been born your dull, domestic heir,
Load of your life, and motive of your care;
Perhaps been poorly rich, and meanly great,
The slave of pomp, a cipher in the state,
Lordly neglectful of a worth unknown,
And slumbering in a seat, by chance my own.
'Far nobler blessings wait the Bastard's lot;
Conceiv'd in rapture, and with fire begot!
Strong as necessity, he starts away,
Climbs against wrongs, and brightens into day.'
Thus unprophetic, lately misinspir'd,
I sung: gay fluttering hope my fancy fir'd;
Inly secure, through conscious scorn of ill,
Nor taught by wisdom, how to balance will,
Rashly deceiv'd, I saw no pits to shun,
But thought to purpose, and to act, were one;
Heedless what pointed cares pervert his way,
Whom caution arms not, and whom woes betray;
But now expos'd, and shrinking from distress,
I fly to shelter, while the tempests press;
My Muse to grief resigns the varying tone,
The raptures languish, and the numbers groan.
O memory! thou soul of joy and pain!
Thou actor of our passions o'er again!
Why dost thou aggravate the wretch's woe?
Why add continuous smart to every blow?

Few are my joys; alas! how soon forgot!
On that kind quarter thou invad'st me not:
While sharp and numberless my sorrows fall;
Yet thou repeat'st, and multiply'st 'em all!
Is chance a guilt? that my disastrous heart,
For mischief never meant, must ever smart?
Can self-defence be sin?—Ah, plead no more!
What though no purpos'd malice stain'd thee o'er?
Had Heav'n befriended thy unhappy side,
Thou hadst not been provok'd—or thou hadst died.
Far be the guilt of home-shed blood, from all
On whom, unsought, embroiling dangers fall!
Still the pale dead revives, and lives to me,
To me! through Pity's eye condemn'd to see.
Remembrance veils his rage, but swells his fate;
Griev'd I forgive, and am grown cool too late;
Young and unthoughtful then, who knows one day
What ripening virtues might have made their way!
He might have liv'd, till folly died in shame,
Till kindling wisdom felt a thirst for fame:
He might perhaps his country's friend have prov'd;
Both happy, generous, candid, and belov'd:
He might have sav'd some worth, now doom'd to fall;
And I, perchance, in him, have murder'd all.
O fate of late repentance! always vain:
Thy remedies but lull undying pain.
Where shall my hope find rest?—no Mother's care
Shielded my infant innocence with pray'r:
No Father's guardian hand my youth maintain'd,
Call'd forth my virtues, or from vice restrain'd.
Is it not thine to snatch some powerful arm,
First to advance, then skreen from future harm?
I am return'd from death, to live in pain!
Or would Imperial Pity save in vain?
Distrust it not—What blame can Mercy find,
Which gives at once a life, and rears a mind?
Mother, miscall'd, farewell—of soul severe,
This sad reflection yet may force one tear:

All I was wretched by, to you I ow'd,
Alone from strangers every comfort flow'd!
Lost to the life you gave, your Son no more,
And now adopted, who was doom'd before,
New-born, I may a nobler Mother claim,
But dare not whisper her immortal name;
Supremely lovely, and serenely great!
Majestic Mother of a kneeling State!
Queen of a People's heart, who ne'er before
Agreed—yet now with one consent adore!
One contest yet remains in this desire,
Who most shall give applause, where all admire.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

ON POETRY:

A Rhapsody. 1733.

ALL human race would fain be wits,
And millions miss for one that hits:
Young's universal passion, pride,
Was never known to spread so wide.
Say, Britain! could you ever boast
Three poets in an age at most?
Our chilling climate hardly bears
A sprig of bays in fifty years,
While every fool his claim alleges,
As if it grew in common hedges.
What reason can there be assign'd
For this perverseness in the mind?
Brutes find out where their talents lie:
A bear will not attempt to fly;
A founder'd horse will oft debate
Before he tries a five-barr'd gate;
A dog by instinct turns aside,
Who sees the ditch too deep and wide;
But man we find the only creature
Who, led by folly, combats Nature;
Who, when she loudly cries 'Forbear,'
With obstinacy fixes there,
And where his genius least inclines,
Absurdly bends his whole designs.
Not empire to the rising sun
By valour, conduct, fortune, won;
Not highest wisdom in debates
For framing laws to govern states;
Not skill in sciences profound,
So large to grasp the circle round,
Such heavenly influence require
As how to strike the Muse's lyre.

Not beggar's brat on bulk begot;
Not bastard of a pedlar Scot;
Not boy brought up to cleaning shoes,
The spawn of Bridewell or the stews;
Not infants dropt, the spurious pledges
Of gipsies littering under hedges,
Are so disqualified by fate
To rise in church, or law, or state,
As he whom Phœbus in his ire
Hath blasted with poetic fire.

What hope of custom in the fair,
While not a soul demands your ware?
Where you have nothing to produce
For private life or public use?
Court, city, country, want you not;
You cannot bribe, betray, or plot.
For poets law makes no provision;
The wealthy have you in derision:
Of state-affairs you cannot smatter;
Are awkward when you try to flatter:
Your portion, taking Britain round,
Was just one annual hundred pound*;
Now nor so much as in remainder
Since Cibber brought in an attainder;
For ever fix'd by right divine
(A monarch's right) on Grub-street line.

Poor starveling bard! how small thy gains!
How unproportion'd to thy pains!
And here a simile comes pat in;
Though chickens take a month to fatten,
The guests in less than half an hour
Will more than half a score devour.
So after toiling twenty days
To earn a stock of pence and praise,
Thy labours, grown the critic's prey,
Are swallow'd o'er a dish of tea;
Gone, to be never heard of more,
Gone, where the chickens went before.

* Paid to the Poet-laureat, which place was given to Mr. Colley Cibber, a player.

How shall a new attempter learn
Of different spirits to discern?
And how distinguish which is which,
The poet's vein or scribbling itch?
Then hear an old experienc'd sinner
Instructing thus a young beginner.

Consult yourself, and if you find
A powerful impulse urge your mind,
Impartial judge within your breast
What subject you can manage best;
Whether your genius most inclines
To satire, praise, or humorous lines;
To elegies in mournful tone,
Or prologue sent from hand unknown;
Then rising with Aurora's light,
The Muse invok'd, sit down to write;
Blot out, correct, insert, refine,
Enlarge, diminish, interline;
Be mindful, when invention fails,
To scratch your head and bite your nails.

Your poem finish'd, next your care
Is needful to transcribe it fair:
In modern wit all printed trash is
Set off with numerous breaks—and dashes.—

To statesmen would you give a wipe,
You print it in Italic type:
When letters are in vulgar shapes,
'Tis ten to one the wit escapes;
But when in Capitals exprest,
The dullest reader smokes the jest;
Or else perhaps he may invent
A better than the poet meant,
As learned commentators view
In Homer, more than Homer knew.

Your poem in its modish dress,
Correctly fitted for the press,
Convey by penny-post to Lintot,
But let no friend alive look into't.
If Lintot thinks 'twill quit the cost,
You need not fear your labour lost:

And how agreeably surpris'd
Are you to see it advertis'd!
The hawker shews you one in print,
As fresh as farthings from the mint,
The product of your toil and sweating,
A bastard of your own begetting.
Be sure at Will's the following day
Lie snug, and hear what critics say,
And if you find the general vogue
Pronounces you a stupid rogue,
Damns all your thoughts as low and little;
Sit still, and swallow down your spittle:
Be silent as a politician,
For talking may beget suspicion;
Or praise the judgment of the Town,
And help yourself to run it down;—
Give up your fond paternal pride,
Nor argue on the weaker side:
For poems read without a name
We justly praise or justly blame;
And critics have no partial views,
Except they know whom they abuse;
And since you ne'er provok'd their spite,
Depend upon't, their judgment's right.
But if you blab you are undone,
Consider what a risk you run;
You lose your credit all at once,
The Town will mark you for a dunce;
The vilest doggrel Grub-street sends,
Will pass for your's with foes and friends,
And you must bear the whole disgrace,
Till some fresh blockhead takes your place.
Your secret kept, your poem sunk,
And sent in quires to line a trunk,
If still you be dispos'd to rhyme,
Go try your hand a second time.
Again you fail; yet Safe's the word;
Take courage, and attempt a third:
But first with care employ your thoughts
Where critics mark'd your former faults;

The trivial turns, the borrow'd wit,
The similes that nothing fit;
The cant which every fool repeats,
Town-jests, and coffee-house conceits;
Descriptions tedious, flat, and dry,
And introduc'd the Lord knows why;
Or where we find your fury set
Against the harmless alphabet;
On A's and B's your malice vent,
While readers wonder whom you meant;
A public or a private robber,
A statesman or a South-sea jobber;
A prelate, who no God believes;
A p—m—t or den of thieves;
A pickpurse at the bar or bench,
A dutchess or a suburb-wench;
An House of Peers, a gaming crew,
A griping ——— or a Jew.
Or oft, when epithets you link
In gaping lines to fill a chink,
Like stepping-stones to save a stride
In streets where kennels are too wide;
Or like a heel-piece to support
A cripple, with one foot too short;
Or like a bridge that joins a marsh
To moorlands of a different parish.
So have I seen ill-coupled hounds
Drag different ways in miry grounds;
So geographers in Afric maps
With savage pictures fill their gaps,
And o'er unhabitable downs
Place elephants for want of towns.
But though you miss your third essay,
You need not throw your pen away.
Lay now aside all thoughts of fame,
To spring more profitable game.
From party-merit seek support;
The vilest verse thrives best at court:
And may you ever have the luck
To rhyme almost as ill as Duck;

And though you never learn'd to scan verse,
Come out with some lampoon on D'Anvers.
A pamphlet in Sir Bob's defence
Will never fail to bring in pence:
Nor be concern'd about the sale,
He pays his workmen on the nail.
Display the blessings of the nation,
And praise the whole administration:
Extol the bench of bishops round;
Who at them rail, bid —— confound:
To bishop-haters answer thus,
(The only logic us'd by us)
What though they don't believe in ——,
Deny them Protestants—thou liest.
A prince, the moment he is crown'd,
Inherits every virtue round,
As emblems of the sovereign pow'r,
Like other baubles in the Tow'r;
Is generous, valiant, just, and wise,
And so continues till he dies:
His humble Senate this professes
In all their speeches, votes, addresses;
But once you fix him in a tomb,
His virtues fade, his vices bloom,
And each perfection, wrong imputed,
Is fully at his death confuted.
The loads of poems in his praise,
Ascending, make one funeral blaze;
His panegyrics then are ceast;
He grows a tyrant, dunce, or beast:
As soon as you can hear his knell,
This god on earth turns devil in hell:
And, lo! his ministers of state,
Transform'd to imps, his levee wait,
Where, in the scenes of endless woe,
They ply their former arts below;
And as they sail in Charon's boat,
Contrive to bribe the judge's vote.
To Cerberus they give a sop,
His triple barking mouth to stop;

Or in the ivory gate of dreams
Project Excise and South-Sea schemes;
Or hire their party-pamphleteers
To set Elysium by the ears.

Then, poet! if you mean to thrive,
Employ your Muse on kings alive,
With prudence gathering up a cluster
Of all the virtues you can muster,
While form'd into a garland sweet,
Lay humbly at your monarch's feet,
Who, as the odours reach his throne,
Will smile, and think them all his own;
For law and gospel doth determine
All virtues lodge in royal ermine;
(I mean the oracles of both,
Who shall depose it upon oath.)
Your garland in the following reign,
Change but the names, will do again.

But if you think this trade too base,
(Which seldom is the dunce's case)
Put on the critic's brow, and sit
At Will's, the puny judge of wit.
A nod, a shrug, a scornful smile,
With caution us'd, may serve a while:
Proceed no farther in your part
Before you learn the terms of art,
For you can never be too far gone
In all our modern critics' jargon:
Then talk with more authentic face
Of unities in time and place;
Get scraps of Horace from your friends,
And have them at your fingers' ends;
Learn Aristotle's Rules by rote,
And at all hazards boldly quote;
Judicious Rymer oft review,
Wise Dennis, and profound Bossu:
Read all the prefaces of Dryden,
For these our critics much confide in,
(Though merely writ at first for filling,
To raise the volume's price a shilling.)

A forward critic often dupes us
With sham quotations Peri Hupsous *,
And if we have not read Longinus,
Will magisterially outshine us.
Then, lest with Greek he over-run ye,
Procure the book, for love or money,
Translated from Boileau's translation,
And quote quotation on quotation.

At Will's you hear a poem read,
Where Battus from the table-head,
Reclining on his elbow-chair,
Gives judgment with decisive air,
To whom the tribe of circling wits
As to an oracle submits:
He gives directions to the Town
To cry it up, or run it down;
Like courtiers when they send a note,
Instructing members how to vote;
He sets the stamp of bad and good,
Though not a word be understood.
Your lesson learn'd, you'll be secure
To get the name of Connoisseur,
And when your merits once are known,
Procure disciples of your own:
For poets (you can never want 'em)
Spread through Augusta Trinobantum †,
Computing by their pecks of coals,
Amount to just nine thousand souls:
These o'er their proper districts govern,
Of wit and humour judges sov'reign.
In every street a city bard
Rules, like an alderman, his ward;
His indisputed rights extend
Through all the lane from end to end;
The neighbours round admire his shrewdness
For songs of loyalty and lewdness;
Outdone by none in rhyming well,
Although he never learn'd to spell.

* A famous treatise of Longinus.
† The ancient name of London.

Two bordering wits contend for glory,
And one is Whig and one is Tory;
And this for epics claims the bays,
And that for elegiac lays:
Some fam'd for numbers soft and smooth,
By lovers spoke in Punch's booth;
And some as justly fame extols
For lofty lines in Smithfield drolls.
Bavius in Wapping gains renown,
And Mævius reigns o'er Kentish-Town;
Tigellius, plac'd in Phœbus' car,
From Ludgate shines to Temple-bar;
Harmonious Cibber entertains
The court, with annual birthday strains;
Whence Gay was banish'd in disgrace,
Where Pope will never show his face,
Where Young must torture his invention
To flatter knaves, or lose his pension.
But these are not a thousandth part
Of jobbers in the poet's art,
Attending each his proper station,
And all in due subordination,
Through every alley to be found,
In garrets high, or under ground,
And when they join their pericranies,
Out skips a book of Miscellanies.
Hobbes clearly proves that every creature
Lives in a state of war by nature;
The greater for the smaller watch,
But meddle seldom with their match.
A whale of moderate size will draw
A shoal of herrings down his maw;
A fox with geese his belly crams;
A wolf destroys a thousand lambs;
But search among the rhyming race,
The brave are worried by the base.
If on Parnassus' top you sit,
You rarely bite, are always bit:
Each poet of inferior size
On you shall rail and criticise,

And strive to tear you limb from limb,
While others do as much for him.
The vermin only tease and pinch
Their foes superior by an inch.
So naturalists observe a flea
Hath smaller fleas, that on him prey;
And these have smaller still to bite 'em,
And so proceed *ad infinitum*.
Thus every poet in his kind
Is bit by him that comes behind,
Who, though too little to be seen,
Can tease and gall, and give the spleen;
Call dunces, fools, and sons of whores,
Lay Grub-street at each other's doors;
Extol the Greek and Roman masters,
And curse our modern poetasters;
Complain, as many an ancient bard did,
How genius is no more rewarded;
How wrong a taste prevails among us;
How much our ancestors outsung us;
Can personate an awkward scorn
For those who are not poets born,
And all their brother-dunces lash,
Who crowd the press with hourly trash.
O Grub-street! how do I bemoan thee,
Whose graceless children scorn to own thee;
Their filial piety forgot,
Deny their country like a Scot,
Though by their idiom and grimace
They soon betray their native place;
Yet thou hast greater cause to be
Asham'd of them than they of thee,
Degenerate from their ancient brood,
Since first the court allow'd them food.
Remains a difficulty still,
To purchase fame by writing ill.
From Flecknoe down to Howard's time
How few have reach'd the low sublime!
For when our high-born Howard died,
Blackmore alone his place supplied;

And lest a chasm should intervene,
When death had finish'd Blackmore's reign,
The leaden crown devolv'd to thee,
Great poet of the Hollow Tree*!
But, ah! how unsecure thy throne!
A thousand bards thy right disown:
Thy plot to turn, in factious zeal,
Duncinea to a common-weal,
And with rebellious arms pretend
An equal privilege to descend.
In bulk there are not more degrees
From elephants to mites in cheese,
Than what a curious eye may trace
In creatures of the rhyming race.
From bad to worse and worse they fall;
But who can reach to worst of all?
For though in nature, depth and height
Are equally held infinite,
In poetry the height we know;
'Tis only infinite below.
For instance; when you rashly think
No rhymer can like Welsted sink;
His merits balanc'd, you shall find
The Laureat leaves him far behind,
Concanen, more aspiring bard!
Soars downwards deeper by a yard.
Smart Jemmy Moore with vigour drops,
The rest pursue as thick as hops;
With heads to points the gulf they enter,
Link'd perpendicular to the centre,
And as their heels elated rise,
Their heads attempt the nether skies.
O what indignity and shame,
To prostitute the Muse's name!
By flattering kings, whom Heav'n design'd
The plagues and scourges of mankind,

* Lord Grimston, author of a play called Love in a Hollow Tree.

Bred up in ignorance and sloth,
And every vice that nurses both.
Perhaps you say Augustus shines,
Immortal made in Virgil's lines,
And Horace brought the tuneful quire
To sing his virtues on the lyre,
Without reproach for flattery; true,
Because their praises were his due:
For in those ages kings we find
Were animals of human-kind,
But now go search all Europe round
Among the savage monsters ——
With vice polluting every throne
(I mean all ——s except our own)
In vain you make the strictest view
To find a —— in all the crew
With whom a footman out of place
Would not conceive an high disgrace,
A burning shame, a crying sin,
To take his morning's cup of gin.
'Thus all are destin'd to obey
Some beast of burden or of prey.
'Tis sung Prometheus, forming man,
Through all the brutal species ran,
Each proper quality to find
Adapted to an human mind,
A mingled mass of good and bad,
The best and worst that could be had,
Then from a clay of mixture base
He shap'd a —— to rule the race,
Endued with gifts from every brute
That best the * * nature suit.
Thus think on ——s, the name denotes
Hogs, asses, wolves, baboons, and goats,
To represent in figure just,
Sloth, folly, rapine, mischief, lust.
Oh! were they all but Neb-cadnesers,
What herds of ——s would turn to grasers!
Fair Britain! in thy monarch blest,
Whose virtues bear the strictest test,

Whom never faction could bespatter,
Nor minister nor poet flatter.
What justice in rewarding merit!
What magnanimity of spirit!
What lineaments divine we trace
Through all his figure, mien, and face!
Though peace with olive binds his hands,
Confess'd the conquering hero stands:
Hydaspes, Indus, and the Ganges,
Dread from his hand impending changes:
From him the Tartar and Chinese,
Short by the knees entreat for peace;
The consort of his throne and bed,
A perfect goddess born and bred,
Appointed sovereign judge to sit
On learning, eloquence, and wit.
Our eldest hope, divine Iülus,
(Late, very late, O may he rule us!)
What early manhood has he shown,
Before his downy beard was grown!
Then think what wonders will be done
By going on as he begun;
An heir for Britain to secure
As long as sun and moon endure.
The remnant of the royal blood
Comes pouring on me like a flood;
Bright goddesses, in number five;
Duke William, sweetest prince alive!
Now sing the minister of state*,
Who shines alone without a mate.
Observe with what majestic port
This Atlas stands to prop the court,
Intent the public debts to pay,
Like prudent Fabius, by delay.
Thou great vicegerent of the king!
Thy praises every Muse shall sing.
In all affairs thou sole director,
Of wit and learning chief protector!

* Sir Robert Walpole, afterwards Earl of Orford.

Though small the time thou hast to spare,
The church is thy peculiar care.
Of pious prelates what a stock
You choose to rule the noble flock!
You raise the honour of the peerage,
Proud to attend you at the steerage.
You dignify the noble race,
Content yourself with humbler place.
Now learning, valour, virtue, sense,
To titles give the sole pretence.
St. George beheld thee with delight
Vouchsafe to be an esure knight,
When on thy breast and sides Herculean
He fix'd the star and string cerulean.
Say, poet! in what other nation
Shone ever such a constellation!
Attend, ye Popes! and Youngs! and Gays!
And tune your harps and strew your bays:
Your panegyrics here provide;
You cannot err on flattery's side:
Above the stars exalt your style,
You still are low ten thousand mile.
On Lewis all his bards bestow'd
Of incense many a thousand load,
But Europe mortified his pride,
And swore the fawning rascals ly'd:
Yet what the world refus'd to Lewis,
Applied to George, exactly true is.
Exactly true! invidious poet!
'Tis fifty thousand times below it.
Translate me now some lines if you can,
From Virgil, Martial, Ovid, Lucan;
They could all power in heav'n divide,
And do no wrong to either side:
They teach you how to split a hair,
Give George and Jove an equal share.
Yet why should we be lac'd so strait?
I'll give my monarch butter-weight.
And reason good; for many a year
Jove never intermeddled here;

Nor, though his priests be duly paid,
Did ever we desire his aid:
We now can better do without him,
Since Woolston gave us arms to rout him.
Cætera desiderantur.

VERSES

ON THE DEATH OF DR. SWIFT,

Occasioned by reading the following Maxim in Rochefoucault.

Dans l'adversité de nos meilleurs amis, nous trouvons toujours quelque chose qui ne nous déplait pas.

'In the adversity of our best friends we always find something that doth not displease us.'

Nov. 1731.

As Rouchefoucault his Maxims drew
From Nature, I believe them true;
They argue no corrupted mind
In him; the fault is in mankind.
This maxim more than all the rest
Is thought too base for human breast.
'In all distresses of our friends
We first consult our private ends,
While Nature, kindly bent to ease us,
Points out some circumstance to please us.'
If this perhaps your patience move,
Let reason and experience prove.
We all behold with envious eyes
Our equals rais'd above our size.
Who would not at a crowded show
Stand high himself, keep others low?
I love my friend as well as you,
But why should he obstruct my view;
Then let me have the higher post,
Suppose it but an inch at most.

If in a battle you should find
One whom you love of all mankind
Had some heroic action done,
A champion kill'd, or trophy won,
Rather than thus be overtopt,
Would you not wish his laurels cropt?
Dear honest Ned is in the gout,
Lies rack'd with pain, and you without;
How patiently you hear him groan!
How glad the case is not your own!
What poet would not grieve to see
His brother write as well as he?
But rather than they should excel,
Would wish his rivals all in hell?
Her end when Emulation misses,
She turns to envy, stings, and hisses.
The strongest friendship yields to pride,
Unless the odds be on our side.
Vain human-kind! fantastic race!
Thy various follies who can trace?
Self-love, ambition, envy, pride,
Their empire in our hearts divide.
Give others riches, power, and station,
'Tis all on me an usurpation.
I have no title to aspire,
Yet when you sink I seem the higher.
In Pope I cannot read a line
But, with a sigh, I wish it mine:
When he can in one couplet fix
More sense than I can do in six,
It gives me such a jealous fit,
I cry, 'Pox take him and his wit.'
I grieve to be outdone by Gay
In my own humorous biting way.
Arbuthnot is no more my friend,
Who dares to irony pretend,
Which I was born to introduce,
Refin'd it first, and show'd its use.
St. John, as well as Pulteney, knows
That I had some repute for prose,

And till they drove me out of date,
Could maul a minister of state.
If they have mortified my pride,
And made me throw my pen aside,
If with such talents Heav'n hath blest 'em,
Have I not reason to detest 'em?
To all my foes, dear Fortune! send
Thy gifts, but never to my friend;
I tamely can endure the first,
But this with envy makes me burst.
Thus much may serve by way of proëm;
Proceed we therefore to our Poem.
The time is not remote, when I
Must by the course of nature die;
When, I foresee, my special friends
Will try to find their private ends;
And though 'tis hardly understood
Which way my death can do them good,
Yet thus, methinks, I hear them speak:
'See how the Dean begins to break!
Poor gentleman! he droops apace;
You plainly find it in his face:
That old vertigo in his head
Will never leave him, till he's dead.
Besides, his memory decays;
He recollects not what he says;
He cannot call his friends to mind,
Forgets the place where last he din'd,
Plies you with stories o'er and o'er;
He told them fifty times before.
How does he fancy we can sit
To hear his out-of-fashion wit?
But he takes up with younger folks,
Who for his wine will bear his jokes.
'Faith he must make his stories shorter,
Or change his comrades once a-quarter:
In half the time he talks them round;
There must another set be found.
'For poetry he's past his prime;
He takes an hour to find a rhyme:

His fire is out, his wit decay'd,
His fancy sunk, his Muse a jade.
I'd have him throw away his pen ;—
But there's no talking to some men.'
And then their tenderness appears
By adding largely to my years :
'He's older than he would be reckon'd,
And well remembers Charles the second :
He hardly drinks a pint of wine,
And that, I doubt, is no good sign.
His stomach, too, begins to fail :
Last year we thought him strong and hale,
But now he's quite another thing ;
I wish he may hold out till spring.'
They hug themselves, and reason thus,
'It is not yet so bad with us.'
In such a case they talk in tropes,
And by their fears express their hopes.
Some great misfortune to portend,
No enemy can match a friend.
With all the kindness they profess,
The merit of a lucky guess
(When daily How-d'ye's come of course,
And servants answer, 'Worse and worse!')
Would please them better than to tell
That, 'God be prais'd! the Dean is well.'
Then he who prophesied the best
Approves his foresight to the rest :
'You know I always fear'd the worst,
And often told you so at first.'
He'd rather choose that I should die
Than his prediction prove a lie :
Not one foretells I shall recover,
But all agree to give me over.
Yet should some neighbour feel a pain
Just in the parts where I complain,
How many a message would he send ?
What hearty prayers that I should mend?
Inquire what regimen I kept,
What gave me ease, and how I slept?

And more lament when I was dead
Than all the snivellers round my bed.
My good companions! never fear,
For though you may mistake a year,
Though your prognostics run too fast,
They must be verified at last.
Behold the fatal day arrive!
'How is the Dean?' 'He's just alive.'
Now the departing prayer is read;
He hardly breathes—The Dean is dead.
Before the passing-bell begun,
The news through half the town is run.
'Oh! may we all for death prepare!
What has he left? and who's his heir?'
'I know no more than what the news is;
'Tis all bequeath'd to public uses.'
'To public uses! there's a whim!
What had the public done for him?
Mere envy, avarice, and pride;
He gave it all—but first he died.
And had the Dean in all the nation
No worthy friend, no poor relation?
So ready to do strangers good,
Forgetting his own flesh and blood!'
Now Grub-street wits are all employ'd;
With elegies the Town is cloy'd;
Some paragraph in every paper
To curse the Dean or bless the Drapier,
The doctors, tender of their fame,
Wisely on me lay all the blame.
'We must confess his case was nice,
But he would never take advice:
Had he been rul'd, for aught appears,
He might have liv'd these twenty years,
For when we open'd him, we found
That all his vital parts were sound.'
From Dublin soon to London spread
'Tis told at court the Dean is dead,
And Lady Suffolk, in the spleen,
Runs laughing up to tell the queen:

The queen so gracious, mild, and good,
Cries, 'Is he gone? 'tis time he should.
He's dead, you say; then let him rot;
I'm glad the medals were forgot.
I promis'd him, I own; but when?
I only was the princess then;
But now, as consort of the king,
You know 'tis quite a different thing.'
Now Chartres, at Sir Robert's levee,
Tells with a sneer the tidings heavy:
'Why, if he died without his shoes,'
(Cries Bob) I'm sorry for the news.
Oh! were the wretch but living still,
And in his place my good friend Will!
Or had a mitre on his head,
Provided Bolingbroke were dead!'
Now Curll his shop from rubbish drains:
Three genuine tomes of Swift's Remains!
And then, to make them pass the glibber,
Revis'd by Tibbald, Moore, and Cibber.
He'll treat me as he does my betters,
Publish my will, my life, my letters;
Revive the libels born to die,
Which Pope must bear as well as I.
Here shift the scene, to represent
How those I love my death lament:
Poor Pope will grieve a month, and Gay
A week, and Arbuthnot a day.
St. John himself will scarce forbear
To bite his pen and drop a tear:
The rest will give a shrug, and cry,
'I'm sorry—but we all must die!'
Indifference, clad in Wisdom's guise,
All fortitude of mind supplies;
For how can stony bowels melt
In those who never pity felt?
When we are lash'd, they kiss the rod,
Resigning to the will of God.
The fools, my juniors by a year,
Are tortur'd with suspense and fear,

Who wisely thought my age a screen,
When death approach'd, to stand between;
The screen remov'd, their hearts are trembling;
They mourn for me without dissembling.
My female friends, whose tender hearts
Have better learn'd to act their parts,
Receive the news in doleful dumps;
The Dean is dead, (pray what is trumps?)
Then, Lord have mercy on his soul!
Ladies, I'll venture for the vole.)
Six deans, they say, must bear the pall,
I wish I knew what king to call.)
Madam, your husband will attend
The funeral of so good a friend.'
'No, Madam, 'tis a shocking sight,
And he's engag'd to-morrow night;
My Lady Club will take it ill
If he should fail her at Quadrille,
He lov'd the Dean—(I lead a heart)
But dearest friends, they say, must part.
His time was come; he ran his race;
We hope he's in a better place.'
Why do we grieve that friends should die?
No loss more easy to supply.
One year is past: a different scene!
No farther mention of the Dean,
Who now, alas! is no more mist
Than if he never did exist.
Where's now the favourite of Apollo?
Departed:—'and his Works must follow:'
Must undergo the common fate;
His kind of wit is out of date.
Some country 'squire to Lintot goes,
Inquires for Swift in verse and prose?
Says Lintot, 'I have heard the name;
He died a year ago.'—'The same.'
He searches all the shop in vain:
'Sir, you may find them in Duck-lane;
I sent them with a load of books,
Last Monday, to the pastry-cooks.

To fancy they could live a year!
I find you're but a stranger here.
The Dean was famous in his time,
And had a kind of knack at rhyme:
His way of writing now is past;
The Town has got a better taste.
I keep no antiquated stuff,
But spick and span I have enough.
Pray, do but give me leave to show 'em:
Here's Colly Cibber's birthday poem.
This ode you never yet have seen,
By Stephen Duck upon the Queen.
Then here's a letter finely penn'd
Against the Craftsman and his friend;
It clearly shows that all reflection
On ministers is disaffection.
Next, here's Sir Robert's Vindication,
And Mr. Henly's last oration:
The hawkers have not got them yet:
Your Honour, please to buy a set?
'Here's Woolston's Tracts, the twelfth edition;
'Tis read by every politician.
The country-members, when in Town,
To all their boroughs send them down;
You never met a thing so smart;
The courtiers have them all by heart;
Those maids of honour who can read
Are taught to use them for their creed.
The reverend author's good intention
Hath been rewarded with a pension:
He doth an honour to his gown,
By bravely running priestcraft down;
He shows, as sure as God's in Gloster,
That —— was a grand imposter,
That all his miracles were cheats,
Perform'd as jugglers do their feats:
The church had never such a writer;
A shame he hath not got a mitre!'
Suppose me dead, and then suppose
A club assembled at the Rose,

Where from discourse of this and that,
grow the subject of their chat,
And while they toss my name about,
With favour some, and some without,
One, quite indifferent in the cause,
My character impartial draws.
'The Dean, if we believe report,
Was never ill receiv'd at court:
Although ironically grave,
He sham'd the fool, and lash'd the knave:
To steal a hint was never known,
But what he writ was all his own.'
'Sir, I have heard another story,
He was a most confounded Tory;
And grew, or he is much belied,
Extremely dull before he died.'
'Can we the Drapier then forget?
Is not our nation in his debt?
'Twas he that writ the Drapier's Letters!'——
'He should have left them for his betters;
We had a hundred abler men,
Nor need depend upon his pen.——
Say what you will about his reading,
You never can defend his breeding,
Who in his satires running riot,
Could never leave the world in quiet,
Attacking when he took the whim,
Court, city, camp,—all one to him.
But why would he, except he slobber'd,
Offend our patriot, great Sir Robert;
Whose counsels aid the sovereign pow'r
To save the nation every hour?
What scenes of evil he unravels
In satires, libels, lying travels!
Not sparing his own clergy-cloth,
But eats into it like a moth!'——
'Perhaps I may allow the Dean
Had too much satire in his vein,
And seem'd determin'd not to starve it,
Because no age could more deserve it:

Yet malice never was his aim;
He lash'd the vice, but spar'd the name:
No individual could resent,
Where thousands equally were meant:
His satire points at no defect
But what all mortals may correct;
For he abhorr'd that senseless tribe
Who call it humour when they gibe.
He spar'd a hump or crooked nose,
Whose owners set not up for beaux:
True genuine dulness mov'd his pity,
Unless it offer'd to be witty.
Those who their ignorance confest
He ne'er offended with a jest;
But laugh'd to hear an idiot quote
A verse from Horace, learn'd by rote.
Vice, if it e'er can be abash'd,
Must be or ridicul'd or lash'd.
If you resent it, who's to blame?
He neither knew you nor your name.
Should vice expect to scape rebuke,
Because its owner is a duke?
His friendships, still to few confin'd,
Were always of the middling kind;
No fools of rank, or mongrel breed,
Who fain would pass for lords indeed,
Where titles give no right or power,
And peerage is a wither'd flower:
He would have deem'd it a disgrace
If such a wretch had known his face.
On rural 'squires, that kingdom's bane,
He vented oft his wrath in vain;
—— squires to market brought,
Who sell their souls and —— for nought;
The —— go joyful back
To —— the church, their tenants rack,
Go snacks with * * * *
And keep the peace to pick up fees;
In every job to have a share,
A jail or turnpike to repair,

And turn the —— for public roads
Commodious to their own abodes.
'He never thought an honour done him,
Because a peer was proud to own him;
Would rather slip aside, and choose
To talk with wits in dirty shoes:
And scorn the tools with stars and garters,
So often seen caressing Chartres.
He never courted men in station,
Nor persons held in admiration;
Of no man's greatness was afraid,
Because he sought for no man's aid.
Though trusted long in great affairs,
He gave himself no haughty airs:
Without regarding private ends,
Spent all his credit for his friends,
And only chose the wise and good;
No flatterers, no allies in blood;
But succour'd virtue in distress,
And seldom fail'd of good success,
As numbers in their hearts must own,
Who but for him had been unknown.
'He kept with princes due decorum,
Yet never stood in awe before 'em.
He follow'd David's lesson just,
In princes never put his trust;
And, would you make him truly sour,
Provoke him with a slave in power.
The Irish Senate if you nam'd,
With what impatience he declaim'd!
Fair Liberty was all his cry;
For her he stood prepar'd to die;
For her he boldly stood alone;
For her he oft expos'd his own.
Two kingdoms, just as faction led,
Had set a price upon his head:
But not a traitor could be found
To sell him for six hundred pound.
'Had he but spar'd his tongue and pen,
He might have rose like other men;

But pow'r was never in his thought,
And wealth he valued not a groat.
Ingratitude he often found,
And pitied those who meant the wound,
But kept the tenor of his mind
To merit well of human-kind;
Nor made a sacrifice of those
Who still were true, to please his foes.
He labour'd many a fruitless hour
To reconcile his friends in pow'r;
Saw mischief by a faction brewing,
While they pursued each other's ruin;
But finding vain was all his care,
He left the court in mere despair.

'And, oh! how short are human schemes!
Here ended all our golden dreams.
What St. John's skill in state affairs,
What Ormond's valour, Oxford's cares,
To save their sinking country lent,
Was all destroy'd by one event;
Too soon that precious life was ended
On which alone our weal depended.
When up a dangerous faction starts,
With wrath and vengeance in their hearts,
By Solemn League and Cov'nant bound,
To ruin, slaughter, and confound;
To turn religion to a fable,
And make the government a Babel;
Pervert the laws, disgrace the gown,
Corrupt the senate, rob the crown;
To sacrifice old England's glory,
And make her infamous in story.
When such a tempest shook the land,
How could unguarded Virtue stand?

'With horror, grief, despair, the Dean
Beheld the dire destructive scene;
His friends in exile, or the Tow'r,
Himself within the frown of Pow'r;
Pursued, by base envenom'd pens,
Far to the land of S—— and fens,

A servile race, in folly nurst,
Who truckle most when treated worst.
'By innocence and resolution
He bore continual persecution,
While numbers to preferment rose,
Whose merit were to be his foes;
When ev'n his own familiar friends,
Intent upon their private ends,
Like renegados, now he feels
Against him lifting up their heels.
'The Dean did by his pen defeat
An infamous destructive cheat;
Taught *fools* their interest how to know,
And gave them arms to ward the blow.
Envy hath own'd it was his doing,
To save that hapless land from ruin,
While they who at the steerage stood,
And reap'd the profit, sought his blood.
'To save them from their evil fate
In him was held a crime of state.
A wicked monster on the bench,
Whose fury blood could never quench:
As vile and profligate a villain
As modern Scroggs or old Tressilian;
Who long all justice had discarded,
Nor fear'd he God, nor man regarded,
Vow'd on the Dean his rage to vent,
And make him of his zeal repent;
But Heav'n his innocence defends;
The grateful people stand his friends:
Not strains of law, nor judges' frown,
Nor topics brought to please the crown,
Nor witness hir'd, nor jury pick'd,
Prevail to bring him in convict.
'In exile with a steady heart
He spent his life's declining part,
Where folly, pride, and faction sway,
Remote from St. John, Pope, and Gay.'—

'Alas, poor Dean! his only scope
Was to be held a misanthrope;
This into general odium drew him,
Which if he lik'd, much good may't do him.
His zeal was not to lash our crimes,
But discontent against the times:
For had we made him timely offers
To raise his post or fill his coffers,
Perhaps he might have truckled down,
Like other brethren of his gown.
For party he would scarce have bled:—
I say no more—because he's dead—'
'What writings has he left behind?—'
'I hear they're of a different kind:
A few in verse; but most in prose—'
'Some high-flown pamphlets, I suppose,—
All scribbled in the worst of times,
To palliate his friend Oxford's crimes,
To praise Queen Anne, nay, more, defend her,
As never favouring the Pretender:—
Or libels yet conceal'd from sight,
Against the court to show his spite.
Perhaps his Travels, part the third,
A lie at every second word—
Offensive to a loyal ear:—
But—not one sermon, you may swear.'—
'He knew an hundred pleasant stories,
With all the turns of Whigs and Tories;
Was cheerful to his dying day,
And friends would let him have his way.
As for his Works in verse or prose,
I own myself no judge of those;
Nor can I tell what critics thought 'em,
But this I know, all people bought 'em,
As with a moral view design'd,
To please and to reform mankind;
And if he often miss'd his aim,
The world must own it, to their shame,
The praise is his, and theirs the blame.

He gave the little wealth he had
To build a house for fools and mad;
To show, by one satiric touch,
No nation wanted it so much.
That kingdom he hath left his debtor,
I wish it soon may have a better:
And since you dread no farther lashes,
Methinks you may forgive his ashes.'

BAUCIS AND PHILEMON.

Imitated from Ovid, Book viii. 1708.

IN ancient times, as story tells,
The saints would often leave their cells,
And stroll about, but hide their quality,
To try good people's hospitality.
It happen'd on a winter night,
As authors of the legend write,
Two brother hermits, saints by trade,
Taking their tour in masquerade,
Disguis'd in tatter'd habits, went
To a small village down in Kent,
Where, in the strollers' canting strain,
They begg'd from door to door in vain,
Tried every tone might pity win,
But not a soul would let them in.
Our wandering saints in woful state,
Treated at this ungodly rate,
Having through all the village past,
To a small cottage came at last,
Where dwelt a good old honest ye'man,
Call'd in the neighbourhood Philemon,
Who kindly did these saints invite
In his poor hut to pass the night;
And then the hospitable sire
Bid Goody Baucis mend the fire,
While he from out the chimney took
A flitch of bacon off the hook,
And freely from the fattest side
Cut out large slices to be fried;

Then stepp'd aside to fetch 'em drink,
Fill'd a large jug up to the brink,
And saw it fairly twice go round;
Yet (what is wonderful!) they found
'Twas still replenish'd to the top,
As if they had not touch'd a drop.
The good old couple were amaz'd,
And often on each other gaz'd,
For both were frighten'd to the heart,
And just began to cry—'What art?'
Then softly turn'd aside to view
Whether the lights were burning blue.
The gentle pilgrims, soon aware on't,
Told them their calling and their errant.
'Good folks! you need not be afraid,
We are but saints, (the hermits said:)
No hurt shall come to you or yours;
But for that pack of churlish boors,
Not fit to live on Christian ground,
They and their houses shall be drown'd,
Whilst you shall see your cottage rise,
And grow a church before your eyes.'
  They scarce had spoke, when fair and soft
The roof began to mount aloft;
Aloft rose every beam and rafter,
The heavy wall climb'd slowly after.
  The chimney widen'd and grew higher;
Became a steeple with a spire.
  The kettle to the top was hoist,
And there stood fasten'd to a joist,
But with the upside down, to show
Its inclination for below:
In vain, for a superior force
Applied at bottom stops its course;
Doom'd ever in suspense to dwell,
'Tis now no kettle, but a bell.
  A wooden jack, which had almost
Lost by disuse the art to roast,
A sudden alteration feels,
Increas'd by new intestine wheels,

And, what exalts the wonder more,
The number made the motion slower.
The flier, though it had leaden feet,
Turn'd round so quick you scarce could see't;
But, slacken'd by some secret pow'r,
Now hardly moves an inch an hour.
The jack and chimney, near allied,
Had never left each other's side:
The chimney to a steeple grown,
The jack would not be left alone,
But, up against the steeple rear'd,
Became a clock, and still adher'd;
And still its love to household cares,
By a shrill voice, at noon declares,
Warning the cook-maid not to burn
That roast-meat which it cannot turn.
The groaning chair began to crawl,
Like a huge snail, along the wall,
There stuck aloft in public view,
And, with small change, a pulpit grew.
The porringers, that in a row
Hung high, and made a glittering show,
To a less noble substance chang'd,
Were now but leathern buckets rang'd.
The ballads pasted on the wall,
Of Joan of France and English Moll,
Fair Rosamond and Robin Hood,
The Little Children in the Wood,
Now seem'd to look abundance better,
Improv'd in picture, size, and letter,
And, high in order plac'd, describe
The heraldry of every tribe.
A bedstead of the antique mode,
Compact of timber many a load,
Such as our ancestors did use,
Was metamorphos'd into pews,
Which still their ancient nature keep,
By lodging folks dispos'd to sleep.
The cottage, by such feats as these
Grown to a church by just degrees,

The hermits then desir'd their host
To ask for what he fancy'd most.
Philemon, having paus'd a while,
Return'd them thanks in homely style;
Then said, 'My house is grown so fine,
Methinks I still would call it mine;
I'm old, and fain would live at ease;
Make me the Parson if you please.'

He spoke; and presently he feels
His grazier's coat fall down his heels;
He sees, yet hardly can believe,
About each arm a pudding-sleeve;
His waistcoat to a cassoc grew,
And both assum'd a sable hue,
But, being old, continued just
As threadbare and as full of dust.
His talk was now of tythes and dues;
He smok'd his pipe and read the news,
Knew how to preach old sermons next,
Vamp'd in the preface and the text;
At christenings well could act his part,
And had the Service all by heart;
Wish'd women might have children fast,
And thought whose sow had farrow'd last;
Against Dissenters would repine,
And stood up firm for right divine;
Found his head fill'd with many a system;
But classic authors,—he ne'er miss'd 'em.

Thus having furbish'd up a parson,
Dame Baucis next they play'd their farce on.
Instead of homespun coifs, were seen
Good pinners edg'd with Colberteen;
Her petticoat, transform'd apace,
Became black satin flounc'd with lace.
Plain Goody would no longer down;
'Twas Madam, in her grogram gown.
Philemon was in great surprise,
And hardly could believe his eyes,
Amaz'd to see her look so prim,
And she admir'd as much at him.

Thus happy in their change of life
Were several years this man and wife,
When on a day, which prov'd their last,
Discoursing o'er old stories past,
They went by chance, amidst their talk,
To the church-yard to take a walk,
When Baucis hastily cry'd out,
'My Dear, I see your forehead sprout!'
'Sprout! (quoth the man;) what's this you tell us?
I hope you don't believe me jealous:
But yet, methinks, I feel it true;
And really yours is budding too——
Nay,—now I cannot stir my foot;
It feels as if 'twere taking root.'
Description would but tire my Muse;
In short, they were both turn'd to yews.
Old Goodman Dobson of the Green
Remembers he the trees has seen;
He'll talk of them from noon till night,
And goes with folks to show the sight:
On Sundays, after evening pray'r,
He gathers all the parish there;
Points out the place of either yew,
Here Baucis, there Philemon, grew;
Till once a parson of our town,
To mend his barn, cut Baucis down,
At which 'tis hard to be believ'd
How much the other tree was griev'd,
Grew scrubby, died a-top, was stunted,
So the next parson stubb'd and burnt it.

THE GRAND QUESTION DEBATED,

Whether Hamilton's Bawn should be turned into a Barrack or a Malthouse?*

Written in the Year 1729.

THUS spoke to my Lady the Knight†, full of care:
'Let me have your advice in a weighty affair.
This Hamilton's Bawn‡, whilst it sticks on my hand,
I lose by the house what I get by the land;
But how to dispose of it to the best bidder,
For a Barrack‖ or Malthouse, we now must consider.

'First, let me suppose I make it a Malthouse,
Here I have computed the profit will fall t'us;
There's nine hundred pounds for labour and grain,
I increase it to twelve, so three hundred remain;
A handsome addition for wine and good cheer,
Three dishes a-day, and three hogsheads a-year.
With a dozen large vessels my vault shall be stor'd,
No little scrub joint shall come on my board;
And you and the Dean no more shall combine
To stint me at night to one bottle of wine;
Nor shall I, for his humour, permit you to purloin
A stone and a quarter of beef from my sirloin.
If I make it a Barrack, the crown is my tenant;
My Dear! I have ponder'd again and again on't;
In poundage and drawbacks I lose half my rent;
Whatever they give me I must be content,
Or join with the court in every debate,
And rather than that I would lose my estate.'

Thus ended the Knight; thus began his meek wife;
'It must and it shall be a Barrack, my life!

* A bawn was a place near the house, inclosed with mud or stone walls to keep the cattle from being stolen in the night. They are now little used.

† Sir Arthur Acheson, at whose seat it was written.

‡ A large old house, two miles from Sir Arthur Acheson's seat.

‖ The army in Ireland is lodged in strong buildings over the whole kingdom, called *Barracks*.

I'm grown a mere mopus; no company comes
But a rabble of tenants and rusty dull rums*.
With parsons what lady can keep herself clean?
I'm all over-daub'd when I sit by the Dean.
But if you will give us a Barrack, my dear!
The Captain, I'm sure, will always come here:
I then shall not value his Deanship a straw,
For the Captain, I warrant, will keep him in awe;
Or should he pretend to be brisk and alert,
Will tell him that chaplains should not be so pert;
That men of his coat should be minding their pray'rs,
And not among ladies to give themselves airs.'

Thus argued my Lady, but argued in vain;
The Knight his opinion resolv'd to maintain.
But Hannah†, who listen'd to all that was past,
And could not endure so vulgar a taste,
As soon as her Ladyship call'd to be dress'd,
Cried, 'Madam, why, surely my master's possess'd:
Sir Arthur the Malster! how fine it will sound!
I'd rather the Bawn were sunk under ground.
But, Madam, I guess'd there would never come good,
When I saw him so often with Darby and Wood‡.
And now my dream's out; for I was a-dream'd
That I saw a huge rat: O dear! how I scream'd!
And after, methought, I had lost my new shoes;
And Molly she said I should hear some ill news.

'Dear Madam! had you but the spirit to tease,
You might have a Barrack whenever you please:
And, Madam, I always believ'd you so stout,
That for twenty denials you would not give out.
If I had a husband like him, I purtest,
Till he gave me my will I would give him no rest;
And rather than come in the same pair of sheets
With such a cross man, I would lie in the streets.
But, Madam, I beg you contrive and invent,
And worry him out till he gives his consent.

* A cant word in Ireland for a poor country clergyman.
† My Lady's waiting woman.
‡ Two of Sir Arthur's managers.

'Dear Madam! whene'er of a Barrack I think,
An I were to be hang'd I can't sleep a wink;
For if a new crotchet comes into my brain,
I can't get it out, though I'd never so fain.
I fancy already a Barrack contriv'd
At Hamilton's Bawn, and the troop is arriv'd;
Of this, to be sure, Sir Arthur has warning,
And waits on the Captain betimes the next morning.
'Now see when they meet how their honours behave:
Noble Captain! your servant—Sir Arthur! your slave,
You honour me much—The honour is mine—
'Twas a sad rainy night—but the morning is fine—
Pray how does my Lady——My wife's at your service——
I think I have seen her picture by Jarvis——
Good morrow, good Captain!——I'll wait on you down——
You sha'n't stir a foot—You'll think me a clown—
For all the world, Captain, not half an inch farther—
You must be obey'd—Your servant, Sir Arthur;
My humble respects to my Lady unknown——
I hope you will use my house as your own.'
'Go bring me my smock, and leave off your prate;
Thou hast certainly gotten a cup in thy pate.'
'Pray, Madam, be quiet; what was it I said?—
You had like to have put it quite out of my head.
'Next day, to be sure, the Captain will come
At the head of his troop, with trumpet and drum.
Now, Madam, obedrve how he marches in state;
The man with the kettledrum enters the gate:
Dub, dub, adub, dub. The trumpeters follow;
Tantara, tantara; while all the boys halloo.
See now comes the Captain, all daub'd with gold lace:
O law! the sweet gentleman! look in his face;
And see how he rides like a lord of the land,
With the fine flaming sword that he holds in his hand;
And his horse, the dear creter! it prances and rears,
With ribands in knots at its tail and its ears.

At last comes the troop, by the word of command
Drawn up in our court; when the Captain cries,—
Stand.
Your Ladyship lifts up the sash to be seen,
(For sure I had disen'd you out like a queen)
The Captain, to show he is proud of the favour,
Looks up to your window, and cocks up his beaver;
(His beaver is cock'd; pray, Madam, mark that,
For a captain of horse never takes off his hat,
Because he has never a hand that is idle,
For the right holds the sword, and the left holds
the bridle)
Then flourishes thrice his sword in the air,
As a compliment due to a lady so fair:
(How I tremble to think of the blood it hath spilt!)
Then he lowers down the point, and kisses the hilt.
Your Ladyship smiles, and thus you begin;
Pray, Captain, be pleas'd to alight and walk in.
The Captain salutes you with congee profound,
And your Ladyship curtsies half-way to the ground.
'Kit, run to your master, and bid him come to us;
I'm sure he'll be proud of the honour you do us:
And, Captain, you'll do us the favour to stay,
And take a short dinner here with us to-day:
You're heartily welcome; but as for good cheer,
You come in the very worst time of the year:
If I had expected so worthy a guest——
Lord! Madam! your Ladyship sure is in jest;
You banter me, Madam: the kingdom must grant—
You officers, captains, are so complaisant.'
'Hist, Hussy! I think I hear somebody coming—'
'No, Madam; 'tis only Sir Arthur a-humming:
To shorten my tale, (for I hate a long story)
The Captain at dinner appears in his glory;
The Dean and the Doctor* have humbled their pride,
For the Captain's entreated to sit by your side;
And, because he's their betters, you carve for him
first;
The parsons for envy are ready to burst:

* Doctor Jenny, a clergyman in the neighbourhood.

The servants, amaz'd, are scarce ever able
To keep off their eyes as they wait at the table;
And Molly and I have thrust in our nose
To peep at the Captain in all his fine clo'es.
Dear Madam! be sure he's a fine spoken man;
Do but hear on the clergy how glib his tongue ran:
And, Madam, (says he,) if such dinners you give,
You'll never want parsons as long as you live;
I ne'er knew a parson without a good nose,
But the devil's as welcome wherever he goes.
G— d—me, they bid us reform and repent,
But, s—s, by their looks they never keep Lent.
Mister Curate, for all your grave looks, I'm afraid
You cast a sheep's eye on her Ladyship's maid;
I wish she would lend you her pretty white hand
In mending your cassoc and smoothing your band:
(For the Dean was so shabby, and look'd like a nanny,
That the Captain suppos'd he was curate to Jenny)
Whenever you see a cassoc and gown,
A hundred to one but it covers a clown.
Observe how a parson comes into a room,
G— d—me, he hobbles as bad as my groom.
A scholard, when just from his college broke loose,
Can hardly tell how to cry Bo to a goose.
Your Novels, and Blutarks, and Omurs*, and stuff,
By G— they don't signify this pinch of snuff.
To give a young gentleman right education,
The army's the only good school in the nation.
My schoolmaster call'd me a dunce and a fool,
But at cuffs I was always the cock of the school.
I never could take to my book for the blood o'me,
And the puppy confess'd he expected no good o'me.
He caught me one morning coquetting his wife,
But he maul'd me, I ne'er was so maul'd in my life;
So I took to the road, and, what's very odd,
The first man I robb'd was a parson, by G—.
Now, Madam, you'll think it a strange thing to say,
But the sight of a book makes me sick to this day.

* Ovids, Plutarchs, Homers. See Essay on Modern Education.

'Never since I was born did I hear so much wit,
And, Madam, I laugh'd till I thought I should split:
So then you look'd scornful, and sniff at the Dean,
As who should say, Now, am I Skinny and Lean*?
But he durst not so much as once open his lips,
And the Doctor was plaguily down in the hips.'

Thus merciless Hannah ran on in her talk,
Till she heard the Dean call, 'Will your Ladyship walk?'
Her Ladyship answers, 'I'm just coming down:'
Then turning to Hannah, and forcing a frown,
Although it was plain in her heart she was glad,
Cried, 'Hussey! why, sure the wench is gone mad:
How could these chimeras get into your brains?—
Come hither, and take this old gown for your pains.
But the Dean, if this secret should come to his ears,
Will never have done with his gibes and his jeers:
For your life, not a word of the matter, I charge ye.
Give me but a Barrack, a fig for the clergy.'

CADENUS AND VANESSA.

1713.

THE shepherds and the nymphs were seen
Pleading before the Cyprian Queen.
The counsel for the fair began,
Accusing the false creature Man:
The brief with weighty crimes was charg'd,
On which the pleader much enlarg'd;
'That Cupid now has lost his art,
Or blunts the point of every dart;—
His altar now no longer smokes,
His mother's aid no youth invokes;
This tempts Freethinkers to refine,
And bring in doubt their powers divine:
Now love has dwindled to intrigue,
And marriage grown a money-league.

* Nicknames for my Lady.

Which crimes aforesaid (with her leave)
Were (as he humbly did conceive)
Against our sovereign lady's peace,
Against the statute in that case,
Against her dignity and crown,
Then pray'd an answer;' and sat down.
The nymphs with scorn beheld their foes,
When the defendant's counsel rose,
And, what no lawyer ever lack'd,
With impudence own'd all the fact;
But, what the gentlest heart would vex,
Laid all the fault on t'other sex.
'The modern love is no such thing,
As what those ancient poets sing,
A fire celestial, chaste, refin'd,
Conceiv'd and kindled in the mind,
Which having found an equal flame,
Unites, and both become the same,
In different breasts together burn,
Together both to ashes turn:
But women now feel no such fire,
And only know the gross desire:
Their passions move in lower spheres,
Where'er caprice or folly steers.
A dog, a parrot, or an ape,
Or some worse brute in human shape,
Engross the fancies of the fair;
The few soft moments they can spare
From visits to receive and pay,
From scandal, politics, and play,
From fans, and flounces, and brocades,
From equipage and Park-parades,
From all the thousand female toys,
From every trifle that employs
The out or inside of their heads,
Between their toilettes and their beds.
'In a dull stream, which moving slow,
You hardly see the current flow,
If a small breeze obstructs the course,
It whirls about for want of force,

And in its narrow circle gathers
Nothing but chaff, and straws, and feathers:
The current of a female mind
Stops thus, and turns with every wind;
Thus whirling round, together draws
Fools, fops, and rakes, for chaff and straws:
Hence we conclude, no women's hearts
Are won by virtue, wit, and parts;
Nor are the men of sense to blame
For breasts incapable of flame;
The fault must on the nymphs be plac'd,
Grown so corrupted in their taste.'

The pleader, having spoke his best,
Had witness ready to attest,
Who fairly could on oath depose,
When questions on the fact arose,
That every article was true;
Nor further these deponents knew;—
Therefore he humbly would insist
The bill might be with costs dismist.

The cause appear'd of so much weight,
That Venus, from her judgment-seat,
Desir'd them not to talk so loud,
Else she must interpose a cloud;
For if the heavenly folk should know
These pleadings in the courts below,
That mortals here disdain to love,
She ne'er could show her face above:
For gods, their betters, are too wise
To value that which men despise.
'And then, (said she,) my son and I
Must stroll in air, 'twixt earth and sky;
Or else, shut out from heav'n and earth,
Fly to the sea, my place of birth,
There live, with daggled mermaids pent,
And keep on fish perpetual Lent.'

But since the case appear'd so nice,
She thought it best to take advice.
The Muses, by their king's permission,
Though foes to love, attend the session,

And on the right hand took their places
In order; on the left, the Graces:
To whom she might her doubts propose
On all emergencies that rose.
The Muses oft were seen to frown,
The Graces half-asham'd look down;
And 'twas observ'd there were but few
Of either sex among the crew,
Whom she or her assessors knew.
The goddess soon began to see
Things were not ripe for a decree,
And said she must consult her books,
The lovers' Fletas, Bractons, Cokes.
First to a dapper clerk she beckon'd
To turn to Ovid, book the second;
She then referr'd them to a place
In Virgil (*vide* Dido's case)
As for Tibullus's reports,
They never pass'd for law in courts;
For Cowley's briefs, and pleas of Waller,
Still their authority was smaller.
There was on both sides much to say;
She'd hear the cause another day;
And so she did, and then a third;
She heard it—there she kept her word:
But with rejoinders and replies,
Long bills, and answers stuff'd with lies,
Demur, imparlance, and essoign,
The parties ne'er could issue join:
For sixteen years the cause was spun,
And then stood where it first begun.
Now, gentle Clio! sing or say
What Venus meant by this delay.
The goddess, much perplex'd in mind
To see her empire thus declin'd,
When first this grand debate arose,
Above her wisdom to compose,
Conceiv'd a project in her head
To work her ends, which, if it sped,

Would show the merits of the cause
Far better than consulting laws.
In a glad hour Lucina's aid
Produc'd on earth a wondrous maid,
On whom the Queen of Love was bent
To try a new experiment:
She threw her law-books on the shelf,
And thus debated with herself.
'Since men allege they ne'er can find
Those beauties in a female mind
Which raise a flame, that will endure
For ever uncorrupt and pure:
If 'tis with reason they complain,
This instant shall restore my reign:
I'll search where every virtue dwells,
From courts inclusive down to cells,
What preachers talk, or sages write;
These I will gather and unite,
And represent them to mankind
Collected in that infant's mind.'
This said, she plucks, in heaven's high bow'rs,
A sprig of amaranthine flow'rs,
In nectar thrice infuses bays,
Three times refin'd in Titan's rays,
Then calls the Graces to her aid,
And sprinkles thrice the new-born maid,
From whence the tender skin assumes
A sweetness above all perfumes,
From whence a cleanliness remains,
Incapable of outward stains;
From whence that decency of mind
So lovely in the female kind,
Where not one careless thought intrudes
Less modest than the speech of prudes;
Where never blush was call'd in aid,
That spurious virtue in a maid,
A virtue but at second-hand;
They blush because they understand.
The Graces next would act their part,
And show'd but little of their art;

Their work was half already done,
The child with native beauty shone,
The outward form no help requir'd,
Each breathing on her thrice, inspir'd
That gentle, soft, engaging air,
Which in old times adorn'd the fair,
And said, 'Vanessa be the name
By which thou shalt be known to fame;
Vanessa, by the gods inroll'd;
Her name on earth—shall not be told.'
But still the work was not complete,
When Venus thought on a deceit:
Drawn by her doves away she flies,
And finds out Pallas in the skies.
'Dear Pallas! I have been this morn
To see a lovely infant born;
A boy in yonder isle below,
So like my own without his bow;
By beauty could your heart be won,
You'd swear it is Apollo's son:
But it shall ne'er be said a child
So hopeful has by me been spoil'd;
I have enough besides to spare,
And give him wholly to your care.'
Wisdom's above suspecting wiles;
The Queen of Learning gravely smiles,
Down from Olympus comes with joy,
Mistakes Vanessa for a boy,
Then sows within her tender mind
Seeds long unknown to woman-kind,
For manly bosoms chiefly fit,
The seeds of knowledge, judgment, wit:
Her soul was suddenly endued
With justice, truth, and fortitude;
With honour, which no breath can stain,
Which malice must attack in vain;
With open heart and bounteous hand;
But Pallas here was at a stand:
She knew in our degenerate days
Bare virtue could not live on praise;—

That meat must be with money bought;
She therefore, upon second thought,
Infus'd, yet as it were by stealth,
Some small regard for state and wealth,
Of which, as she grew up, there stay'd
A tincture in the prudent maid:
She manag'd her estate with care,
Yet lik'd three footmen to her chair:
But lest he should neglect his studies
Like a young heir, the thrifty goddess
(For fear young master should be spoil'd)
Would use him like a younger child;
And, after long computing, found
'Twould come to just five thousand pound.
The Queen of Love was pleas'd, and proud
To see Vanessa thus endow'd;
She doubted not but such a dame
Through every breast would dart a flame;
That every rich and lordly swain
With pride would drag about her chain;
That scholars would forsake their books
To study bright Vanessa's looks;
As she advanc'd, that woman-kind
Would by her model form their mind,
And all their conduct would be tried
By her, as an unerring guide;
Offending daughters oft would hear
Vanessa's praise rung in their ear.
Miss Betty, when she does a fault,
Lets fall her knife, or spills the salt,
Will thus be by her mother chid,
'Tis what Vanessa never did.'
Thus by the nymphs and swains ador'd,
My power shall be again restor'd,
And happy lovers bless my reign—
So Venus hop'd, but hop'd in vain.
For when in time the martial maid
Found out the trick that Venus play'd,
She shakes her helm, she knits her brows,
And, fir'd with indignation, vows

To-morrow, ere the setting sun,
She'd all undo that she had done.
But in the poets we may find
A wholesome law, time out of mind,
Had been confirm'd by Fate's decree,
That gods, of whatsoe'er degree,
Resume not what themselves have giv'n,
Or any brother-god in heav'n,
Which keeps the peace among the gods,
Or they must always be at odds;
And Pallas, if she broke the laws,
Must yield her foe the stronger cause,
A shame to one so much ador'd
For wisdom at Jove's council-board.
Besides, she fear'd the Queen of Love
Would meet with better friends above;
And though she must with grief reflect
To see a mortal virgin deck'd
With graces hitherto unknown
To female breasts except her own,
Yet she would act as best became
A goddess of unspotted fame.
She knew, by augury divine,
Venus would fail in her design;
She studied well the point, and found
Her foe's conclusions were not sound,
From premises erroneous brought,
And therefore the deduction's nought,
And must have contrary effects
To what her treacherous foe expects.
In proper season Pallas meets
The Queen of Love, whom thus she greets,
(For gods, we are by Homer told,
Can in celestial language scold)
'Perfidious Goddess! but in vain
You form'd this project in your brain,
A project for thy talents fit,
With much deceit and little wit.
Thou hast, as thou shalt quickly see,
Deceiv'd thyself instead of me;

For how can heavenly wisdom prove
An instrument to earthly love?
Know'st thou not yet that men commence
Thy votaries for want of sense?
Nor shall Vanessa be the theme
To manage thy abortive scheme;
She'll prove the greatest of thy foes;
And yet I scorn to interpose,
But using neither skill nor force,
Leave all things to their natural course.'
The goddess thus pronounc'd her doom;
When, lo! Vanessa, in her bloom,
Advanc'd like Atalanta's star,
But rarely seen, and seen from far;
In a new world with caution stept,
Watch'd all the company she kept,
Well knowing, from the books she read,
What dangerous paths young virgins tread;
Would seldom at the Park appear,
Nor saw the playhouse twice a year;
Yet, not incurious, was inclin'd
To know the converse of mankind.
First issued from perfumers' shops
A crowd of fashionable fops:
They ask'd her how she lik'd the play?
Then told the tattle of the day;
A duel fought last night at two,
About a lady—you know who;
Mention'd a new Italian, come
Either from Muscovy or Rome;
Gave hints of who, and who's together,
Then fell to talking of the weather;
Last night was so extremely fine,
The ladies walk'd till after nine;
Then in soft voice, and speech absurd,
With nonsense every second word,
With fustian from exploded plays,
They celebrate her beauty's praise,
Run o'er their cant of stupid lies,
And tell the murders of her eyes.

With silent scorn Vanessa sat,
Scarce listening to their idle chat,
Further than sometimes by a frown,
When they grew pert, to pull them down.
At last she spitefully was bent
To try their wisdom's full extent,
And said, 'she valued nothing less
Than titles, figure, shape, and dress;
That merit should be chiefly plac'd
In judgment, knowledge, wit, and taste;
And these, she offer'd to dispute,
Alone distinguish'd man from brute;
That present times have no pretence
To virtue in the noble sense
By Greeks and Romans understood,
To perish for our country's good:
She nam'd the ancient heroes round,
Explain'd for what they were renown'd,
Then spoke with censure or applause,
Of foreign customs, rites, and laws;
Through nature, and through art she rang'd,
And gracefully her subject chang'd:'
In vain; her hearers had no share
In all she spoke, except to stare:
Their judgment was, upon the whole,
——'That lady is the dullest soul'——
Then tipt their forehead in a jeer,
As who should say——'She wants it *here*:
She may be handsome, young, and rich,
But none will burn her for a witch.'
A party next of glittering dames,
From round the purlieus of St. James,
Came early, out of pure good-will,
To see the girl in dishabille:
Their clamour, 'lighting from their chairs,
Grew louder all the way up stairs;
At entrance loudest, where they found
The room with volumes litter'd round.
Vanessa held Montaigne, and read,
Whilst Mrs. Susan comb'd her head.

They call'd for tea and chocolate,
And fell into their usual chat,
Discoursing, with important face,
On ribbons, fans, and gloves, and lace;
Show'd patterns just from India brought,
And gravely ask'd her 'what she thought?
Whether the red or green were best?
And what they cost?'—'Vanessa guest
As came into her fancy first,
Nam'd half the rates, and lik'd the worst.
To scandal next—What awkward thing
Was the last Sunday in the ring?
I'm sorry Mopsa breaks so fast;
I said her face would never last.
Corinna, with that youthful air,
Is thirty, and a bit to spare:
Her fondness for a certain earl
Began when I was but a girl.
Phillis, who but a month ago
Was married to the Tunbridge beau,
I saw coquetting t'other night
In public with that odious knight.'

They rallied next Vanessa's dress;
'That gown was made for old Queen Bess.
Dear Madam! let me see your head;
Don't you intend to put on red?
A petticoat without a hoop!
Sure you are not asham'd to stoop:
With handsome garters at your knees,
No matter what a fellow sees.'

Fill'd with disdain, with rage inflam'd,
Both of herself and sex asham'd,
The nymph stood silent out of spite,
Nor would vouchsafe to set them right.
Away the fair detractors went,
And gave by turns their censures vent.
'She's not so handsome in my eyes;
For wit, I wonder where it lies.
She's fair and clean, and that's the most;
But why proclaim her for a toast?

A baby face, no life, no airs,
But what she learns at country fairs;
Scarce knows what difference is between
Rich Flanders lace and Colberteen.
I'll undertake, my little Nancy
In flounces hath a better fancy.
With all her wit, I would not ask
Her judgment how to buy a mask.
We begg'd her but to patch her face,
She never hit one proper place,
Which every girl at five years old
Can do, as soon as she is told.
I own that out-of-fashion stuff
Becomes the creature well enough.
The girl might pass, if we could get her
To know the world a little better.'
(To know the world! a modern phrase
For visits, ombre, balls, and plays.)
Thus, to the world's perpetual shame,
The Queen of Beauty lost her aim:
Too late, with grief she understood
Pallas had done more harm than good;
For great examples are but vain,
Where ignorance begets disdain.
Both sexes, arm'd with guilt and spite,
Against Vanessa's power unite:
To copy her few nymphs aspir'd,
Her virtues fewer swains admir'd:
So stars beyond a certain height
Give mortals neither heat nor light.
Yet some of either sex, endow'd
With gifts superior to the crowd,
With virtue, knowledge, taste, and wit,
She condescended to admit.
With pleasing arts she could reduce
Men's talents to their proper use;
And with address each genius held
To that, wherein it most excell'd;
Thus making others' wisdom known,
Could please them, and improve her own.

A modest youth said something new;
She plac'd it in the strongest view.
All humble worth she strove to raise,
Would not be prais'd, yet lov'd to praise.
The learned met with free approach,
Although they came not in a coach:
Some clergy, too, she would allow,
Nor quarrell'd at their awkward bow;
But this was for Cadenus' sake,
A gownman of a different make,
Whom Pallas, once Vanessa's tutor,
Had fix'd on for her coadjutor.
  But Cupid, full of mischief, longs
To vindicate his mother's wrongs.
On Pallas all attempts are vain:
One way he knows to give her pain:
Vows on Vanessa's heart to take
Due vengeance for her patron's sake.
Those early seeds by Venus sown,
In spite of Pallas now were grown;
And Cupid hop'd they would improve
By time, and ripen into love.
The boy made use of all his craft,
In vain discharging many a shaft,
Pointed at col'nels, lords, and beaus;
Cadenus warded off the blows;
For placing still some book betwixt,
The darts were in the cover fix'd,
Or, often blunted and recoil'd,
On Plutarch's Morals struck, were spoil'd.
  The queen of Wisdom could foresee,
But not prevent, the Fates' decree;
And human caution tries in vain
To break that adamantine chain.
Vanessa, though by Pallas taught,
By Love invulnerable thought,
Searching in books for wisdom's aid,
Was in the very search betray'd.
  Cupid, though all his darts were lost,
Yet still resolv'd to spare no cost;

He could not answer to his fame
The triumphs of that stubborn dame,
A nymph so hard to be subdued,
Who neither was coquette nor prude,
'I find, (said he) she wants a Doctor
Both to adore her and instruct her:
I'll give her what she most admires
Among those venerable sires.
Cadenus is a subject fit,
Grown old in politics and wit,
Caress'd by ministers of state,
Of half mankind the dread and hate:
Whate'er vexations love attend,
She need no rivals apprehend.
Her sex, with universal voice,
Must laugh at her capricious choice.'
Cadenus many things had writ;
Vanessa much esteem'd his wit,
And call'd for his Poetic Works;
Meantime the boy in secret lurks,
And, while the book was in her hand,
The urchin from his private stand
Took aim, and shot with all his strength
A dart of such prodigious length,
It pierc'd the feeble volume through,
And deep transfix'd her bosom too.
Some lines, more moving than the rest,
Stuck to the point that pierc'd her breast,
And, borne directly to the heart,
With pains unknown increas'd her smart.
Vanessa, not in years a score,
Dreams of a gown of forty-four;
Imaginary charms can find
In eyes with reading almost blind.
Cadenus now no more appears
Declin'd in health, advanc'd in years;
She fancies music in his tongue,
Nor farther looks, but thinks him young.
What mariner is not afraid
To venture in a ship decay'd?

What planter will attempt to yoke
A sapling with a falling oak?
As years increase she brighter shines,
Cadenus with each day declines;
And he must fall a prey to time,
While she continues in her prime.
Cadenus, common forms apart,
In every scene had kept his heart;
Had sigh'd and languish'd, vow'd and writ,
For pastime, or to show his wit:
But time, and books, and state-affairs,
Had spoil'd his fashionable airs:
He now could praise, esteem, approve,
But understood not what was love.
His conduct might have made him still'd
A father, and the nymph his child.
That innocent delight he took
To see the virgin mind her book,
Was but the master's secret joy
In school to hear the finest boy.
Her knowledge with her fancy grew;
She hourly press'd for something new;
Ideas came into her mind
So fast, his lessons lagg'd behind;
She reason'd without plodding long,
Nor ever gave her judgment wrong.
But now a sudden change was wrought,
She minds no longer what he taught.
Cadenus was amaz'd to find
Such marks of a distracted mind;
For though she seem'd to listen more
To all he spoke than e'er before,
He found her thoughts would absent range,
Yet guess'd not whence could spring the change.
And first he modestly conjectures
His pupil might be tir'd with lectures,
Which help'd to mortify his pride,
Yet gave him not the heart to chide:
But in a mild dejected strain,
At last he ventur'd to complain;

Said she should be no longer teas'd;
Might have her freedom when she pleas'd;
Was now convinc'd he acted wrong
To hide her from the world so long,
And in dull studies to engage
One of her tender sex and age;
That every nymph with envy own'd
How she might shine in the *grand monde*,
And every shepherd was undone
To see her cloister'd like a nun.
This was a visionary scheme;
He wak'd and found it but a dream;
A project far above his skill,
For nature must be nature still.
If he was bolder than became
A scholar to a courtly dame,
She might excuse a man of letters;
Thus tutors often treat their betters:
And since his talk offensive grew,
He came to take his last adieu.

Vanessa, fill'd with just disdain,
Would still her dignity maintain,
Instructed from her early years
To scorn the art of female tears.

Had he employ'd his time so long
To teach her what was right and wrong,
Yet could such notions entertain,
That all his lectures were in vain?
She own'd the wandering of her thoughts,
But he must answer for her faults.
She well remember'd, to her cost,
That all his lessons were not lost:
Two maxims she could still produce,
And sad experience taught their use,
That virtue, pleas'd by being shown,
Knows nothing which it dares not own;
Can make us without fear disclose
Our inmost secrets to our foes:
That common forms were not design'd
Directors to a noble mind.

'Now, (said the nymph) I'll let you see
My actions with your rules agree;
That I can vulgar forms despise,
And have no secrets to disguise.
I knew, by what you said and writ,
How dangerous things were men of wit;
You caution'd me against their charms,
But never gave me equal arms;
Your lessons found the weakest part,
Aim'd at the head, but reach'd the heart.'
Cadenus felt within him rise
Shame, disappointment, guilt, surprise:
He knew not how to reconcile
Such language with her usual style;
And yet her words were so exprest,
He could not hope she spoke in jest.
His thoughts had wholly been confin'd
To form and cultivate her mind:
He hardly knew, till he was told,
Whether the nymph were young or old;
Had met her in a public place,
Without distinguishing her face:
Much less could his declining age
Vanessa's earliest thoughts engage;
And if her youth indifference met,
His person must contempt beget:
Or, grant her passion be sincere,
How shall his innocence be clear!
Appearances were all so strong,
The world must think him in the wrong;
Would say he made a treacherous use
Of wit, to flatter and seduce:
The Town would swear he had betray'd,
By magic spells, the harmless maid;
And every beau would have his jokes,
'That scholars were like other folks;
That when Platonic flights were over,
The tutor turn'd a mortal lover.
So tender of the young and fair!
It show'd a true paternal care——

Five thousand guineas in her purse!
The Doctor might have fancied worse.'——
  Hardly at length he silence broke,
And falter'd every word he spoke,
Interpreting her complaisance,
Just as a man *sans conséquence*,
She rallied well, he always knew;
Her manner now was something new;
And what she spoke was in an air
As serious as a tragic player:
But those who aim at ridicule
Should fix upon some certain rule,
Which fairly hints they are in jest,
Else he must enter his protest;
For let a man be ne'er so wise,
He may be caught with sober lies;
A science which he never taught,
And, to be free, was dearly bought;
For, take it in its proper light,
'Tis just what coxcombs call a Bite.
  But not to dwell on things minute,
Vanessa finish'd the dispute,
Brought weighty arguments to prove
That reason was her guide in love:
She thought he had himself describ'd
His doctrines when she first imbib'd:
What he had planted now was grown;
His virtues she might call her own:
As he approves, as he dislikes,
Love or contempt her fancy strikes.
Self-love in nature rooted fast,
Attends us first, and leaves us last.
Why she likes him, admire not at her;
She loves herself, and that's the matter.
How was her tutor wont to praise
The geniuses of ancient days!
(Those authors he so oft had nam'd,
For learning, wit, and wisdom, fam'd)
Was struck with love, esteem, and awe,
For persons whom he never saw.

Suppose Cadenus flourish'd then,
He must adore such godlike men.
If one short volume could comprise
All that was witty, learn'd, and wise,
How would it be esteem'd and read,
Although the writer long were dead!
If such an author were alive,
How all would for his friendship strive,
And come in crowds to see his face!
And this she takes to be her case:
Cadenus answers every end,
The book, the author, and the friend:
The utmost her desires will reach,
Is but to learn what he can teach:
His converse is a system fit
Alone to fill up all her wit,
While every passion of her mind
In him is center'd and confin'd.

Love can with speech inspire a mute,
And taught Vanessa to dispute.
This topic, never touch'd before,
Display'd her eloquence the more:
Her knowledge, with such pains acquir'd,
By this new passion grew inspir'd,
Through this she made all objects pass,
Which gave a tincture o'er the mass;
As rivers, though they bend and twine,
Still to the sea their course incline;
Or as philosophers, who find
Some favourite system to their mind,
In every point to make it fit,
Will force all Nature to submit.

Cadenus, who could ne'er suspect
His lessons would have such effect,
Or be so artfully applied,
Insensibly came on her side.
It was an unforeseen event;
Things took a turn he never meant.
Whoe'er excels in what we prize,
Appears a hero in our eyes.

Each girl, when pleas'd with what is taught,
Will have the teacher in her thought.
The nymph in sober words intreats
A truce with all sublime conceits;
For why such raptures, flights, and fancies,
To her who durst not read romances?
In lofty style to make replies,
Which he had taught her to despise?
But when her tutor will affect
Devotion, duty, and respect,
He fairly abdicates his throne,
The government is now her own:
But though her arguments were strong,
At least could hardly wish them wrong,
Howe'er it came he could not tell,
But sure she never talk'd so well.
His pride began to interpose;
Preferr'd before a crowd of beaus!
So bright a nymph to come unsought!
Such wonder by his merit wrought!
'Tis merit must with her prevail;
He never knew her judgment fail:
She noted all she ever read,
And had a most discerning head.
'Tis an old maxim in the schools,
That vanity's the food of fools;
Yet now-and-then your men of wit
Will condescend to take a bit.
So when Cadenus could not hide,
He chose to justify his pride.
When Miss delights in her spinnet,
A fiddler may a fortune get:
A blockhead with melodious voice
In boarding-schools can have his choice;
And oft the dancing-master's art
Climbs from the toe to touch the heart.
In learning let a nymph delight,
The pedant gets a mistress by't.
Cadenus, to his grief and shame,
Could scarce oppose Vanessa's flame.

Where hot and cold, where sharp and sweet
In all their equipages meet;
Where pleasures mix'd with pains appear,
Sorrow with joy, and hope with fear;
Wherein his dignity and age
Forbid Cadenus to engage;
But friendship in its greatest height,
A constant, rational delight,
On virtue's basis fix'd to last,
When love's allurements long are past,
Which gently warms, but cannot burn,
He gladly offers in return:
His want of passion will redeem
With gratitude, respect, esteem;
With that devotion we bestow,
When goddesses appear below.

While thus Cadenus entertains
Vanessa in exalted strains,
Constr'ing the passion she had shown
Much to her praise, more to his own;
Nature in him had merit plac'd,
In her a most judicious taste:
Love, hitherto a transient guest,
Ne'er held possession in his breast;
So long attending at the gate,
Disdain'd to enter in so late.
Love why do we one passion call,
When 'tis a compound of them all?
He has a forfeiture incurr'd;
She vows to take him at his word,
And hopes he will not think it strange
If both should now their stations change.
The nymph will have her turn to be
The tutor, and the pupil he;
Though she already can discern,
Her scholar is not apt to learn,
Or wants capacity to reach
The science she designs to teach;

Wherein his genius was below
The skill of every common beau,
Who, though he cannot spell, is wise
Enough to read a lady's eyes,
And will each accidental glance
Interpret for a kind advance.
But what success Vanessa met
Is to the world a secret yet:
Whether the nymph, to please her swain,
Talks in a high romantic strain,
Or whether he at last descends
To like with less seraphic ends;
Or, to compound the business, whether
They temper love and books together;
Must never to mankind be told,
Nor shall the conscious Muse unfold.
Mean-time the mournful queen of Love
Led but a weary life above:
She ventures now to leave the skies,
Grown by Vanessa's conduct wise;
For though by one perverse event
Pallas had cross'd her first intent,
Though her design was not obtain'd,
Yet had she much experience gain'd,
And by the project vainly tried,
Could better now the cause decide.
She gave due notice that both parties,
Coram regina prox' die Martis,
Should at their peril, without fail,
Come and appear, and save their bail.
All met; and, silence thrice proclaim'd,
One lawyer to each side was nam'd.
The judge discover'd in her face
Resentments for her late disgrace,
And, full of anger, shame, and grief,
Directed them to mind their brief,
Nor spend their time to show their reading;
She'd have a summary proceeding.
She gather'd under every head
The sum of what each lawyer said,

Gave her own reasons last, and then
Decreed the cause against the Men.
But in a weighty case like this,
To show she did not judge amiss,
Which evil tongues might else report,
She made a speech in open court,
Wherein she grievously complains
'How she was cheated by the swains;'
On whose petition, (humbly showing
That women were not worth the wooing,
And that, unless the sex would mend,
The race of lovers soon must end)
'She was at lord-knows-what expense
To form a nymph of wit and sense,
A model for her sex design'd,
Who never could one lover find.
She saw her favour was misplac'd;
The fellows had a wretched taste;
She needs must tell them to their face,
They were a senseless, stupid race;
And, were she to begin again,
She'd study to reform the Men,
Or add some grains of folly more
To Women than they had before,
To put them on an equal foot;
And this, or nothing else, would do't:
This might their mutual fancy strike,
Since every being loves its like.
'But now, repenting what was done,
She left all business to her son;
She puts the world in his possession,
And let him use it at discretion.'
The crier was order'd to dismiss
The court, so made his last 'Oyes.'
The goddess would no longer wait,
But, rising from her chair of state,
Left all below at six and sev'n,
Harness'd her doves, and flew to heav'n.

STELLA's BIRTH-DAY, 1720.

ALL travellers at first incline
Where'er they see the fairest sign,
And if they find the chambers neat,
And like the liquor and the meat,
Will call again, and recommend
The Angel-Inn to every friend.
What though the painting grows decay'd?
The house will never lose its trade;
Nay, though the treacherous tapster Thomas
Hangs a new Angel two doors from us,
As fine as dauber's hands can make it,
In hopes that strangers may mistake it,
We think it both a shame and sin
To quit the true old Angel-Inn.

Now this is Stella's case in fact;
An angel's face a little crack'd;
(Could poets, or could painters fix
How angels look at thirty-six:)
This drew us in at first to find
In such a form an angel's mind,
And every virtue now supplies
The fainting rays of Stella's eyes.
See at her levee crowding swains,
Whom Stella freely entertains
With breeding, humour, wit, and sense,
And puts them but to small expence;
Their mind so plentifully fills,
And makes such reasonable bills,
So little gets for what she gives,
We really wonder how she lives!
And, had her stock been less, no doubt
She must have long ago run out.

Then who can think we'll quit the place
When Doll hangs out a newer face,
Or stop and light at Chloe's Head,
With scraps and leavings to be fed?

Then, Chloe, still go on to prate
Of thirty-six and thirty-eight;

Pursue your trade of scandal-picking,
Your hints that Stella is no chicken;
Your innuendos, when you tell us
That Stella loves to talk with fellows;
And let me warn you to believe
A truth, for which your soul should grieve,
That should you live to see the day
When Stella's locks must all be gray,
When age must print a furrow'd trace
On every feature of her face,
Though you, and all your senseless tribe,
Could Art, or Time, or Nature bribe,
To make you look like Beauty's queen,
And hold for ever at fifteen,
No bloom of youth can ever blind
The cracks and wrinkles of your mind;
All men of sense will pass your door,
And crowd to Stella's at fourscore.

STELLA AT WOOD-PARK,

A House of Charles Ford, Esq. Eight Miles from Dublin. Written in 1723.

—— Cuicunque nocere volebat
Vestimenta dabat pretiosa.

DON Carlos, in a merry spite,
Did Stella to his house invite;
He entertain'd her half a year
With generous wines and costly cheer.
Don Carlos made her chief director,
That she might o'er the servants hector:
In half a week the dame grew nice,
Got all things at the highest price:
Now at the table-head she sits,
Presented with the nicest bits;
She look'd on partridges with scorn,
Except they tasted of the corn;
A haunch of ven'son made her sweat,
Unless it had the right *fumette*.

Don Carlos earnestly would beg,
'Dear Madam! try this pigeon's leg;'
Was happy when he could prevail
To make her only touch a quail.
Through candle-light she view'd the wine,
To see that every glass was fine.
At last grown prouder than the devil,
With feeding high and treatment civil,
Don Carlos now began to find
His malice work as he design'd.
The winter-sky began to frown,
Poor Stella must pack off to town;
From purling streams and fountains bubbling,
To Liffey's stinking tide at Dublin;
From wholesome exercise and air,
To sossing in an easy chair;
From stomach sharp and hearty feeding,
To piddle, like a lady breeding;
From ruling there the household singly,
To be directed here by Dingley*;
From every day a lordly banquet,
To half a joint, and God be thanked;
From every meal, Pontack in plenty,
To half a pint one day in twenty;
From Ford attending at her call,
To visits of —— ——.——;
From Ford, who thinks of nothing mean,
To the poor doings of the Dean;
From growing richer with good cheer,
To running out by starving here.
But now arrives the dismal day,
She must return to Ormond-quay.
The coachman stopt, she look'd, and swore
The rascal had mistook the door.
At coming in you saw her stoop;
The entry brush'd against her hoop.
Each moment rising in her airs,
She curs'd the narrow winding stairs;

* The constant companion of Stella.

Began a thousand faults to spy;
The ceiling hardly six feet high;
The smutty wainscot full of cracks,
And half the chairs with broken backs:
Her quarter's out at Lady Day,
She vows she will no longer stay
In lodgings, like a poor grisette,
While there are lodgings to be let.
  Howe'er, to keep her spirits up,
She sent for company to sup,
When all the while you might remark
She strove in vain to ape Wood Park.
Two bottles call'd for, (half her store,
The cupboard could contain but four)
A supper worthy of herself,
Five nothings in five plates of delf.
  Thus for a week the farce went on,
When, all her country savings gone,
She fell into her former scene,
Small beer, a herring, and the Dean.
  Thus far in jest; though now, I fear,
You think my jesting too severe;
But poets, when a hint is new,
Regard not whether false or true:
Yet raillery gives no offence
Where truth has not the least pretence,
Nor can be more securely plac'd,
Than on a nymph of Stella's taste.
I must confess your wine and victle
I was too hard upon a little;
Your table neat, your linen fine,
And, though in miniature, you shine;
Yet when you sigh to leave Wood Park,
The scene, the welcome, and the spark,
To languish in this odious town,
And pull your haughty stomach down,
We think you quite mistake the case;
The virtue lies not in the place;
For though my raillery were true,
A cottage is Wood Park with you.

STELLA's BIRTH-DAY, 1724.

AS, when a beauteous nymph decays,
We say, she's past her dancing-days,
So poets lose their feet by time,
And can no longer dance in rhyme.
Your annual bard had rather chose
To celebrate your birth in prose;
Yet merry folks, who want by chance
A pair to make a country-dance,
Call the old housekeeper, and get her
To fill a place for want of better.
While Sheridan is off the hooks,
And friend Delany at his books,
That Stella may avoid disgrace,
Once more the Dean supplies their place.
Beauty and wit, too sad a truth!
Have always been confin'd to youth;
The god of Wit and Beauty's queen,
He twenty-one, and she fifteen.
No poet ever sweetly sung
Unless he were, like Phœbus, young;
Nor ever nymph inspir'd to rhyme,
Unless, like Venus, in her prime.
At fifty-six, if this be true,
Am I a poet fit for you?
Or, at the age of *forty-three*,
Are you a subject fit for me?
Adieu! bright wit, and radiant eyes;
You must be grave, and I be wise.
Our fate in vain we would oppose;
But I'll be still your friend in prose:
Esteem and friendship to express
Will not require poetic dress,
And if the Muse deny her aid
To have them sung, they may be said.
But Stella, say, what evil tongue
Reports you are no longer young?
That Time sits with his scythe to mow
Where erst sat Cupid with his bow?

That half your locks are turn'd to gray?—
I'll ne'er believe a word thy say.
'Tis true, but let it not be known,
My eyes are somewhat dimish grown;
For Nature, always in the right,
To your decays adapts my sight,
And wrinkles undistinguish'd pass,
For I'm asham'd to use a glass;
And till I see them with these eyes,
Whoever says you have them, lies.
No length of time can make you quit
Honour and virtue, sense and wit;
Thus you may still be young to me,
While I can better hear than see:
Oh, ne'er may Fortune show her spite,
To make me deaf and mend my sight!

STELLA's BIRTH-DAY,

March 13, 1726.

THIS day, whate'er the Fates decree,
Shall still be kept with joy by me:
This day, then, let us not be told
That you are sick and I grown old,
Nor think on our approaching ills,
And talk of spectacles and pills:
To-morrow will be time enough
To hear such mortifying stuff.
Yet since from reason may be brought
A better and more pleasing thought,
Which can, in spite of all decays,
Support a few remaining days,
From not the gravest of divines
Accept, for once, some serious lines.
Although we now can form no more
Long schemes of life, as heretofore,
Yet you, while time is running fast,
Can look with joy on what is past.

Were future happiness and pain
A mere contrivance of the brain,
As Atheists argue, to entice
And fit their proselytes for vice,
(The only comfort they propose,
To have companions in their woes)
Grant this the case; yet sure 'tis hard
That virtue, styl'd its own reward,
And by all sages understood
To be the chief of human good,
Should acting die, nor leave behind
Some lasting pleasure in the mind,
Which by remembrance will assuage
Grief, sickness, poverty, and age;
And strongly shoot a radiant dart
To shine through life's declining part.
Say, Stella, feel you no content,
Reflecting on a life well spent?
Your skilful hand employ'd to save
Despairing wretches from the grave,
And then supporting with your store
Those whom you dragg'd from death before?
So Providence on mortals waits,
Preserving what it first creates.
Your generous boldness to defend
An innocent and absent friend;
That courage which can make you just
To merit humbled in the dust;
The detestation you express
For vice, in all its glittering dress;
That patience under torturing pain,
Where stubborn stoics would complain;
Must these like empty shadows pass,
Or forms reflected from a glass?
Or mere chimeras in the mind,
That fly, and leave no marks behind?
Does not the body thrive and grow
By food of twenty years ago?
And had it not been still supplied,
It must a thousand times have died.

Then who with reason can maintain
That no effects of food remain?
And is not virtue in mankind
The nutriment that feeds the mind,
Upheld by each good action past,
And still continued, by the last?
Then who with reason can pretend
That all effects of virtue end?

Believe me, Stella, when you show
That true contempt for things below,
Nor prise your life for other ends
Than merely to oblige your friends,
Your former actions claim their part,
And join to fortify your heart:
For Virtue in her daily race,
Like Janus, bears a double face,
Looks back with joy where she has gone,
And therefore goes with courage on:
She at your sickly couch will wait,
And guide you to a better state.

O then, whatever Heav'n intends,
Take pity on your pitying friends;
Nor let your ills affect your mind,
To fancy they can be unkind.
Me, surely me, you ought to spare,
Who gladly would your sufferings share,
Or give my scrap of life to you,
And think it far beneath your due;
You to whose care so oft I owe
That I'm alive to tell you so.

TO STELLA,

Visiting me in my Sickness, October 1727.

PALLAS, observing Stella's wit
Was more than for her sex was fit,
And that her beauty, soon or late,
Might breed confusion in the state,
In high concern for human-kind,
Fix'd honour in her infant mind.

No; 'twas for you alone he stole
The fire that forms a manly soul;
Then to complete it every way,
He moulded it with female clay:
To that you owe the nobler flame,
To this the beauty of your frame.

How would Ingratitude delight,
And how would Censure glut her spite,
If I should Stella's kindness hide
In silence, or forget with pride?
When on my sickly couch I lay,
Impatient both of night and day,
Lamenting in unmanly strains,
Call'd every pow'r to ease my pains,
Then Stella ran to my relief
With cheerful face, and inward grief;
And, though by Heav'n's severe decree
She suffer hourly more than me,
No cruel master could require
From slaves employ'd for daily hire
What Stella, by her friendship warm'd,
With vigour and delight perform'd.
My sinking spirits now supplies
With cordials in her hands and eyes;
Now, with a soft and silent tread,
Unheard, she moves about my bed:
I see her taste each nauseous draught,
And so obligingly am caught:
I bless the hand from whence they came,
Nor dare distort my face for shame.

Best pattern of true friends! beware;
You pay too dearly for your care,
If, while your tenderness secures
My life, it must endanger yours;
For such a fool was never found,
Who pull'd a palace to the ground,
Only to have the ruins made
Materials for a house decay'd.

*Mrs. JOHNSON.**

ON JEALOUSY.

"O Shield me from his rage, celestial Powers!
This tyrant, that embitters all my hours;
Ah love! you've poorly played the hero's part;
You conquer'd, but you can't defend my heart.
When first I bent beneath your gentle reign,
I thought this monster banish'd from your train;
But you would raise him to support your throne,
And now he claims your empire as his own.
Or tell me, tyrants, have you both agreed
That where one reigns, the other shall succeed?"

Miss VANHOMRIGH.†

AN ODE TO SPRING.

HAIL, blushing goddess, beauteous Spring!
Who in thy jocund train, dost bring
Loves and Graces, smiling hours,
Balmy breezes, fragrant flowers,
Come, with tints of roseate hue,
Nature's faded charms renew.

Yet why should I thy presence hail?
To me no more the breathing gale
Comes fraught with sweets, no more the rose
With such transcendent beauty blows,
As when *Cadenus* blest the scene,
And shared with me those joys serene.
When, unperceived, the lambent fire
Of Friendship kindled new desire;
Still listening to his tuneful tongue,
The truths which angels might have sung,
Divine impress'd their gentle sway,
And sweetly stole my soul away.

* Celebrated by Dean Swift under the name of Stella.
† Vanessa.

My guide, instructor, lover, friend,
(Dear names) in one idea blend;
O! still conjoin'd, your incense rise,
And waft sweet odors to the skies.

AN ODE TO WISDOM.

O Pallas! I invoke thy aid!
Vouchsafe to hear a wretched maid,
By tender love deprest;
'Tis just that thou shouldst heal the smar
Inflicted by thy subtle art,
And calm my troubled breast.

No random shot from Cupid's bow,
But by thy guidance soft and slow,
It sunk within my heart;
Thus, Love being arm'd with Wisdom's force,
In vain I try to stop its course,
In vain repel the dart.

O Goddess, break the fatal league,
Let Love, with Folly and Intrigue,
More fit associates find!
And thou alone, within my breast,
O! deign to soothe my griefs to rest,
And heal my tortur'd mind.

End of Vol. I.

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